Saturday Review

October 26, 1968 35¢

ORDINGS

ESSONS OF THE CUBAN MISSILE CRISIS

By Robert F. Kennedy

Introduction by Robert S. McNamara

The D'Oyly Carte Company returns to America with a new "Mikado" (See Recordings).

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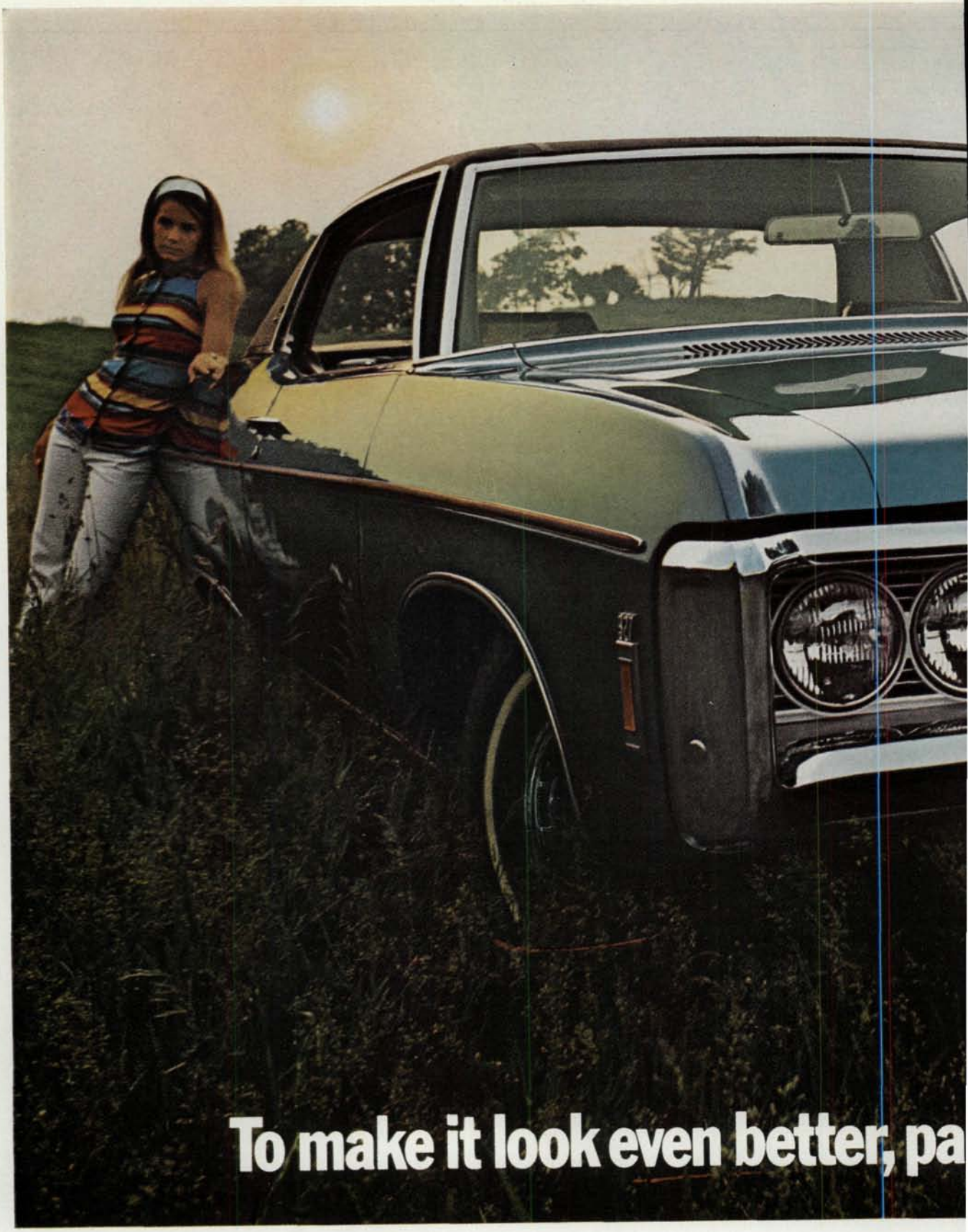

This is the 1969 Chevrolet.

It can make a 1969 Something-else look a little tired.

Notice that big new loop bumper.

Look how beautifully it frames (and protects) the new grille.

Out back, on Caprice Coupes and Impala Custom Coupes, there's a new rear deck that appears to flow right up into the car.

On the sides: sculptured wheel openings.

And look! No ventipanes. Ventilation is standard on Chevrolets now.)

The instrument panel is ne body structure is stronger. T standard V8 is 327 cubic incl

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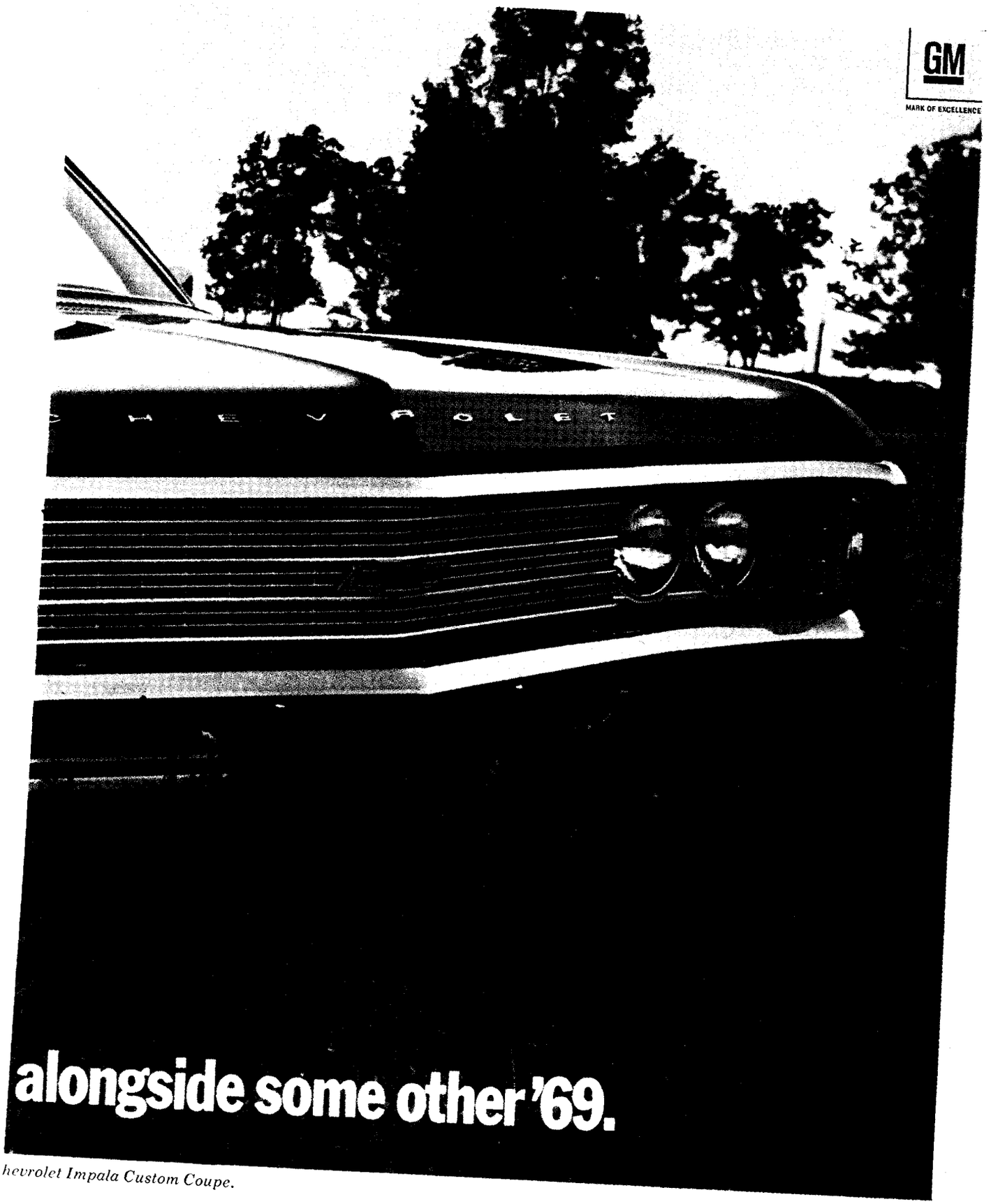

hevrolet Impala Custom Coupe.

nd now you can order items like dlights that wash themselves a heated rear window that osts itself.
low, with a car this desirable, don't dare take any chances.

Therefore the 1969 Chevrolet lets you lock not just the ignition, but also the steering wheel and transmission lever. All with one turn of one key.

The 1969 Chevrolet.

It tends to make the other cars in its field wish they weren't.

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Putting you first, keeps us first.

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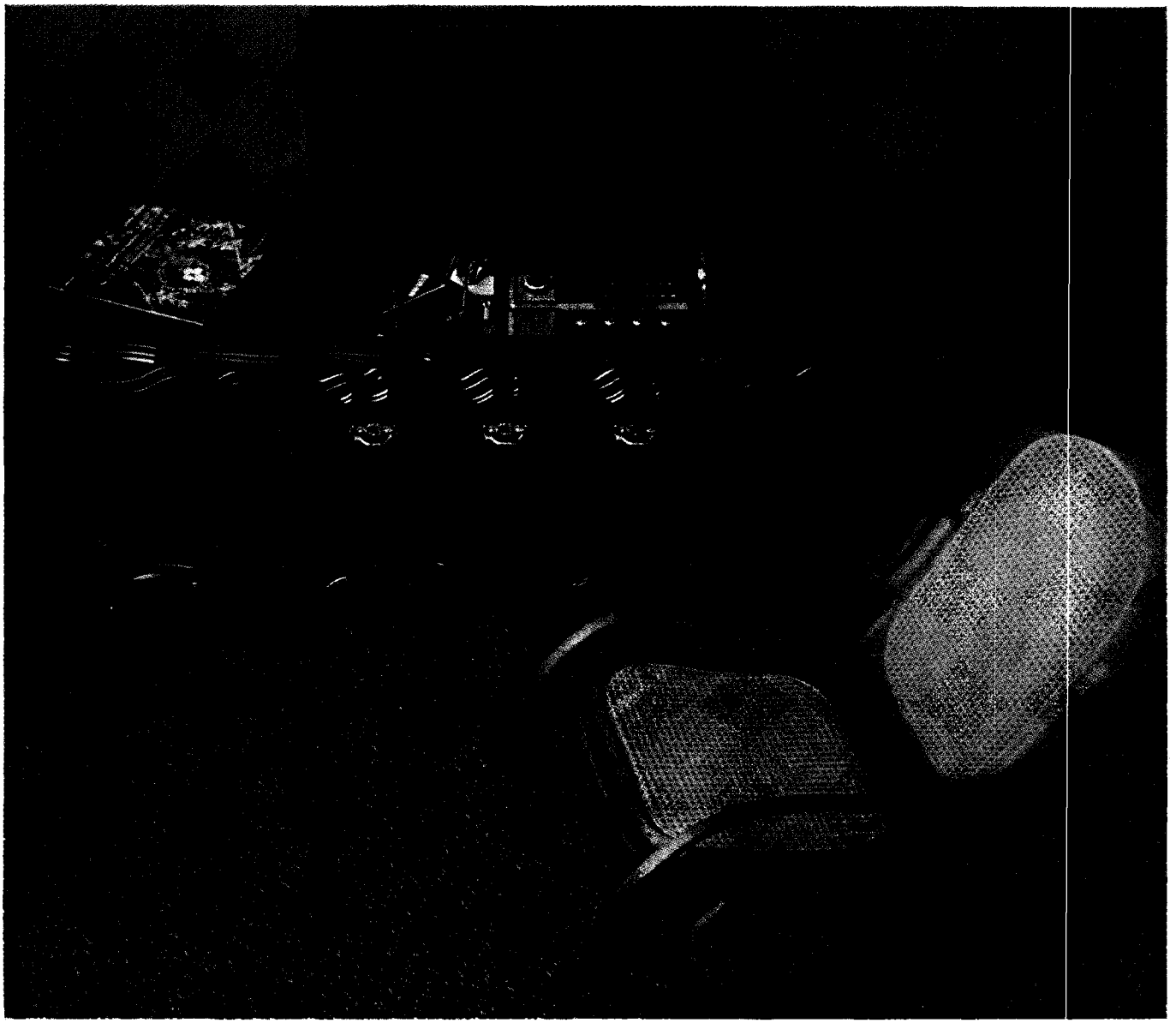
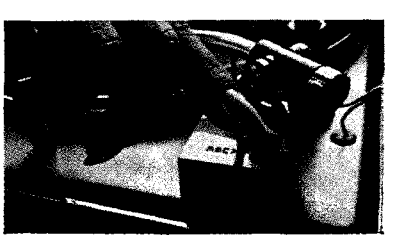


The *Soissons*, one of the new RCA Stereo models with the Pause Selector

What if someone calls you in the middle of the music?

With this RCA Advanced Stereo for 1969, you can stop the music, answer the phone, then pick up where you left off.



Our ingenious Pause Selector won't let you miss a moment of music even when you're interrupted. It's a small thing. But it's a good reason why this RCA Stereo is one of the most advanced you can buy. Here's another:
It has RCA's exclusive pre-amp-in-the-tone arm. It amplifies both stereo channels to put you right in the middle of the music. Hear it now at your RCA dealer... The most advanced stereo ever from RCA.

RCA

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We'd rather disappoint a customer at the counter than rent him a car that'll disappoint him on the road.

A customer who is disappointed at the counter will be bitter for five minutes.

A customer who is disappointed on the road will be bitter forever.

It is this little piece of business acumen which has led us to the development of centralized maintenance centers. The installation of electronic diagnostic machines. And the development of a car manufacturer's training program for mechanics.

More recently it has led to the development of the first "NO" signs in the business. Like the one you see hanging in the window of the car above.

This simple device is a last-ditch reminder to Hertz employees that nothing drives away good customers like cars that don't drive so good.

Now, needless to say, our ultimate objective is to not disappoint anybody anywhere. And in the interest of achieving this our people have orders to do everything humanly possible to see that our new Fords and other new cars are in apple-pie condition.

But we thought it might give you a warm and secure feeling to know that given the choice, we'd rather give you the benefit of the lesser of the two disappointments.

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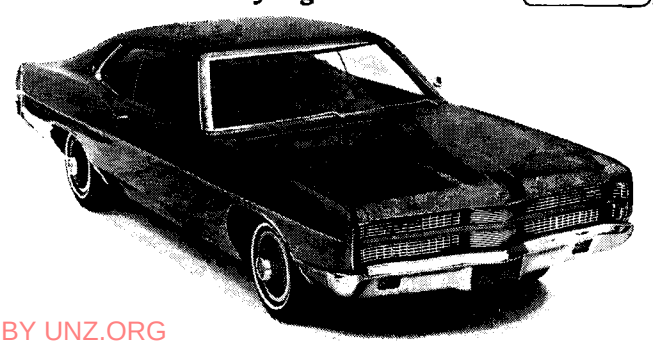

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Saturday Review

October 26, 1968

Cover photo by John Blomfield, London.

"The Mikado," Act 1—Left to right: Philip Potter as Nanki-Poo, Christene Palmer (center) as Katisha, and the Three Little Maids, Yum-Yum (Valerie Masterson), Pitti-Sing (Peggy Ann Jones), and Peep-Bo (Pauline Wales).

SR: Ideas

22 Lessons of the Cuban Missile Crisis, by Robert F. Kennedy
An account of one of the most perilous confrontations of the nuclear age.

26 Why Wyeth? by Katharine Kuh
SR's art editor explores Andrew Wyeth's rise to the position of "national culture idol."

30 The Arms Race and the Candidates: An Editorial

SR: Recordings

69 The One World of Gilbert and Sullivan, by Hedy and George Jellinek
D'Oyly Carte is still the very model of a modern purveyor of ever popular comic operas.

73 Oriental and Occidental Music at the Shiraz Persepolis Festival, by H. L. de La Grange
Iranian music may provide new and fertile influences for the music of tomorrow.

74 Recordings in Review, by Irving Kolodin

80 Pop in Perspective: A Profile, by Ellen Sander

- **80 I. The Pantheon**
- **81 II. The Rock Establishment**
- **88 III. The Underground Establishment**
- **91 IV. Soul/R & B**
- **92 V. The Blues**
- **93 VI. The Influences**

84 The Other Side, by Thomas Heinitz

86 Marni Nixon on Her Own, by Oliver Daniel

96 Letters to the Recordings Editor

SR: Books

33 Literary Horizons, by Granville Hicks

33 Index of Books Reviewed

36 Perspective, by J. H. Plumb

SR: Departments

6 Phoenix Nest: Martin Levin

14 Top of My Head: Goodman Ace

18 Trade Winds: Jerome Beatty, Jr.

20 Manner of Speaking: John Ciardi
Confessions of a Circuit Rider—Epilogue with Some Static.

31 Letters to the Editor

32 The Theater: Henry Hewes
Theatre Atlanta faces eviction; Washington Theater Club.

34 Literary Crypt

36 Literary I.Q.

53 Wit Twister No. 83

55 *SR* Goes to the Movies: Hollis Alpert
"The Boston Strangler"; "Star!"; "The Firemen's Ball."

56 TV-Radio: Robert Lewis Shayon
Defending the Fairness Doctrine.

57 Music to My Ears: Irving Kolodin
Talvela and Ghiaurov; Weisgall's "Nine Rivers."

58 World of Dance: Walter Terry
Eliot Feld's Hit No. 3—"Meadow Lark."

60 Booked for Travel: Frank Riley
The Tigers and the Grateful Dead: On safari in Sumatra.

102 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1803

Saturday Review published weekly by Saturday Review, Inc., 380 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017. President, Norman Cousins; Vice President and Treasurer, Nathan Cohn; Vice President and Secretary, W. D. Patterson; Advertising Director, Harry T. Morris; Director of Advertising Services, Robert A. Burghardt; Director of Promotion and Research, Stephen E. Silver; Circulation Director, R. F. Goodman; Circulation Consultant, Bert Garmise; Assistant to the Publisher, Marion Urmy. Subscription $8 a year. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Vol. LI, No. 43, October 26, 1968. Second class postage paid at New York, N. Y. and at additional mailing offices. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

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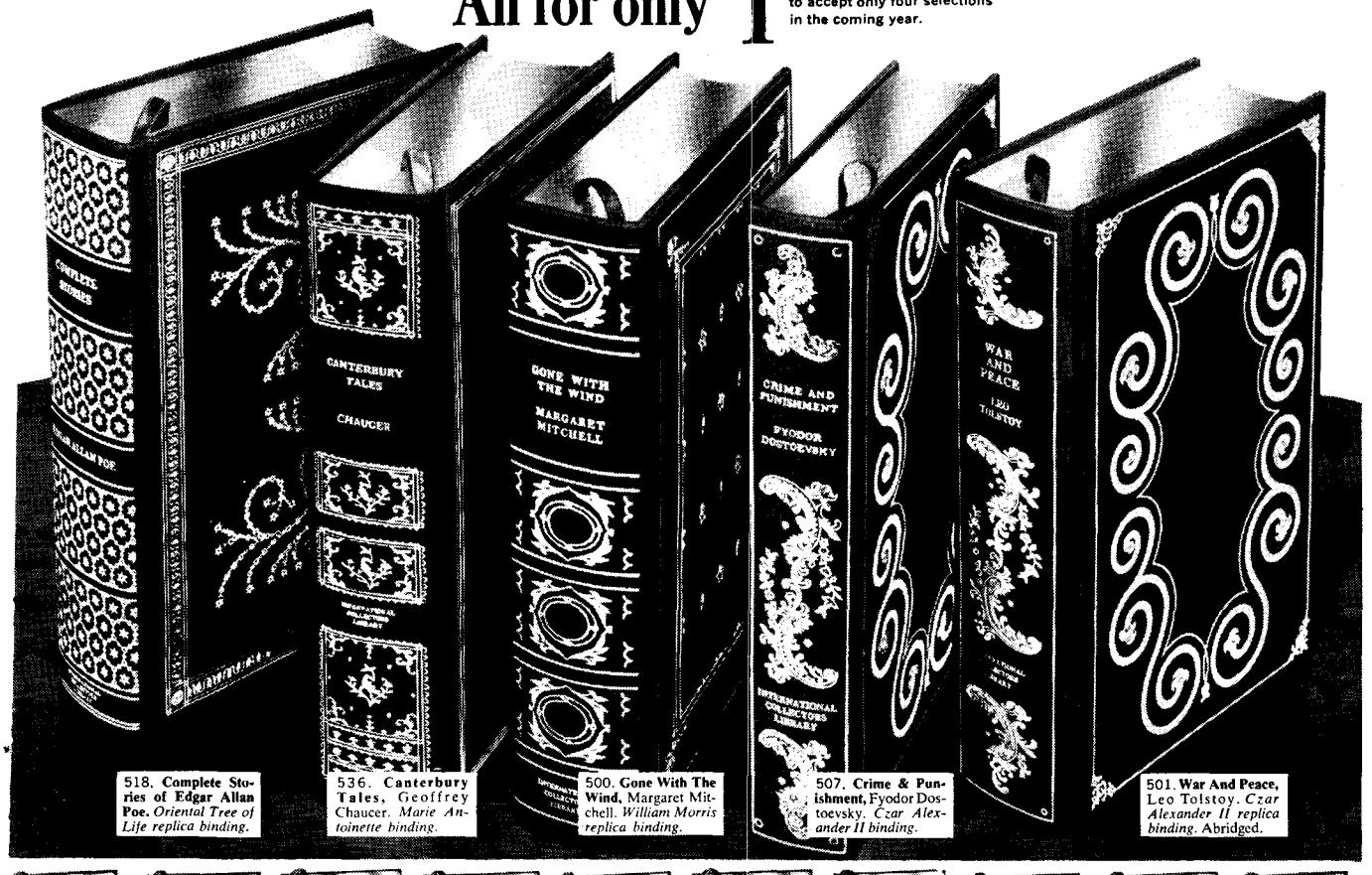

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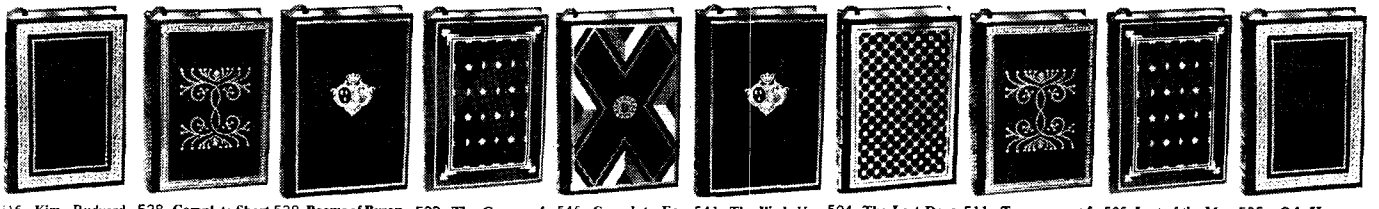

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Phoenix Nest

Edited by Martin Levin

The Sidekick Case

WHEN WOLFE came down from the plant rooms, the gang from *Paperbound Books in Print* had already gathered in his office. Olga S. Weber, editor, was in the red leather chair directly in front of Wolfe's desk. Behind her, chattering girlishly, were assistants Lindalee Mesiano, Phyllis Levy, and Sharon Stone. I sat on the far side of the room in the yellow leather chair.

Wolfe crossed immediately to his desk and lowered his bulk into the specially constructed chair. He made a face.

"I am Nero Wolfe," he began, "and this is Mr. Goodwin, my assistant. The unlovely business at hand can be settled, I am certain, with dispatch and amiability. You are intelligent women. You owe your livelihood to words, your own and those of other people. You know their importance."

He picked up a magazine distastefully. "I have a copy of your publication, *Paperbound Books in Print*. On page 19 the annotation given a book called *And Four to Go* by Rex Stout reads: 'Included are four complete Nero Wolfe mystery novelettes featuring the famous detective and his sidekick Archie.'"

The girls looked bewildered.

"I don't see . . ." began a dark-haired beauty who was either Lindalee Mesiano or Phyllis Levy.

"I realize you do not see," interrupted Wolfe. He wiggled a finger at her. "That is why you are here. I summoned you only after careful deliberation, and this episode is as distasteful to me as it must be to you. I am, as noted in your publication, a detective. Mr. Goodwin here is my assistant. He is, of course, also my employee. In a sense, he may be considered my partner. But he is not my sidekick."

Wolfe leaned back in the big chair, closed his eyes, and after thirty seconds asked the room at large:

"Do I look like the sort of man who would have a sidekick? Archie, do you consider yourself my sidekick?"

"No sir, I do not," I replied. "Yo chattel, maybe, but not your sidekick

The blonde (Sharon Stone?) giggle so I went on.

"Sidekicks call their employers l their first name, or otherwise they c them. 'Boss.' Sidekicks wear funny ha and they fall off horses—"

"Pfui," said Wolfe. "Enough, Archi In spite of his proclivity toward buffoo ery, ladies, Mr. Goodwin is no sidekic Now, Miss Weber, can you propose an course of action that would alleviate th distress you have caused me?"

"Well, I *am* sorry, Mr. Wolfe, but guess we just used the term 'sidekic to indicate Mr. Goodwin's position a assistant."

"You did indeed, Miss Weber," sai Wolfe. "That you acted without malic I am certain. But you acted thoughtlessl in your capacity as editor, and the resul inadvertent though it may have been has been to hold me up to ridicule. Sinc you appear to believe, however, tha 'sidekick' is synonymous with 'assistant, carrying with it no debasing connota tion, justice can be done quite simply In your next issue I suggest that you staff be listed on the masthead as fol lows: EDITOR: Olga S. Weber. SIDE KICKS: Lindalee Mesiano, Phyllis Levy Sharon Stone. If I hear no demurrer from you, I shall consider the case closed."

He leaned back and closed his eyes.

I ushered the girls out. The blonde was still giggling.

When I returned, Wolfe's eyes were shut and his lips were pushing in and out

I went to the kitchen for a glass of milk. And to wait for the next issue of *Paperbound Books in Print*.

—PATRICK BUTLER.

Fountain of My Youth

IT HAS JUST occurred to me that there are young people growing up today who have never had the experience of using a fountain pen. All they know is a ballpoint. I haven't used a fountain pen for many years myself, but I remember what it was like.

A fountain pen, for those who have never seen one, had liquid ink inside, sloshing around. I know this sounds improbable, but it is true. Such a pen was filled by holding the point in a bottle of ink or an inkwell, working a lever so that it would press down on a rubber sack, and then releasing the lever, permitting the rubber sack to expand and suck in the ink. If, before filling it, the pen was thought to be empty but wasn't, and the lever was worked, a stream of ink would squirt out, inundating anyone or anything in its path. This is why it is called a fountain pen.

Of course, carrying around a pen full of ink could be hazardous business. I remember once when my fountain pen

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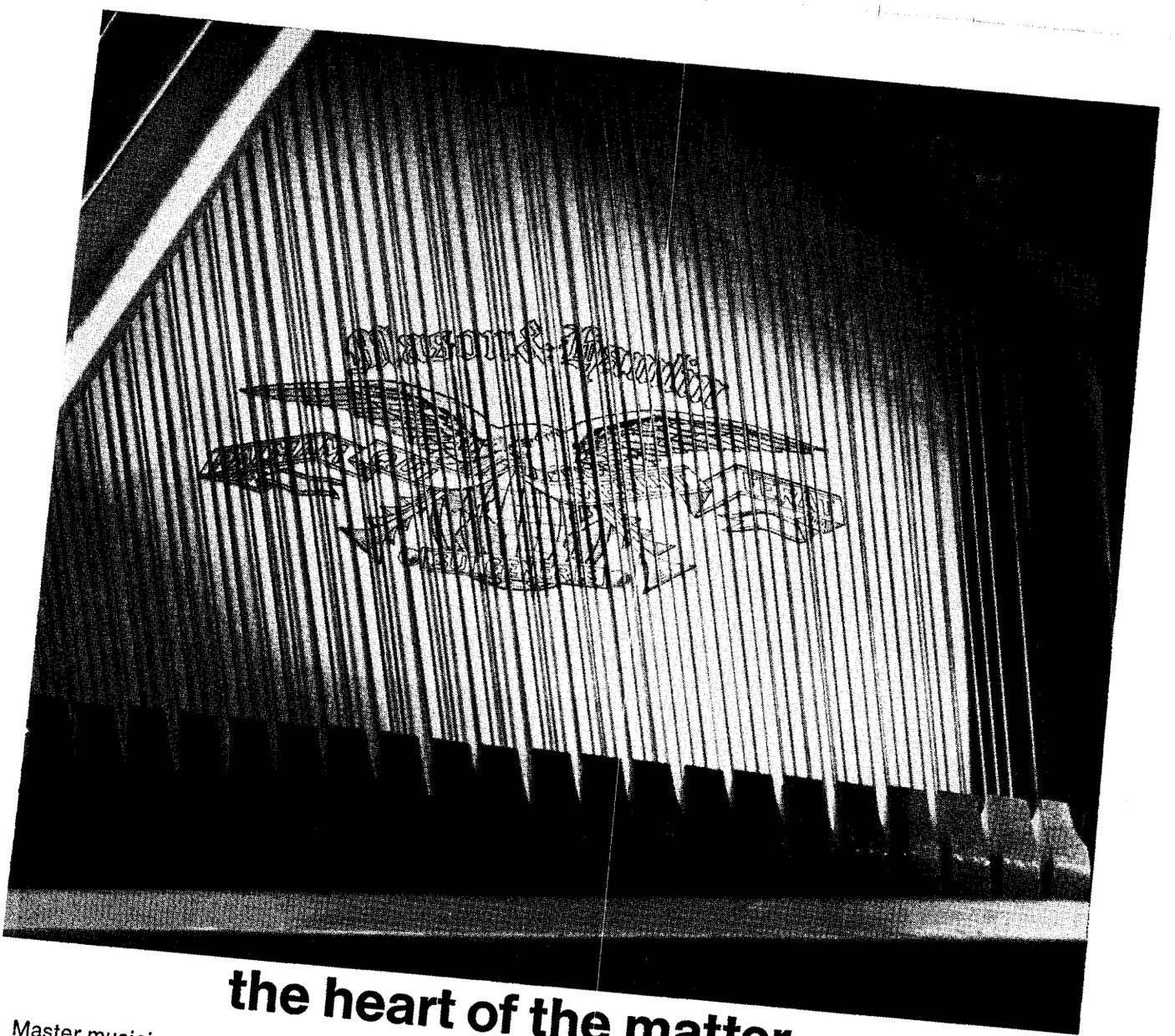

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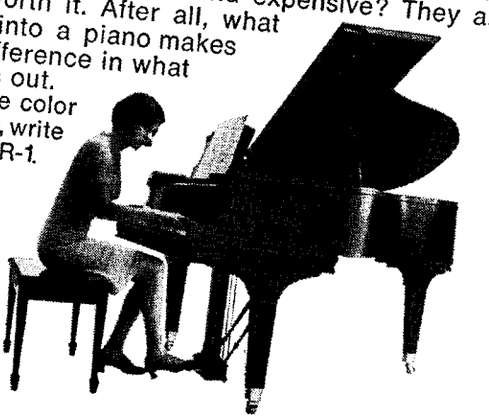

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Pope denounces birth control as millions starve

'Every marriage act must remain
n to the transmission of life," said
)e Paul in his recent encyclical. He
:d out every action which proposes
render procreation impossible."
The Pope denounced artificial con-
:eption—the only practical means
:ontrolling population. He held that
s not reasonable "to have recourse
artificial birth control" even though
e secure the harmony and peace of
family, and better conditions for
education of the children already
:n."

*By his edict the Pope has struck a
shing blow against current efforts to
luce the flood of people now engulf-
the earth.*

In the advanced countries most
uples—Catholics as well as Protes-
nts—already practice birth control. But in the underdeveloped countries, such as in Latin America, the Pope's teaching may result in the birth of hordes of children who will not have enough to eat.

Famine already stalks the earth. Half of humanity goes to bed hungry every night. Ten thousand or more people are dying of starvation every day. This means that more than three and a half million starve to death every year. (The present tragic Biafra toll is *in addition* to these figures.)

As recently as 1953 there were 2½ billion people on earth. Today only 15 years later there are *3½ billion*. A generation from now that number will approximately double at the present rate of increase.

The Pope dismissed the population explosion with a few brief words, merely saying that it should be met by greater social and economic progress, rather than to resort to "utterly materialistic" measures to limit births.

The encyclical appears to millions of Catholics and Protestants as a rather incredible document, considering the eminence of the author and his access to the world's leading demographic, agricultural and other authorities. It is viewed by many as one of the most fateful blunders of modern times.

For there can be no doubt that unless population is brought under control at an early date the resulting human misery and social tensions will inevitably lead to chaos and strife—to revolutions and wars, the dimensions of which it would be hard to predict.

Nothing less than the survival of civilization is at stake.

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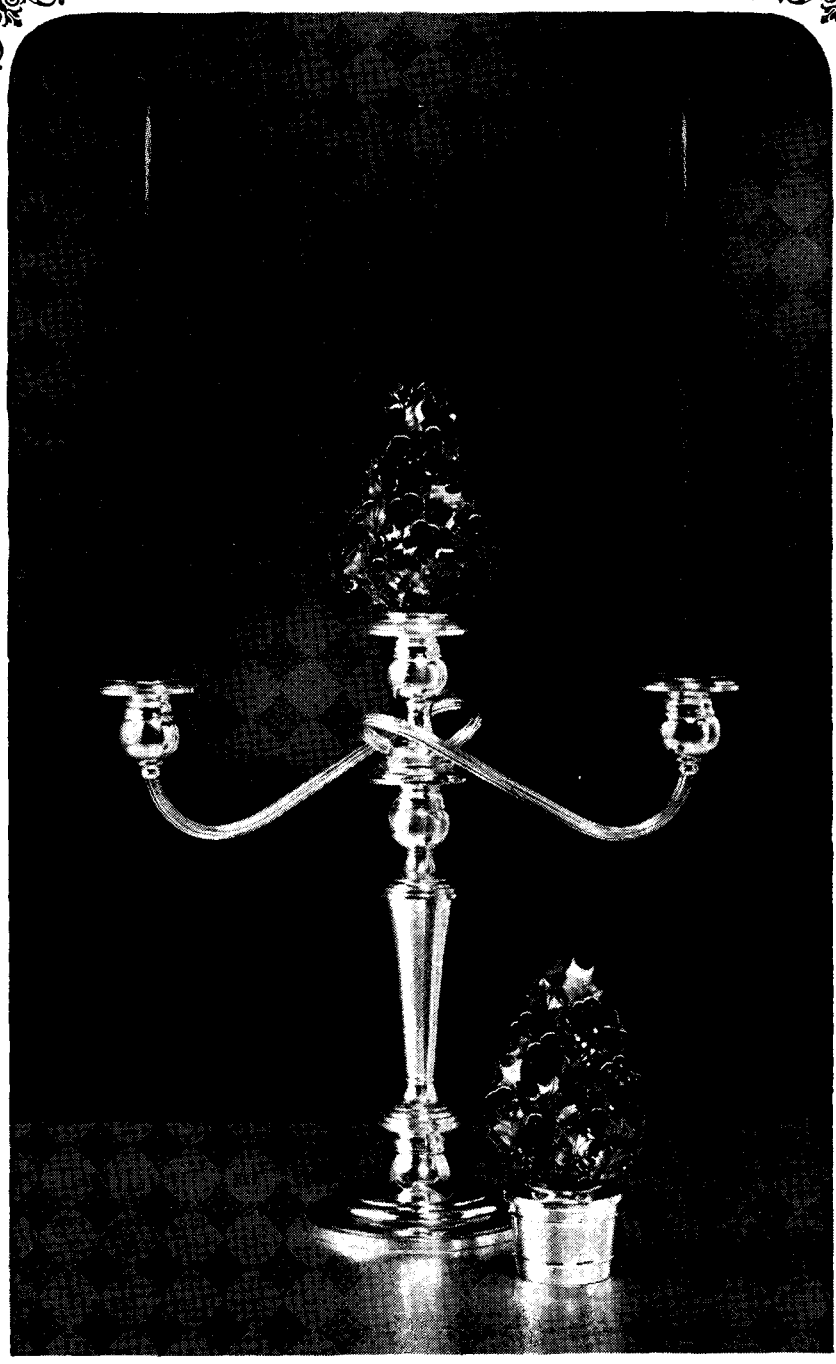

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for some reason disgorged its content while I was carrying it in my shirt pocket. The stain never came out, ink removers being less effective in those days and I went around holding my hand over the spot. People thought I was taking an oath or perhaps swearing allegiance to the flag.

Unlike the ballpoint pen, which requires a cartridge refill, a fountain pen could be filled anywhere there was a supply of ink. I filled my own pen at the post office, though the ink was not of the best quality and had a kind of linty encrustation. Another source of ink was at a bank. At banks, however, the inkwells were cannily made so shallow that, though they served very well for dipping, they prevented a capacity filling. Sometimes I would draw up a bubble and have to expel it, the way a doctor does with a hypodermic before thrusting it into a patient.

One advantage of a fountain pen was in writing one's signature. It was possible to get a flourish that the ballpoint could never produce. Even after the ballpoint came into use, I kept a fountain pen on my desk for several years, just for my signature. Now, however, I have gone over to the ballpoint entirely, and my signature is not only without character but almost legible.

One thing you can't get with a ballpoint is a blot—the result of a sudden, unexpected outpouring that left a pool of ink and confronted one with the problem of what to do with it. My own method was to use the corner of a blotter and depend on capillary attraction. It was a delicate operation, because if anything went amiss the ink would run down the page. I became expert in the use of a blotter, and took a certain pride in blotting an ink spot without enlarging it. (By the way, I haven't seen a blotter for years.)

The fountain pen I remember best was a large green one that had my name on it in gold letters. It held an enormous amount of ink, and could go for weeks without refilling. It was also capable of producing really king-size blots, some of which would fill all four corners of a blotter, and put my skill to the ultimate test.

That large, green fountain pen came to a sad end. Somehow or other it fell to the floor, unnoticed, and I stepped on it. I distinctly recall the crunching sound it made, as if I had stepped on some brittle creature, such as a snail or a grasshopper. The ink spurted in every direction, like strangely dark blood, and I felt that I had unwittingly taken an innocent life.

Perhaps it is just as well I no longer have a fountain pen. Both the post office and the bank now use ballpoint pens, and if I had a fountain pen I don't know where I could fill it.

—Richard Armour.

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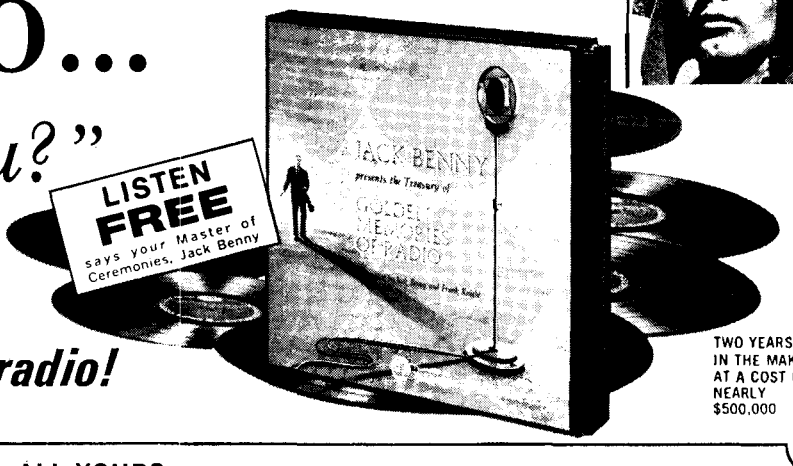

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

Breathes There a Man

TWENTY-TWO YEARS AGO, on July 1, 1946, the United States moved the inhabitants of Bikini Atoll to another atoll in the Marshall Islands so that our government could conduct some underwater atomic bomb tests.

Now President Johnson has announced that the Bikini Atoll is safe again, and that the natives could return to their homes. So a committee of nine Bikini islanders came back to Bikini to investigate and to report to their countrymen on the state of the tiny island which has been kept clear of human inhabitants since 1946.

"The island is changed," *The New York Times* reported the high commissioner to have said. "Most of the trees have gone."

This remark must not have set too well with our government man in charge of making this move back to Bikini.

"Look," he said, "you people have been hollering you want to come back home. Remember, home is where you hang your hat."

"I know," replied the dissident Bikini islander. "But all the hall trees have been blown away, too. The island is not the same."

"That's what you said when we moved you away from here twenty-two years ago to Rongerik Atoll. So we moved you to the Kili Atoll. Now when you say you want to come back to Bikini, you're complaining about this atoll. If you keep raising issues like that, how can you have a life of law and order on this atoll? Seems to me you people don't like any atoll at all."

"Well," said the Bikinian, "when you moved us to Rongerik Atoll, we found poisonous fish in the lagoon."

"So we moved you to Kili Island. Besides, all our scientists have stated quite clearly that radiation levels have dropped to a point where Bikini is safe again for habitation."

"Yes, I know they said that. But I don't see any of them habitating up here. There must still be some radiation."

"Oh, I suppose there will always be a little bit of radiation. But it's safe for you to live with."

"Well, maybe for me, yes. But some of our women are a little bit pregnant. They want to be sure that their newborn . . ."

"There you go raising issues again. Let's take it from the top. You will agree that our country had to make these underwater atomic tests, right?"

"Well, we don't understand why they . . ."

"Why? Because our country is trying to get a nonproliferation treaty signed. We want all nations to sign it. How could the United States sign a nonproliferation treaty if we didn't test enough atomic bombs so we could get some proliferation to nonproliferate with?"

"How's that again?"

"You people refuse to understand."

"What we don't understand is why you picked our homeland to shoot off so many atomic bombs?"

"Why? To contain Communism. Don't you know if one small country falls, the next one topples and then they all topple. That's the domino theory."

"Yes, but we think of it as the chess theory. It seems to us we're the pawns, and we've been rooked by the kings and queens."

"Nobody's doing anything to you. Our government is going to rehabilitate this whole island. That concrete blockhouse over there is coming down; also that giant communication tower in the jungle back there. On this beach here is going to rise the new, magnificent Hilton Bikini. Do you think we'd build a big hotel if it weren't safe? Didn't you hear General Curtis LeMay say that since those atomic tests were exploded here even the rats on Bikini have grown bigger and fatter? Now don't quote me saying the Hilton Bikini is going to have fat rats. I didn't say that."

"But we don't need a hotel. We need hospitals and . . ."

"OK, we'll build you a hospital."

"Then there are all our little children."

"OK, we'll build them a schoolhouse."

"Our culture is a mixture of Polynesian and Melanesian blood."

"Oh, I get you. So we'll build two schools. We'll even give you the buses to bus the kids. What do you say, you going to move back here?"

"Well, we're just a committee of nine. We must report to our people in Kili."

"OK, you do that. Tell 'em we're going to make this an island of paradise. We'll build playgrounds, a Disneyland. We'll give you houses, Coca-Cola, churches, roads. In no time at all you'll be getting social security, welfare, unemployment insurance. Tell 'em an atom bomb that gives you all this can't be all that bad."

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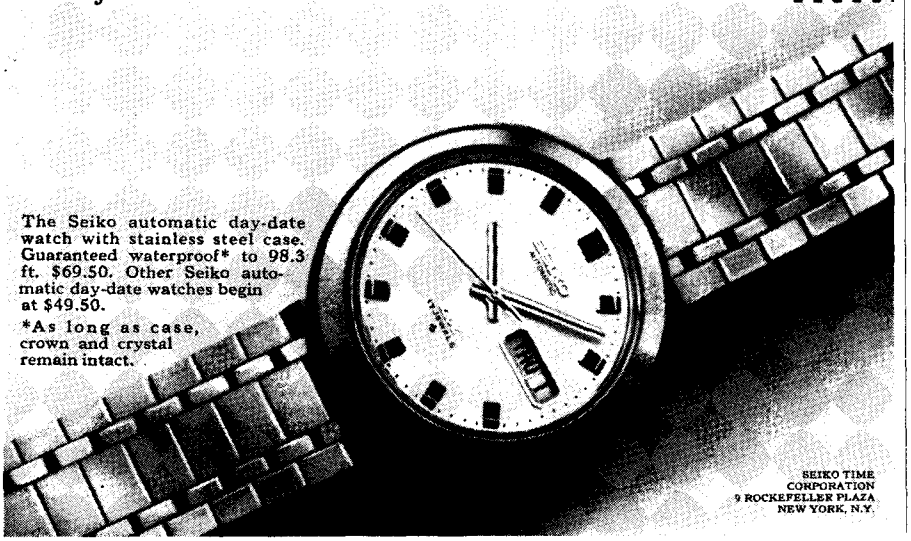

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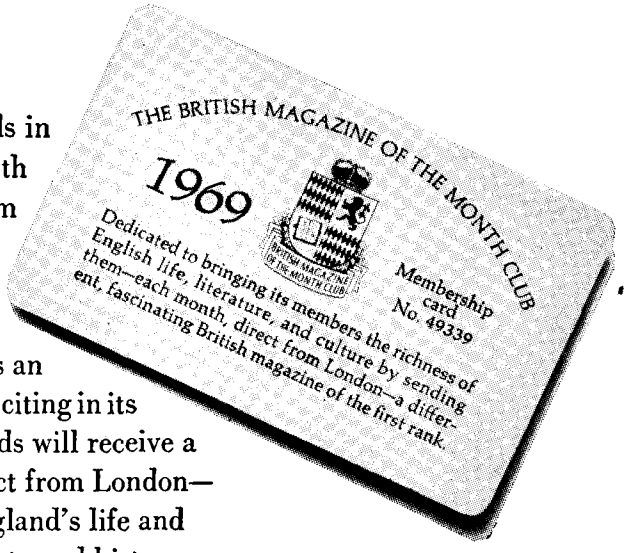
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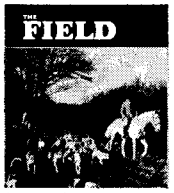

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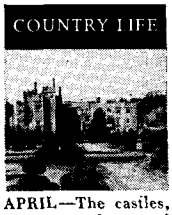
MARCH — World affairs, literature and the arts from the pens of internationally famous writers.



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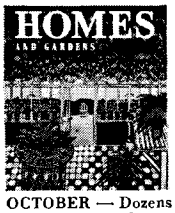
MAY — Travel and adventure, British style. Colourful pictures and prose from around the world.

JUNE — Britain's leading journal of antiques and art for both professional and amateur collectors.

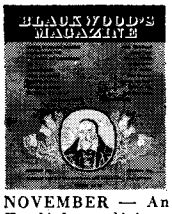
JULY — Rural Britain's quaint customs and colourful people are shown in a rich panorama.

AUGUST—England's most respected pictorial weekly covers world events and personalities.

SEPTEMBER — Sophisticated views of British society, fashions, sports, Royal events, and the arts.



OCTOBER — Dozens of distinctive home decorating ideas, all marked by impeccable British taste.



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THE BAMBOO SCREEN. By Simon Harvester. Walker. $3.95.

FIGUREHEAD. By Bill Knox. Doubleday. $3.95.

THE HEART-KEEPER. By Françoise Sagan. Dutton. $3.95.

THE MURDERER'S COMPANION. By William Roughead. Norton. $5.50.

THE NAKED ISLAND. By Basil Heatter. Trident. $4.95.

ONCE YOU STOP, YOU'RE DEAD. By Eaton K. Goldthwaite. Morrow. $4.95.

A SMALL TOWN IN GERMANY. By John Le Carré. Coward-McCann. $6.95.

Current Affairs

MAN AGAINST POVERTY: World War III; A Reader on the World's Most Crucial Issue. Edited by Arthur I. Blaustein and Roger R. Woock. Random House. $7.95.

VIOLENCE: America in the Sixties. By Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. New American Library. Paperback original, 50¢.

THE WEIGHT OF THE EVIDENCE: The Warren Report and Its Critics. Edited by Jay David. Meredith. $6.95.

WHERE THEY GO TO DIE: The Tragedy of America's Aged. By Richard M. Garvin and Robert E. Burger. Delacorte. $4.95

Fiction

L'AMANTE ANGLAISE. By Marguerite Duras. Grove. $3.95.

A CEREMONY OF INNOCENCE. By Robert Wool. NAL/World. $4.95.

THE DOCTOR'S CONFESSION. By Elizabeth Seifert. Dodd, Mead. $4.95.

THE EAST INDIAMAN. By Ellis K. Meacham. Little, Brown. $6.95.

THE EMPTY SPACE. By Peter Brook. Atheneum. $5.

THE FAMILY. By Leslie Waller. Putnam. $6.95.

THE INNOCENT. By Richard E. Kim. Hougton Mifflin. $6.95.

THE INQUISITOR'S HOUSE. By Robert Somerlott. Viking. $5.95.

THE LANDLORD'S DAUGHTER. By Monica Dickens. Doubleday. $5.95.

THE LIFE-ADJUSTMENT OF HARRY BLAKE. By Francis Shine. Meredith. $4.95.

LOVING HANDS AT HOME. By Diane Johnson. Harcourt, Brace & World. $4.95.

PORK: Or the Day I Lost the Masters. By Thomas J. Dulack. Dial. $4.95.

SAVAGE SLEEP. By Millen Brand. Crown. $6.95.

SCARLET BANNERS OF LOVE. By Sacha Carnegie. Dodd, Mead. $6.95.

A TIME AND A PLACE. By William Humphrey. Knopf. $4.95.

TIME FOR GLORY. By Robert O'Neil Bristow. Morrow. $5.95.

THE TOUCH. By Daniel Keyes. Harcourt, Brace & World. $4.75.

YOUNG VARGAS LEWIS. By Robert Brainard Pearsall. Houghton Mifflin. $6.95.

Government, Politics

BIG BUSINESS IN JAPANESE POLITICS. By Chitoshi Yanaga. Yale. $8.75.

BOSS COX'S CINCINNATI: Urban Politics in the Progressive Era. By Zane L. Miller. Oxford. $7.50.

THE FEDERAL FARM FABLE. By Paul Findley. Arlington House. $7.

KARL MARX ON COLONIALISM AND MODERNIZATION: His Dispatches and Other Writings on China, India, Mexico, the Middle East and North Africa. Edited by Shlomo Avineri. Doubleday. $6.95.

POLITICAL ORDER IN CHANGING SOCIETIES. By Samuel P. Huntington. Yale. $12.50.

PROGRESS, COEXISTENCE, AND INTELLECTUAL FREEDOM. By Andrei D. Sakharov. Norton. $3.95.

History

BIRD. By S. L. A. Marshall. Cowles. $3.95.

THE BIRTH OF THE NATION: A Portrait of the American People on the Eve of Independence. By Arthur M. Schlesinger. Knopf. $7.95.

COMMUNISM IN CHINA: As Reported from Hankow in 1932. By O. Edmund Clubb. Columbia. $7.50.

A COURSE IN RUSSIAN HISTORY: The Seventeenth Century. By V. O. Kiliuchevsky. Quadrangle. $8.95.

THE EARLY ETRUSCANS. By Donald Strong. Putnam. $5.95.

EGYPT UNDER THE PHARAOHS. By Barbara Sewell. Putnam. $5.95.

A HISTORY OF THE VIKINGS. By Gwyn Jones. Oxford. $9.75.

THE IDES OF MAY: The Defeat of France, May-June 1940. By John Williams. Knopf. $7.95.

JERUSALEM: A History of Forty Centuries. By Teddy Kollek and Moshe Pearlman. Random House. $12.95.

LAND OF MANY FRONTIERS: A History of the American Southwest. By Odie B. Faulk. Oxford. $7.50.

1913: AN END AND A BEGINNING, By Virginia Cowles. Harper & Row. $10.95.

PRESIDENT WILSON FIGHTS HIS WAR: World War I and the American Intervention. By Harvey A. DeWeerd. Macmillan. $12.50.

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International Affairs

THE ARAB-ISRAELI CONFLICT. Keesing's Research Report. Scribners. Hardbound, $3.50. Paperback, $1.45.

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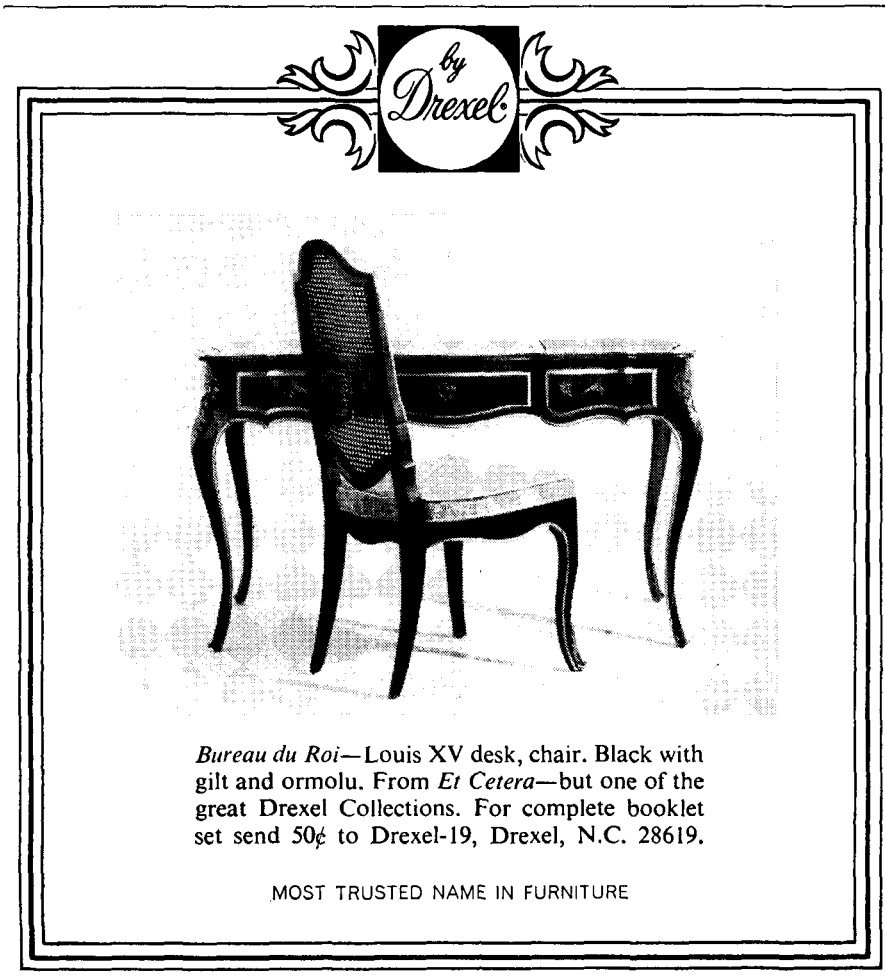

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Trade Winds

Jerome Beatty, Jr.

Results are finally reaching me on the first annual Fishworm Judging Contest, held at the Logan County Fair in Sterling, Colorado. Twenty-five showmen entered six worms apiece in two classes: red worms and night crawlers. The well groomed critters displayed their qualities on paper plates, where judges rated their vigor, color, strength, and other wormly characteristics, such as toughness when placed on a fish hook. Head Judge Dwight Smith, a Colorado State University wildlife specialist, said, "By feeling the worm you can tell."

Winners in the night crawler division were entries shown by C. D. Jensen. As for red worms, Randy Dick's stable won; one of his specimens was Best of Show.

A fellow named James Kiss, who works for the firm of Hill and Knowlton in New York, tells me his files now reveal the following harrowing tale:

> Katy Kiss, 4, 14, Dr. 33, 2/15/68, $25, 201-273-4300-207, 213-214, 13066, 978-384-279, G 581, 1065, 036-1-029234.

That's what happened to Mr. Kiss's daughter this year. She is fourteen years old, and in the records of the Summit, New Jersey, Medical Group she is called No. 4, in the order of father 1, mother 2, son 3, daughter 4. On February 15,

1968, she contracted a condition and was referred to a Dr. 33. A charge of $25 was made for the consultation, which was arranged by a telephone call to 201-273-4300, extension 207, later switched to 213 and then 214. Prescription 13066 was billed to the Kiss insurance policy, No. 978-384-279, and payment was made on Hill and Knowlton's medical plan G 581. Finally, Mr. Kiss made out check 1065 to the medical group on his Chase Manhattan account 036, etc., etc.

Katy is now okay. No one in the family ever found out the name of Dr. 33.

When he was a young man, Millen Brand went to visit a friend, Louise, who was a nurse in a psychiatric hospital outside New York. She had been kicked and hurt by a patient, and was recuperating in a ward for the "harmlessly insane." Louise had a key and let Brand out after the visit. But he then exited the wrong way, the door slammed behind him, and he was trapped on the grounds, behind an unclimbable fence. It was growing dark; he felt his way along. Two nurses approached on the other side of the fence. He called to them,

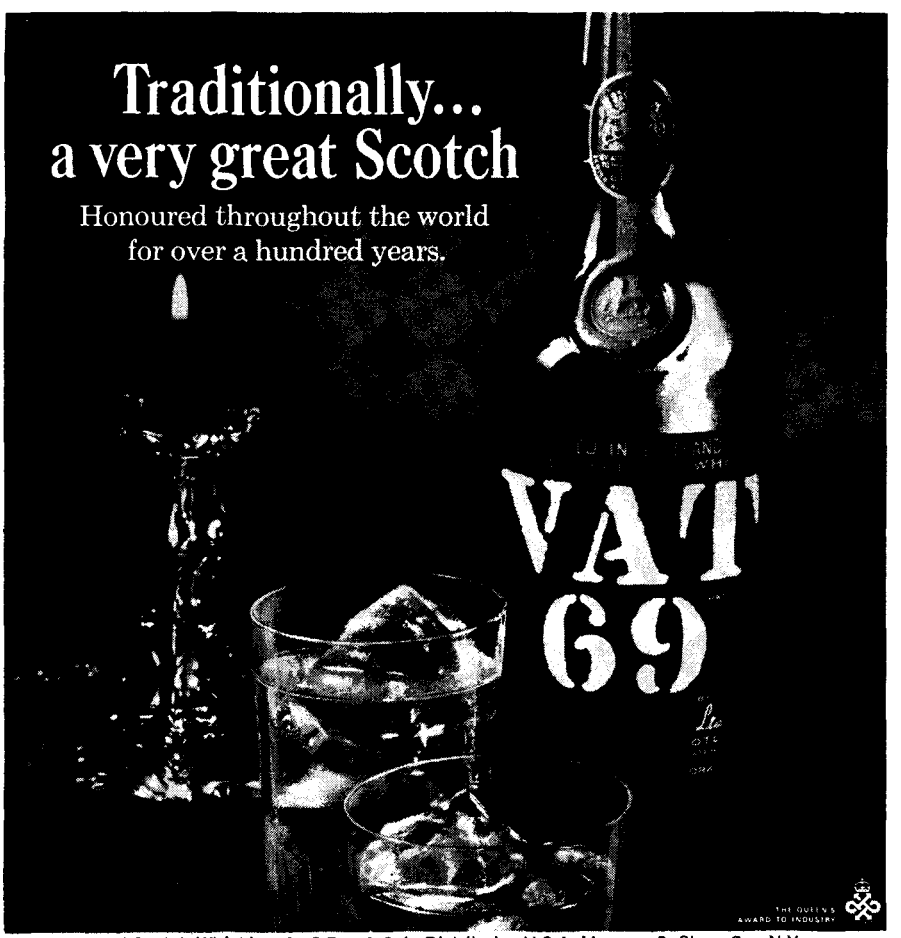
"Hey, could you help me out? I'm a visitor, not a patient, and—um."

They had given him a knowing look and kept on their way. Brand eventually found a gate where an agile person could get over the top. He dropped down on the other side and ran.

This is as close as he ever got to being confined in an institution. However, that experience somehow led to his famous book, published in 1937, *The Outward Room*. It was a Book-of-the-Month Club choice, was translated into many languages, and was called the first novel to deal with psychosis. (It's still in print.) It led to Millen Brand's being assigned to write the script of the movie based on *The Snake Pit*. In the years since, he has written several novels and a book of poetry, lived in Provence for a year, and worked off and on as an editor at Crown Publishers. Now he has tackled that subject matter for the first time since *The Outward Room* in a new book, *Savage Sleep*. Apparently he has done it well, for *Savage Sleep* is a book club choice, has been bought for a large sum by Bantam for a paperback, and may be made into a motion picture. Wasn't it a good thing he was able to climb that fence?

During the last weekend in September, more than 31,000 people went to the

(*Continued on page* 54)



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Manner of Speaking

John Ciardi

Confessions of a Circuit Rider—Epilogue with Some Static:

My SPRING lecture tour began in March and continued with some furloughs through May. Eight days before I was to start it, I received a phone call from one of the campuses I was to visit. My caller identified himself as a lawyer working for the Civil Liberties Union and recited some serious charges against the college.

It had, he told me, refused to allow Negro leaders to speak on campus. It actively supported the activities of what he called "a Birch-like group." And it had threatened to expel students who had tried to contact me.

The charges were both disturbing and nebulous. On questioning, my caller confessed he knew of no specific refusal to allow a Negro to speak, but rather that "the way things are it would not be possible for a good Negro leader to speak on this campus." Had any Negroes spoken on campus? Well, yes, there had been two Negro speakers this year, but none who were "activist enough."

A number of turns in his way of phrasing himself made me think he was a student rather than a lawyer. I asked him who was "activist enough" to his way of thinking. He thought, well, maybe Rap Brown. Had the students asked Rap Brown? I was asked what good that would do—"they" would never allow him to speak.

I tried questioning my caller about the "Birch-like group." It turned out to be a little hard to describe, but I was told some of the faculty were definitely members.

I turned to his third charge. I told him I did not understand how students could be expelled for trying to get in touch with me.

The students, he told me, had announced in the college newspaper that they would attempt to get in touch with me, and one of the deans had replied in strong disagreement, and threatened expulsion.

Threatening to expel students if they tried to write to me?

Expulsion was certainly implied.

Could he send me a copy of the paper?

He certainly would. (And never did.)

By that point, I was sure my caller was a student. I asked him to spell his name so that I might write it down accurately. He gave me the name of the president of the college. I asked him about his law practice. He didn't exactly practice anymore. I asked which branch of the Civil Liberties Union he worked with. He said it wasn't exactly the CLU but a committee interested in that sort of work. A student committee? Well, yes it was. And was he himself a student? Well, yes he was. And not in fact a lawyer? Well, no he wasn't.

I asked if he had any doubts about the ethics of misrepresenting himself to me. He said, well, he was sorry, but that the "mess on campus" was so bad the committee thought a little deception was justified in a good cause.

I asked how many students were on his committee, and he told me it was very popular. Did he know, roughly, how many? Well, there were quite a lot.

I told him I had a lot of questions to ask and reminded him he was running up a phone bill: Would he like me to call him back so we could talk on my time? He told me that wasn't necessary because he had a job in one of the dean's offices and was using a college phone.

I passed over a few ethical questions on that point and went back to "quite a lot." Did that mean, say, a hundred? He didn't think there were quite that many. Well, five then. Oh, there were more than five. Were there ten? I asked. He said he saw no point in playing a numbers game and that the principles of the committee would be important even if only one man could be found to defend them.

I could agree that principle matters more than numbers, and I told him so. Did it matter more than facts, or would he agree that principle is based on and arises from the facts of any given case?

He argued that when a principle is really important a few minor details don't really matter. The "mess on campus" was bad and anything was justified to make things better.

Would I, therefore, cancel my appearance and send him a letter he could circulate denouncing the "restrictive policies" of the administration? Or if I could not cancel, would I keep the lecture date, but skip my talk about poetry and use my time to attack the administration's policies?

I had had enough weary circles around nothing. I pointed out that I had

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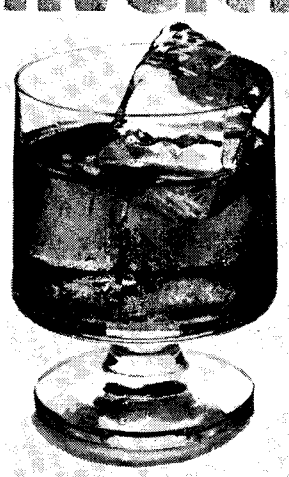

a legally enforceable contract with the school, and that while a cancellation for cause was not out of the question, he was left with an obligation to give me detailed and documented evidence. Under no circumstances, of course, could I take the school's fee for a talk on poetry and use the occasion to blast the school's policies.

He said he agreed and promised me full documentation by special delivery.

Eight days later, having heard nothing, I began the tour. Thirty-seven days later—two days before I was to appear at the school—I received from my agent a letter on school stationery signed by a Professor X. The letter repeated the same charges in the name of a faculty committee and asked that I cancel my appearance or use the occasion to enter a strong protest against "restrictive policies."

Such a protest I must certainly enter. When I had read the letter, I phoned the school, asked for Professor X, and was told there was no such man on the faculty. It had already occurred to me that the same civil-libertarian who could latch on to the dean's phone could latch on to a school letterhead. Nor later, when I arrived on campus, could my questioning of students and faculty turn up evidence of any "mess on campus."

Let me enter a protest anyway. I enter it against the restrictive policies of students (I am convinced mine was no prankster) so utterly convinced of their rightness that it justifies any deception, impersonation, cheat, lie, evasion, or distortion of fact; who think nothing of asking others to break legal contracts without good cause or to betray the agreement by accepting a fee and using the occasion to abuse the payer; who seem to have no notion that intellectual honesty is itself a principle and that honored agreements are the one basis of civilized dealing; and who are sure that the piddlings of their own standardless emotions make them the custodians of all banners.

I suppose it is folly to have lived beyond thirty, but it is a folly time imposes. We the senile can see that we are about to drown in the rising tide of the puerile. There is still time for a damnation.

Here come the monstrous young lurching through the arches like the barbarians, and here sit the senile like Roman senators. Be damned to you, axe swingers. You will be busy destroyers till your destroyers come. Get on with the destruction. We will not budge. And take what you can: We give you nothing but our damnation.

Nor am I sure I mean all of that.

But damn you anyway. Without a damnation there is no way of holding to what must be held.

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Lessons of the Cuban Missile Crisis

By ROBERT F. KENNEDY

Introduction by Robert S. McNamara

IN THE FALL of 1962, the Soviets moved offensive weapons, including ballistic missiles, into Cuba. The world was faced with what many of us felt then, and what since has been generally agreed, was the greatest danger of a catastrophic war since the advent of the nuclear age. Prime Minister Macmillan has said that the weeks of the crisis represented the greatest period of strain which he faced in several decades of public service, including the whole of World War II.

The performance of the U.S. Government during that critical period was more effective than at any other time during my seven years' service as Secretary of Defense. The agencies of the Government—the State Department, the civilian and military leaders of the Defense Department, the CIA, the White House staff, the U.N. Mission—worked together smoothly and harmoniously. That they did so was in large part a result of the efforts of Robert Kennedy. It was he, acting with his brother's consent, who did so much to organize the effort, monitor the results, and assure the completion of the work on which the recommendations to the President were to be based.

But his contribution was far more than administrative. On the basic policy question of whether to force the missiles out by massive air and ground attack or by the far less risky application of a maritime quarantine, he strongly supported the quarantine.

He did so because he saw that the air and ground strikes favored by so many would have brought death to thousands of innocent Cuban civilians and to thousands of U.S. military personnel. He saw, too, that such attacks ran the risk of triggering the launch of nuclear weapons from Cuba against the United States and the risk of Soviet retaliatory attacks on Berlin or on some other vulnerable points on the periphery of NATO.

And he opposed a massive surprise attack by a large country on a small country because he believed such an attack to be inhuman, contrary to our traditions and ideals, and an act of brutality for which the world would never forgive us.

He understood that above all else a U.S. President must, while defending our vital interests, prevent the confrontations between nuclear powers which can lead to nuclear holocaust.

His objective was to force the missiles out of Cuba without war. That objective was accomplished. It was accomplished by a strategy which he helped to shape and which his brother directed—a strategy which applied pressure against the Soviets without ever pushing them to the point where they were forced to an irrational, suicidal, spasm response.

He showed a shrewd sense of diplomacy both in the concept and in the application of the strategy. As a matter of fact, it was Robert Kennedy's suggestion, when we had received two contradictory messages from Khrushchev—the first favorable and the second unfavorable—that we reply to the first and not the second. He actually drafted the reply, stating the terms we were willing to accept, plucking them from the several often disparate Soviet messages. They were the terms on which the settlement ultimately was based.

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"If it was a triumph, it was a triumph for the next generation and not for any particular government or people"

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This article is excerpted from the late Senator Kennedy's forthcoming book, "Thirteen Days," an account of the Cuban missile crisis of 1962. The article is published by special arrangement with the McCall Corporation, copyright holders. The full text appears in the November issue of McCall's magazine. Copyright © McCall Corporation 1968.*

ON Tuesday morning, October 16, 1962, shortly after 9 o'clock, President Kennedy called and asked me to come to the White House. He said only that we were facing great trouble. Shortly afterward, in his office, he told me that a U-2 had just finished a photographic mission and that the intelligence community had become convinced that Russia was placing missiles and atomic weapons in Cuba.

That was the beginning of the Cuban missile crisis—a confrontation between the two giant atomic nations, the U.S. and the U.S.S.R., which brought the world to the abyss of nuclear destruction and the end of mankind. From that moment in President Kennedy's office until Sunday morning, October 28, that was my life—and for Americans and Russians, for the whole world, it was their life, as well.

The same group that met that first morning in the Cabinet Room met almost continuously through the next twelve days and almost daily for some six weeks thereafter. Others in the group, which was later to be called the "ExComm" (the Executive Committee of the National Security Council), included Secretary of State Dean Rusk; Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara; Director of the Central Intelligence Agency, John McCone; Secretary of the Treasury Douglas Dillon; President Kennedy's adviser on national-security affairs, McGeorge Bundy; Presidential Counsel Theodore C. Sorensen; Under Secretary of State George Ball; Deputy Under Secretary of State U. Alexis Johnson; General Maxwell Taylor, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff; Edwin Martin, Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs; originally, Charles Bohlen, who, after the first day, left to become Ambassador to France and was succeeded by Llewellyn Thompson as the adviser on Russian affairs; Roswell Gilpatric, Deputy Secretary of Defense; Paul Nitze, Assistant Secretary of Defense; and, intermittently at various meetings, Vice President Lyndon B. Johnson; Adlai Stevenson, Ambassador to the United Nations; Kenneth O'Donnell, Special Assistant to the President; and Donald Wilson, who was Deputy Director of USIA.

The general feeling in the beginning was that some form of action was required. There were those, although they were a small minority, who felt the missiles did not alter the balance of power and therefore necessitated no action. Most felt, at that stage, that an air strike against the missile sites could be the

—*Wide World.*

President Kennedy "wanted to hear presented and challenged all the possible consequences of a particular course of action."

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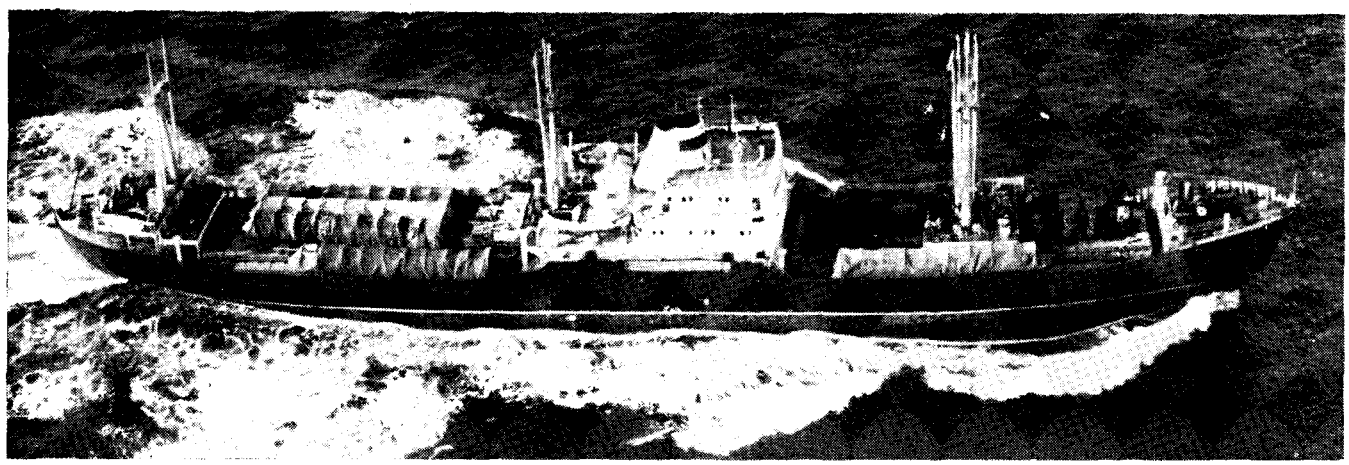

—Wide World.

Soviet freighter leaves Cuba, November 1962. Shrouded cargo on the afterdeck appeared to be mobile missile launchers—"What guided his [President Kennedy's] deliberations was an effort . . . not to humiliate the Soviet Union, not to have them feel they would have to escalate their response. . . ."

only course. Listening to the proposals, I passed a note to the President: "I now know how Tojo felt when he was planning Pearl Harbor."

* * *

It was during the afternoon and evening of that first day, Tuesday, that we began to discuss the idea of a quarantine or blockade. Secretary McNamara, by Wednesday, became the blockade's strongest advocate. He argued that it was limited pressure, which could be increased as the circumstances warranted. Further, it was dramatic and forceful pressure, which would be understood yet, most importantly, still leave us in control of events.

Those who argued for the military strike instead of a blockade pointed out that a blockade would not in fact remove the missiles and would not even stop the work from going ahead on the missile sites themselves. The missiles were already in Cuba, and all we would be doing with a blockade would be "closing the door after the horse had left the barn." Their most forceful argument was that our installation of a blockade around Cuba invited the Russians to do the same to Berlin. If we demanded the removal of missiles from Cuba as the price for lifting our blockade, they would demand the removal of missiles surrounding the Soviet Union as the reciprocal act.

The members of the Joint Chiefs of Staff were unanimous in calling for immediate military action. They forcefully presented their view that the blockade would not be effective. General Curtis LeMay, Air Force Chief of Staff, argued strongly with the President that a military attack was essential. When the President questioned what the response of the Russians might be, General LeMay assured him there would be no reaction. President Kennedy was skeptical. "They, no more than we, can let these things go by without doing something. They can't, after all their statements, permit us to take out their missiles, kill a lot of Russians, and then do nothing. If they don't take action in Cuba, they certainly will in Berlin."

I supported McNamara's position in favor of a blockade. This was not from a deep conviction that it would be a successful course of action, but a feeling that it had more flexibility and fewer liabilities than a military attack. Most importantly, like others, I could not accept the idea that the United States would rain bombs on Cuba, killing thousands and thousands of civilians in a surprise attack. With some trepidation, I argued that, whatever validity the military and political arguments were for an attack in preference to a blockade, America's traditions and history would not permit such a course of action. This, I said, could not be undertaken by the U.S. if we were to maintain our moral position at home and around the globe.

We spent more time on this moral question during the first five days than on any other single matter.

* * *

By Thursday night, there was a majority opinion in our group for a blockade. We explained our recommendations to the President. At the beginning, the meeting seemed to proceed in an orderly and satisfactory way. However, as people talked, as the President raised probing questions, minds and opinions began to change again, and not only on small points. For some, it was from one extreme to another—supporting an air attack at the beginning of the meeting and, by the time we left the White House, supporting no action at all.

The President, not at all satisfied, sent us back to our deliberations. Because any other step would arouse suspicion, he returned to his regular schedule and his campaign speaking engagements.

* * *

We met all day Friday and Friday night. Then again early Saturday morning we were back at the State Department. I talked to the President several times on Friday. Saturday morning at 10 o'clock I called him at the Blackstone Hotel in Chicago and told him we were ready to meet with him. He canceled his trip and returned to Washington. As he was returning to Washington, our Armed Forces across the world were put on alert.

At 2:30, we walked up to the Oval Room. The meeting went on until ten minutes after five. Bob McNamara presented the arguments for the blockade; others presented the arguments for the military attack.

The President made his decision that afternoon in favor of the blockade. There was one final meeting the next morning, with Walter C. Sweeney, Jr., Commanding General of the Tactical Air Command, who told the President that even a major surprise air attack could not be certain of destroying all the missile sites and nuclear weapons in Cuba. That ended the small, lingering doubt that might still have remained in his mind. It had worried him that a blockade would not remove the missiles—now it was clear that an attack could not accomplish that task completely, either.

* * *

The President's speech was now scheduled for Monday evening. Under the direction of George Ball, Alex Johnson, and Ed Martin, a detailed hour-to-hour program was arranged, to inform our allies, prepare for the meeting of the Organization of American States, inform the ambassadors stationed in Washing-

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ton, and prepare for them and others, in written form, the legal justification on which our action was predicated.

The diplomatic effort was of great significance. We were able to establish a firm legal foundation for our action under the OAS Charter, and our position around the world was greatly strengthened when the Organization of American States unanimously supported the recommendation for a quarantine. Further, with the support of detailed photographs, former Secretary of State Dean Acheson—who obliged the President by once again being willing to help—was able to quickly convince President de Gaulle of the correctness of our response. General de Gaulle said, "It is exactly what I would have done," adding that it was not necessary to see the photographs, as "a great Government such as yours does not act without evidence." Chancellor Adenauer voiced his support, as well, and the Soviet Union was prevented from separating the U.S. from Europe. (Diefenbaker of Canada was the only NATO leader who expressed doubts as to our course.)

On that Monday afternoon, before his speech and after lunch with Jackie, the President . . . met with the members of the Cabinet and informed them for the first time of the crisis. Then, not long before the broadcast, he met with the leaders of Congress. This was the most difficult meeting. Many Congressional leaders were sharp in their criticism. Senator Russell said he could not live with himself if he did not say in the strongest possible terms how important it was that we act with greater strength than the President was contemplating. Senator Fulbright also strongly advised military action rather than such a weak step as the blockade. Others said they were skeptical but would remain publicly silent, only because it was such a dangerous hour for the country.

At 7 o'clock, the President went on television to the nation. He was calm and confident that he had selected the right course.

* * *

Our group met with the President at 10 o'clock in the morning at the White House. There was a certain spirit of lightness—not gaiety certainly, but a feeling of relaxation, perhaps. We had taken the first step, it wasn't so bad, and we were still alive.

We came back about 6 o'clock that evening. During this meeting, we learned that an extraordinary number of coded messages had been sent to all the Russian ships on their way to Cuba.

The President composed a letter to Khrushchev, asking him to observe the quarantine legally established by a vote of the OAS, making it clear that the U.S. did not wish to fire on any ships of the Soviet Union, and adding at the end: "I am concerned that we both show prudence and do nothing to allow events to make the situation more difficult to control than it is." We then discussed in detail the rules that were to be given to the Navy intercepting a merchant vessel in the quarantine zone.

* * *

The next morning, Wednesday, the quarantine went into effect, and the reports during the early hours told of the Russian ships coming steadily on toward Cuba. This Wednesday-morning meeting, along with that of the following Saturday, October 27, seemed the most trying, the most difficult, and the most filled with tension. The U-2s and low-flying planes had returned the previous day with their film, and through the evening it was analyzed. Comparisons with the pictures of a few days earlier made clear that . . . within a few days several of the launching pads would be ready for war.

A few minutes after 10 o'clock Secretary McNamara announced that two Russian ships, the *Gagarin* and the *Komiles*, were within a few miles of our quarantine barrier. Then it was 10:25—a messenger brought in a note to John McCone. "Mr. President, we have a preliminary report which seems to indicate that some of the Russian ships have stopped dead in the water."

Despite what had happened the danger was anything but over. We learned later in the day that fourteen of the twenty-two ships had stopped or had turned back to Russia. Most of those continuing were tankers. . . .

* * *

There were almost daily communications with Khrushchev. All our efforts and letters, however, seemed to be having little effect. On the contrary, as we waited for the reply to President Kennedy's latest communication with Khrushchev, reports came in that a greater number of Russian personnel were working to expedite the construction of the missile sites and to assemble the IL-28s. The President in response ordered a gradual increase in pressure, still attempting to avoid the alternative of direct military action. He increased the number of low-level flights over Cuba from twice a day to once every two hours. In the meantime, we awaited Khrushchev's answer.

At 6 o'clock that night the message came. There was no question that the letter had been written by him personally. It was very long and emotional. But it was not incoherent, and the emotion

(*Continued on page* 51)

—*Wide World.*

Area of interception for Cuban blockade lies within the two circles—". . . whatever validity the . . . arguments had for an attack in preference to a blockade, America's traditions . . . would not permit such a course of action."

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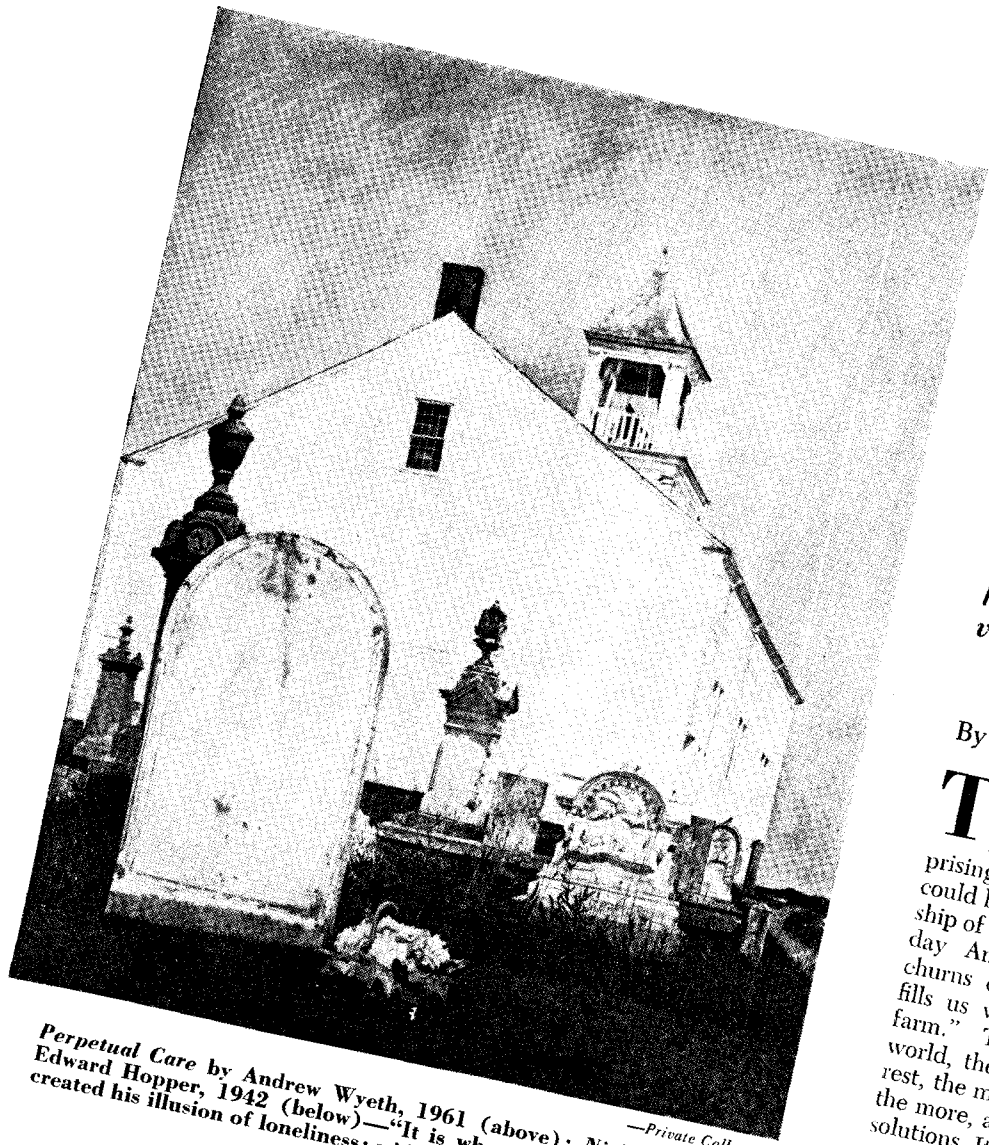

Perpetual Care by Andrew Wyeth, 1961 (above); *Nighthawks* by Edward Hopper, 1942 (below)—"It is what Hopper omitted that created his illusion of loneliness; with Wyeth, it is what he includes."

—*Private Collection.*

—*Collection the Art Institute of Chicago.*

WHY WYETH?

In a "country of astounding innovative technology," how could "a painter so totally divorced from the present century . . . become a veritable patron saint"?

By KATHARINE KUH

THE emergence of Andrew Wyeth as a national culture idol is a phenomenon, but not an entirely surprising one. No time or place in history could be better adapted to the hero worship of this particular artist than present-day America. The very vitality that churns our cities into fevered conflict fills us with nostalgia for "life on the farm." The more international our world, the more tormented it is by unrest, the more unstable our social fabric, the more, alas, we turn to oversimplistic solutions. It is easier to shout about "law and order" than to remedy the causes

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which have turned these words into a national slogan.

Somehow I think of Wyeth's paintings as persistent, if gentle, evocations of that same mindless slogan. His "law and order" never envisions a universal structure such as Mondrian created, for there is nothing structural about Wyeth's paintings. They are washed in a colorless, finicky pigment that obliterates even their competent draftsmanship. And competent it is. Indeed, all Wyeth's work is competent, but nonetheless sentimental and episodic. He offers us first-rate illustrations of "the good life," but these vignettes never rise above illustrations. Because his themes are systematically native, even regional, the public has come to think of him as the American symbol par excellence of healthy self-reliance. Not so many years ago it was Grant Wood who occupied this exalted position, but today his name is slipping.

Surely Edward Hopper was no less American than either of these men. He, too, dealt with the same pervasive solitude that underlies Wyeth's work; yet Hopper was not a romantic folk artist. He devoted himself to the dry, hard light and dry, hard life of our land, nor did he make a single concession to the incidental. His paintings have bones and sinews; they are built on a rigorous scaffold. Never pictorializations of specific events, they deliberately avoid over-easy emotional content. It is what Hopper omitted that created his illusion of loneliness; with Wyeth, it is what he includes.

This is not to say that all artists who concentrate on local incidents are captives of their material. Edwin Dickinson paints Cape Cod, but his sea, sand, and mist are philosophic statements about the evanescence of nature. Yet Wyeth's Chadds Ford, Pennsylvania, and Cushing, Maine, are Chadds Ford and Cushing. His poetry is diluted by idiosyncratic facts. The observer is rarely asked to soar; instead he is led along well grooved ruts, which, no doubt, explains the idolatry of those who find Wyeth's work a reassuring escape from the demands of contemporary art and life. One cannot exaggerate the happy relief of certain observers who, when confronted by Wyeth's paintings, are challenged by no new "isms," no new techniques, no puzzling multiple meanings. Like kindly little sermons at the village church, this artist's contrived compositions shine with moral rectitude. Their popular appeal seems to grow in direct proportion to the fad for novelty that proliferates in America today. And yet it is an anomaly in our country of astounding innovative technology that a painter so totally divorced from the present century could become a veritable patron saint.

In the United States there is no other native artist whose popularity can compare with Wyeth's, a curious situation when one considers how relatively unknown he is abroad. The American museums that patiently wait in line to pay astronomical thousands for his major compositions are not matched by foreign counterparts. Wyeth is a home product ill-suited for export, and perhaps that is precisely why he is so admired. In perilous times we are apt to creep back to the comforting protection of familiar surroundings. I once read about the comparative prices paid early this century by a Brussels museum for works of Breughel and Alfred Stevens. A topical genre scene by the latter brought well over $100,000, a Breughel, little more than one-tenth that sum. The Stevens, however, was unable to bridge the time gap and now is relegated to well bred obscurity. This, I am afraid, is what will happen to Wyeth's homely chronicles as, to be sure, it is already happening to those of Grandma Moses. The rapture her paintings only recently occasioned is fast evaporating.

—*Phillips Collection.*

Miss Van Buren **by Thomas Eakins, 1889—"Why rhapsodize over Wyeth when Eakins . . . did it far better. . . ."**

WHEN I visited the Virginia Museum in Richmond last year, a newly acquired Wyeth, featured in a special room replete with sketches, photographs, and historical data, set me to wondering how this institution could justify such abject veneration. Surely before we elevate Wyeth to institutional homage, we ought first to present in depth those nineteenth-century American prototypes who were his natural forebears and who, at times, seem more modern than he, and always more profound. Why rhapsodize over Wyeth when Eakins and Homer did it

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—Photo courtesy Art Institute of Chicago (property of the artist).

And God Created Man In His Own Image (Room 203) **by Ivan Albright, 1930-31—"Albright turns his tortured exaggerations into obsessed abstractions. . . ."**

—Collection Mrs. Andrew Wyeth.

Gunning Rocks **by Andrew Wyeth, 1966—"He . . . never includes an extra wrinkle, though every wrinkle he sees is conscientiously recorded."**

far better, and did it at a period in our national development when their vision was meaningful?

Every age has its potboilers. Whether their emphasis is on nudes, rural scenes, or daily anecdotes, it is not the subject per se that makes them potboilers; it is the artist's handling of the subject. Bouguereau's slick nudes bore us no less than that painter's feeble efforts to resurrect the vigor of authentic classicism. True, every artist need not be an innovator, but merely to pretty up the past is scarcely enough. Yet, repeatedly, the very painters who do just this receive the warmest kudos.

Where Wyeth's work is concerned, we find thoughtful critics and artists whose stinging words contrast with the judgments of an overwhelmingly large lay audience. On one hand, we have adulation; on the other, a slightly weary resignation. The enthralled crowds that wormed their way through Wyeth's traveling retrospective exhibition were amazing not only for their numbers, but for their seeming sophistication. His work, far from a magnet for simple country bumpkins, is "in" except for a few lonely voices. Because the layman understands it at a glance, he is apt to forgive clichés that are so disarmingly unpretentious and so skillfully executed that even adamant eyes hesitate to carp. Wyeth's amiable accomplishments sometimes camouflage his vacuous message.

AND now comes a new cause for astonishment. Houghton Mifflin late this month is publishing *The Work of Andrew Wyeth* in an edition of 50,000 copies to sell for $55 through December 31 and thereafter for $75. The volume comprises 184 pages, 121 of which are faithful color reproductions. In addition, sketches and preparatory drawings are seen with the major works they influenced. And, as is often true, the spontaneous sketches frequently come off better than the final, frozen paintings; the sketches are more direct. Later this year, Gambit, Inc., will issue a limited edition of the book (250 copies) signed and numbered by the artist for the unprecedented price of $1,500 to $2,000 each. Even Rembrandt's signature could hardly compete. There is something almost obscene about this swollen sum for nothing more than reproductions which, because of their very nature, are intended for mass consumption. And reproductions, let me add, of works curiously unrelated to color. Were they, let's say, illustrations of paintings by Matisse or Bonnard, where subtle color nuances are crucial, one might more readily understand the need for such exhausting extravagance.

The book (I am referring to the trade edition) is handsomely and simply designed with reproductions which capture those tender textural fluctuations and

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xpressive light that sometimes lift a Wyeth painting beyond its usual pedestrian format. Painstakingly supervised by the artist and his wife, this outsized (13-by-17-inch) volume is so heavy as to tax the muscles of an athlete in training. Here, at last, is a coffee-table book too large for the coffee table and too cumbersome for the reader.

There is no doubt that Wyeth loves what he paints. He says, "If I have anything to offer, it is my emotional contact with the place where I live and the people I do." In the winter, he lives in Chadds Ford, Pennsylvania; in the summer, in Cushing, Maine. These small areas of America he examines with affectionate and probing eyes, but he rarely has the ability to transform the specific into the general. One need only refer to the unfortunate text accompanying this book to realize how parochial is the artist's approach. Richard Meryman, a staff writer for *Life*, took a year's leave to write about the places and people in Wyeth's pictures—about their characteristics, peculiarities, and relationships to the artist. Instead of allowing the works to speak for themselves, Mr. Meryman liberally quotes Wyeth as he describes in detail each incident that touched off a painting. His homily, filled with maudlin anecdotes, is an unqualified tribute to anti-intellectualism.

The more explicit the text, the more certain we become that Wyeth's painted reports of local events were conceived as glorified illustrations and not as the hallowed art most enthusiasts would have us believe. After all, Wyeth's father was a distinguished illustrator whose son was admittedly influenced by him, but N. C. Wyeth never claimed to be more than an illustrator. There is no cause to scorn accomplished illustrations; yet to confuse them with an art that is an extension rather than a repetition of life is a mistake. Though good reportage, whether graphic or literary, is important, it is not concerned with re-creation. It is concerned with facts.

WYETH sees objective integrity as the key to art. For him, the only valid approach is through precise observation and precisely executed definition. Then alone, he reasons, does the full impact of a visual experience assert itself. He claims that honest presentation of the object leads to larger vision, but whether he achieves this larger vision is the moot question. In his portraits, which are often searching, he, unlike Ivan Albright, never includes an extra wrinkle, though every wrinkle he sees is conscientiously recorded. Albright turns his tortured exaggerations into obsessed abstractions; Wyeth deliberately limits himself to a reality his eyes can digest. His favorite sitters, it is true, are strongly individualistic, but even when he indulges their gnarled dignity, he never pushes them beyond their actual capacities. Wyeth shows us life as it is, or at least as he sees it, not as it might be.

AT best, his work exudes a quiet loneliness and a sense of oblique light. If I were to choose the most successful painting in the book, it would be *Wind from the Sea*, done twenty-one years ago. Here, the elements of nature are not interrupted by visual small talk. The theme is the wind itself.

Once he reached his stride (and this was very early), Wyeth continued on an even keel. It is impossible to pinpoint any chronological stylistic development in his work. And yet, oddly enough, the publisher's blurb describes him as "an astounding painter whose art continues to move in new and surprising directions." When explaining why he feels no need to look beyond the two locales where he lives, Wyeth is quoted by Meryman as saying: "You know after travel you're never the same. You get more erudite, you get more knowledge. I might lose something very important to my work – maybe innocence." And maybe that would be the best thing that could happen to Andrew Wyeth.

—*Collection Prof. & Mrs. Charles H. Morgan.*

Wind from the Sea **by Andrew Wyeth, 1947—"The theme is the wind itself."**

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Saturday Review

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The Arms Race and the Candidates

THE only issue of greater consequence than Vietnam in the Presidential election is the world arms race. For if the arms race gets out of control, the result could be a sharp downturn in the quality of life inside the United States and a prodigious increase in the risk of a world nuclear convulsion.

Two statements by Richard M. Nixon that bear on this issue are disquieting in the extreme. The first statement is that, because of the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia, he favors a delay in the non-proliferation treaty. The second statement is that the United States should be second to none as a military power. Mr. Nixon's emphasis, unlike that of President Eisenhower and President Kennedy, is not on the control of force but on the pursuit of force. This can only mean that if Mr. Nixon is President there will be an intensification of all aspects of the arms race. The result will be not more security but less, since there will be corresponding escalation by the Soviet Union with a vast increase of nervous terror on all sides.

Consider Mr. Nixon's unfortunate statement on the non-proliferation treaty. It is apparent that Mr. Nixon doesn't understand what the treaty is supposed to do and why it is in the American national interest. If Mr. Nixon took the position that the cultural exchange treaty or the agreement on direct flights between both countries should be held up as a protest over the assault on Czechoslovakia, then his stand might be arguable, but it would at least be relevant. For he would then be talking about a bilateral situation. But the non-proliferation treaty is not a bilateral treaty. It is a multilateral treaty. Its main purpose is to get as many nations as possible to agree not to make or acquire nuclear weapons. This is an irreducible requirement for the public safety. The capacity of small nations for touching off large conflagrations is one of history's most awesome facts. To increase this volatility by adding nuclear weapons is to compound danger beyond calculation.

No one stands to gain more than the United States from the passage of a non-proliferation treaty. No one stands to lose more than the United States from the delay or defeat of the treaty. It seems astounding that Mr. Nixon, thinking to demonstrate U.S. displeasure over Czechoslovakia, should seek to do it by jeopardizing both the national interest and the human interest.

Even more disturbing is Mr. Nixon's statement that the United States should be supreme in military power in the world. Since the Russians are not going to accept this proposition, this means that both countries can look forward to the most costly and ominous competition in history. Beyond the anti-missile missile,with its price tag of fifty billions or more, is the whole field of nuclear arms in space, with a price tag of another hundred billion dollars. Each escalation in such a race serves only to set the stage for the next jump, with insecurity rising in direct proportion.

Apart from the military frustrations and dangers involved in the arms race are the hammer blows to the American economy. The U.S. has been concerned over the outflow of gold and the weakening of the dollar. This problem is directly related to mammoth U.S. military spending. So is inflation. But Mr. Nixon, in effect, now proposes to intensify and accelerate this process. If Vietnam, with its military budget of seventy billions a year, is weakening the American economy, what will the consequences be of yearly military spending twice that amount, a likely price tag for a military machine that is "second to none"? World conditions may require strong defenses, but the primary *objective* at the very least should be limitation and control rather than an unattainable and undefinable "supremacy."

Most serious of all would be the adverse effect of a new jump in the world arms race on the prospects for upgrading vital social services inside the United States. The nation needs a strong economic base on which to build social reform. No President in recent American history had taller or finer plans for combatting squalor, wretchedness, disease, and inadequate schooling than Lyndon B. Johnson. All these programs have been undercut or wrecked by Vietnam. There can be no expectations for basic progress in meeting American needs at home if present military spending is not only not reduced but indeed is enlarged.

Mr. Nixon has given top priority to the need for law and order and has stressed the need to make social justice the basis for the campaign against violence. This means jobs. It means housing. It means schools. It means hospitals. It means, in fact, a whole new set of American priorities. But the arms race knows only its own set of priorities. Hence there is a direct conflict between the call for increased military spending and the call for law and order at home—unless, of course, Mr. Nixon means to deal with the problems of law and order on the repressive level, than which nothing could be more explosive.

Whatever criticisms may have been directed at Vice President Hubert Humphrey on other grounds, his stand against the dangers of a world arms race and his emphasis on the need for effective controls have been consistent and call for the widest understanding and recognition. The fact that there is now a department in the U.S. Government called the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency is more the result of his efforts than those of any man in public or private life. Next to President John F. Kennedy, no public official had more to do with the passage of the limited nuclear test ban. No one has demonstrated a deeper awareness of the threats to America and world security represented by a runaway arms race.

The opening article in this issue by Senator Robert F. Kennedy emphasizes that one of the most important lessons

(*Continued on page* 53)

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Letters to the Editor

Law and Disobedience

In his article, "Civil Disobedience: The Law Is Never Blind" [*SR*, Sept. 28], Joseph L. Sax makes a scholarly case for the administration of law under justice. But why must he inject his pruritic desire to relegate oligarchy to the South? We have no more representation in Washington than a Georgian in Russia has in the Kremlin, if as much!

We no longer require our representatives to represent; we arm them with a mandate to do "what is right for us," thus relieving them of the responsibility to listen when we protest. It is a sorry state of affairs that requires such overt acts as those of Dr. Spock, et al., to gain the ear of the greatest oligarchy of them all—and it's not all Southern, suh!

James K. Jobson,
Atlanta, Ga.

Professor Sax demonstrates most cogently his initial premise that people wish to see enforced their own ideas of right and wrong; all other views are to be ignored.

In doing this, however, he does a serious disservice to the thesis of "civil disobedience." This doctrine (if such it may be called) was enunciated to demonstrate the unfairness of certain laws, but the demonstration took the form of submitting to the punishment decreed for violation. A basic tenet of the doctrine is that if sufficient numbers of people would participate in the violative act or acts, the inability of the state to punish them all would lead to amendment or even repeal. (The failure of the Eighteenth Amendment is a classic example.)

Professor Sax casually dismisses legislation with the bland assertion that particular prosecutions do not achieve a "social good." If this be the test of the courtroom, pray tell why do we prosecute the alcoholic, drug user, prostitute, and perhaps even the thief who steals only to have food. Various legislatures are the real arbiters of "social good" within the somewhat flexible limits of the Constitution.

What Sax seeks is to change a statute. Clearly, this is not the job of either the judge or the prosecutor. Hopefully, it is not the job of the jury either.

Joseph B. Manello,
Brookline, Mass.

Professor Sax contends that the prosecution of a person for violating a law should be dependent upon the "justness" of one's cause and the "appropriateness of the means employed" to achieve one's goal. Who is to make that determination? The black man who riots and loots feels that his cause is "just" and the "means employed" are appropriate. Would Professor Sax agree?

Adolph S. Ziegler,
Forest Hills, N.Y.

Using the Land

William H. Crook, in his article, "Needed: A New Homestead Act" [*SR*, Sept. 14], defines a problem which is both critical and of growing proportions. While what he says generally about crowding in our cities is undeniably true, some of his premises and most of his conclusions are misleading and dangerous.

In attempting to build the illusion that there are vast numbers of idle acres in this country, Mr. Crook cites the fact that "More than 70 per cent of all Americans live in only 2 per cent of the space, crowded together into the narrow confines of urban America." This may well be true, but he does not go on to say that of the remaining 98 per cent, nearly 35 per cent is farmland under cultivation and another 30 per cent or so is uninhabitable, at least by current standards. Add to these figures the wildlands in the national parks and national monuments which have already been set aside for the enjoyment of all of us, and the remaining lands available for development become quite small.

Crook states that capital, labor, land, and the management of technology are the principal factors governing productivity, and says that we are applying only the first two to the problem of poverty. He calls for the application of modern technology to the problem, and I say bravo. We must indeed use our fantastic capacity for technological development in the fight against poverty, and this must also include a dedication and commitment to aim this technology at repairing the damage we have already done to the lands we have used thus far. For all our amazing discoveries and advances, we have not yet learned how to create wilderness, and, alas, we aren't likely to. As Theodore Roosevelt said when he saw the Grand Canyon, "Leave it as it is. . . man can only mar it."

It is population pressure that has motivated Mr. Crook's proposals, and I think the answer to the problem must necessarily then be found in population control. The population of this country is increasing at a rate which will double the number of people in about sixty years, and no stretch of the acreage figures can prove that our land can absorb another 200 million people.

Thomas A. Turner,
San Francisco, Calif.

On Teaching Art

Bravo for Katharine Kuh's article, "The Art Education Myth" [fine arts, Sept. 28]. What she says is so relevant—and so clearly stated. We are not going to develop culturally until something is done to better the quality of the teaching in the arts.

Norman Lloyd,
New York, N.Y.

So full of generalizations is Katharine Kuh's polemic against art education that one is tempted to ask for equal time.

For example, to give the impression, which she does repeatedly, that art teacher trainees take many more methods courses than content courses in studio or art history is simply not true nationally. In fact, for most art teachers (not elementary classroom teachers), methods courses represent 5 to 8 per cent of their academic preparation, while content courses represent 30 to 40 per cent of that background.

This information also casts some suspicion on that musty old fable which I first heard when I started teaching in 1948, that including "creative artists" in classrooms will cure the ills of art education. There is no evidence, empirical or even speculative, that the artist has a unique insight which promotes any kind of education.

Vincent Lanier,
Professor of Art Education,
University of Oregon,
Eugene, Ore.

"I thought you people were anti-American!"

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The Theater

Henry Hewes

Have Theater, Will Travel

ATLANTA.

IN THE PROCESS of compiling a list of American resident theaters for the 1969 edition of the *Reader's Digest Almanac*, I was struck by what appeared to be an extraordinary durability in this rapidly expanding movement. Of some ninety-eight resident theaters that have been active since 1949, eighty-nine were still presenting productions this year.

In recent months, however, one can discern a negative trend which threatens the immediate survival of a number of these theaters. Some, such as the Stanford Repertory Theatre, have cut back their programs into semi-professional ones and/or reduced the length of their season. Others, such as the APA-Phoenix, have been crippled by the loss of anticipated federal funds. Worst of all, Memphis's Front Street Theatre, the Pittsburgh Playhouse, and the Pasadena Playhouse are reportedly going out of business after long careers.

Now comes the disturbing news that Theatre Atlanta, one of the most vital resident theaters in the country, is being evicted from its playhouse. Although the injustice of this eviction is distressing, there is greater concern for its effect on the future of the entire resident-company movement. For one suspects that the eviction might not have been threatened had Theatre Atlanta's board agreed to fire its director, Jay Broad, who is resented both because he is a Northerner and for his audacious policies; and had Theatre Atlanta been willing to cancel plans to present *MacBird!* last season and its current satirical revue, *Red, White, and Maddox*.

The latter opened this month and proved to be a rather gentle spoofing of Georgia's incumbent governor. In the first half of the loose scenario, created by Mr. Broad and Don Tucker, we are entertained by the replaying of a number of incidents using what sound like verbatim quotes from some of Maddox's speeches as he made his miraculous rise from proprietor of the segregated Pickrick restaurant to the governorship of Georgia.

While the show is ably performed by a large cast, it is mainly sustained by the remarkable impersonation of Maddox by actor Jim Garner, who last year did such an extraordinary imitation of LBJ in Theatre Atlanta's production of *MacBird!* Garner playfully skips about the stage in knee pants, committing stupidities and injustices with such innocence that we are almost charmed by his simplistic vision of a social order he believes God has ordained him to preserve. "The trouble with the Negro," he explains, "is that he is not God's pal."

His restaurant is a reflection of this order, with happy white folks eating chicken dinners in his segregated dining room, and happy Negroes cooking in his hot kitchen. Similarly, his political feelings, as satirized in the song "God Is an American," are a ridiculous rationalization that his most provincial impulses are divinely inspired.

To suggest that Maddox's career is not just funny, *Red, White, and Maddox* does intersperse the action here and there with motion pictures of the three assassinations, following each with the ashamed, hushed singing of "Jubilee Joe," a song that celebrates past values which may have been partly responsible for those national tragedies.

In the second act, the revue projects Maddox into what appears to be an impossible future. He becomes President of the United States and proceeds first to establish law and order by shooting down youthful non-violent demonstrators. To keep this scene in the same light key as the rest of the evening, Broad imaginatively theatricalizes the destruction of youth's idealistic dreams by having the police take garden shears and cut the strings of the balloons the young people are holding. Sadly, these detached balloons drift upward, joyful hopes that will never be realized.

Then we see Maddox declare war on the Soviet Union, and with childish glee personally drop the bomb that destroys the world. It seems now that he and God are all that remain, but when he tries to continue his habitual conversation with God, there is no answer; and Maddox happily realizes that at last he has arrived at the very top where he knew he belonged all along.

The songs do not stand out, although one of them, "The City's a Great Place to Visit If You Don't Want to Live," is clever. Rather, they serve the show, and the show is essentially Garner's performance. His makeup, his lisp, his subtly exaggerated, abrupt style of moving are perfect. And his concentration on Maddox's fantasies is so total that he emerges as far more appealing than the real man. Obviously, it is the author's intention that this should make the Maddox threat even more ominous, but because we aren't shown very much of the pain his alleged stupidity and arrogance may have caused, *Red, White, and Maddox* leaves us more amused than disturbed.

The decisions to produce *MacBird!* last season, and *Red, White, and Maddox* now, have been vindicated by the plays' immense popularity with Atlanta audiences. And indeed Theatre Atlanta's vigorous policies have attracted to it a group of ten prominent young Atlanta executives. The latter have attempted to purchase the theater from its owner, Mrs. Frania T. Lee, so that Theatre Atlanta could continue. When Mrs. Lee rejected their offer, it looked as though Theatre Atlanta was finished and the local newspaper printed a headline, MADDOX HAS LAST LAUGH. However, at the eleventh hour the theater's lawyer asked the courts for a stay of execution of the dispossessory warrant on the grounds that two of the Georgia laws involved were unconstitutional, and as a result, Theatre Atlanta will remain in business at least until mid-November. This decision may also give an unanticipated pertinence to the moment in the revue when Maddox mutters, "People got no business reading the Constitution."

Hopefully, this reprieve will permit Theatre Atlanta to find new quarters in the area where it has built audience support. If not, the company and its leadership could offer themselves to another city. If that should occur, it would strengthen the hand of every artistic director in the resident-theater movement. And ironically, Atlanta would have paid the seed money for another city's cultural asset.

WASHINGTON, D.C.

On the rosier side is news that the Washington Theater Club is flourishing and about to expand its operations with the acquisition of a second theater which is large enough to support more ambitious productions than it has yet been able to attempt in its present 145-seat playhouse. Heretofore, this organization and its dedicated director, Davey Marlin-Jones, have been presenting reportedly excellent productions of difficult, small cast plays to a completely sold-out subscription audience.

Its current presentation, the unveiling of a new play by Lanford Wilson, called *The Gingham Dog*, is typical. Wilson wrote *The Gingham Dog* three years ago and, perhaps because it seemed to lack either the forcefulness and size required to make the treatment of an interracial theme a controversial success, or the happy and significant ending that might make it popular, put it aside.

Happily, the Washington Theater Club decided to produce the play; and happier still, the production decided to settle for the play's most important

(Continued on page 67)

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Book Review Editor: ROCHELLE GIRSON

REVIEWED IN THIS ISSUE

Check List of New Books 16

"Expensive People" 33
by Joyce Carol Oates (Fiction)

An Interview with Joyce Carol Oates, 34
by Warren Bower

Book Forum 35

Perspective: J. H. Plumb reviews "Revolutionary Profiles," 36
by A. V. Lunacharsky,
and **"Soviet Space Exploration,"**
by William Shelton

"Nikos Kazantzakis," 37
by Helen Kazantzakis

"Mayo: The Story of My Family and My Career," 38
by Charles W. Mayo, M.D.

"The Spanish Inn," 40
by Jean Louis Bergonzo
(Fiction)

"The Last of the Greeks," 41
by Olivia Davis (Fiction)

"What Comes Next," 41
by Jonathan Baumbuch
(Fiction)

Pick of the Paperbacks, 42
by Rollene W. Saal

"Ecumenism or New Reformation?," 44
by Thomas Molnar;
"Exploding Church: From Catholicism to Catholicism,"
by Frederick Franck

Criminal Record 45

"A Field of Buttercups," 50
by Joseph Hyams

"The Mountain Arabs," 50
by John Sykes

"Life with Queen Victoria," 50
edited by Victor Mallet

Literary Horizons

What Is Reality?

By GRANVILLE HICKS

SEVERAL reviewers of Joyce Carol Oates's *A Garden of Earthly Delights* described the novel as naturalistic, and some compared it to the work of Theodore Dreiser. "Naturalism," as used in literary criticism, has always seemed to me a slippery word. Beckson and Ganz's *A Reader's Guide to Literary Terms* defines it as "a literary term related to and sometimes described as an extreme form of realism but which may be more appropriately considered as a parallel to philosophic realism. This doctrine holds that all existent phenomena are within nature and thus within the sphere of scientific knowledge; it maintains that no supernatural realities exist." The entry goes on to speak of Zola as the principal theorist of naturalism. Dreiser sometimes writes as a naturalist, in the latter sense of the term, and sometimes doesn't. (The same may be said of Zola.)

Miss Oates is not that kind of naturalist, and to say that she is the other kind doesn't mean much. What is "an extreme form of realism"? In practice, I suppose, it is a realism that deals with matters the reader would rather not hear about.

Until now Miss Oates has been a realist in the sense that she has taken the evidence of the senses pretty much at face value for the purposes of her fiction. But I am sure she has always known that in the twentieth century it is not easy to say what reality is. Physics and psychology agree that things are seldom what they seem, and novelists have been experimenting with surrealism and with such devices as myth, allegory, and fantasy in the attempt to suggest the protean nature of reality.

I do not depreciate the kind of realism Miss Oates exhibits in *A Garden of Earthly Delights*. In my review of that book (*SR*, Aug. 5, 1967) I said that the novel "grows out of the ground," and I spoke particularly of the credibility of her people. I am pleased with her new book, *Expensive People* (Vanguard, $5.95), not because I think the method she there employs is inherently superior to her former method but because I rejoice in her versatility. She has proved that she can do something different and do it wonderfully well.

The story is told in the first person, and the narrator warns us at the outset that he is a strange fellow and perhaps not to be trusted: "Look at my hands tremble! I am not well. I weigh two hundred and fifty pounds and I am not well, and if I told you how old I am you would turn away with a look of revulsion. How old am I? Did I stop growing on that day when 'it' happened, note the shrewd passivity of that phrase, as if I hadn't made 'it' happen myself, or did I maybe freeze into what I was, and outside of that shell layers and layers of fat began to form?" He confides in us: "And it's possible that I'm lying without knowing it. Or telling the truth in some weird, symbolic way without knowing it."

The theme of the novel, from one point of view, is the emptiness of suburban life—a familiar subject and in many hands a dull one. Miss Oates, however, does not pile up a mass of closely observed details in the O'Hara manner. She occasionally introduces a few such details with great effectiveness, but what we chiefly have is the impact of suburban life on the sensibility of the narrator, Richard Everett, and the impact on us, as passed through him, is terrifying.

To all intents and purposes there are only three characters: Richard and his father and mother. Richard is eighteen at the time he is writing the story; he was eleven when "it" happened. The father is a prosperous businessman engaged in some mysterious operation that perhaps contributes to the war machine. He rises from position to position, and moves from one expensive house to another that is more expensive. He is a stereotype and is meant to be, for all Richard is aware of is the noisy braggart who drinks too much and quarrels with his wife. The mother, as the narrator finally learns, was christened Nancy but calls herself Natashya; she asked Richard as a child to call her Nadia but what he came up with was Nada. She has literary as well as social pretensions, and she seeks relief from boredom, as Richard is aware from an early age, in infidelity. If Richard paints a distorted picture of his father because he hates him, his account of his mother is blurred by love and jealousy.

Richard, who, as he points out, is extremely precocious, plays games with his hypothetical readers. He talks, for instance, about how to write a memoir, commenting sardonically on books and articles that offer advice to the would-be writer. "I do indeed promise violence," he assures us, "yes. VIOLENCE . . . VIOLENCE (this is for people standing at *Browse & Leaf* shelves in clean suburban libraries). I offer to them also ECSTASY . . . MORAL ROT . . . ANGST . . . KIERKEGAARD . . . and other frauds." He quotes from his mother's notebooks, and even includes one of her published stories, which he interprets as referring to him. He presents reviews of his memoir such as might appear in the *New York Times*, the *New Republic*, *Time*, and a high-

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brow quarterly. (*Time* says: "Everett sets out to prove that he can outsmartre Sartre but doesn't quite make it.") In an amusing extravaganza, after the family has bought and moved into a new house, Nada calls employment service, a plumber, garden service, an insurance company, the gas company, the garbage service, the sanitation department, the Good Will Mission, the high school, the bank, a dentist, an oculist, a skin doctor, the electric, water, and telephone companies, a window washer, a drugstore, a television and phonograph shop, a beauty parlor, a key maker, and various others. (We know this is fantasy because she gets every number she calls.)

As we come closer to the climax, the question is whether Richard did commit the crime to which he confessed or was as deluded as the examining psychiatrists believed him to be. In a sense it does not matter what the "reality" is, for the murder is real to him, and therefore his guilt and remorse are real.

Miss Oates has written: "*Expensive People* is the second of three novels that deal with social and economic facts of life in America, combined with unusually sensitive—but hopefully representative—young men and women, who confront the puzzle of American life in different ways and come to different ends. *A Garden of Earthly Delights* was the first novel." The impressive thing about *Expensive People* is that "certain social and economic facts of life in America" do become clear in spite of Miss Oates's oblique method. It is also true that the characters do come to life, even though they are seen only through Richard's distorting lenses. (After what we have seen of Nadia, a few pages at the end about her early years serve to make her whole life history an open book.) The success of Miss Oates's technical experiment is a joy, and those who have admired her talents from the beginning, as I have, are going to have great hopes for her future.

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1316

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1316 will be found in the next issue.

XS'O ZVS SGA TAVTYA XZ TIXOVZ

PGV PVIIJ LA. XS'O SGA TAVTYA

PGV FIAZ'S.

—AFIY VQ FIIFZ

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1315

Republicans sleep in twin beds—some even in separate rooms. That is why there are more Democrats.

—WILL STANTON.

Joyce Carol Oates: "Money is only real when you don't have it."

Bliss in the First Person: Joyce Carol Oates is a slender, soft-voiced young woman who talks about herself with reluctance unless her interviewer is concerned chiefly with her writing. She is not voluble nor assertive about even that subject, but she rises to questions with zest and makes precise and thoughtful observations about how she works and what she writes.

One has to conclude also that she is a paragon of energy, as well as talent, for her books average out to one per year since her first, a volume of short stories, was published in 1963. A runner-up for the National Book Award in fiction in March of last year, she publishes short stories in both literary and popular magazine. Moreover, as a full-time associate professor teaching English at the University of Windsor, she finds the time to write occasional critical essays, which are the expected mark of the working scholar. To complete the range of her writing, there is a notice on the jacket of *Expensive People* that a volume of poetry is coming out sometime next year.

Miss Oates, who is married to Raymond J. Smith, Jr., was country-born, the year 1938; the place near Lockport, New York, and the Erie Canal. She was country-educated, too, in a one-room schoolhouse she fondly remembers. What her vocation was to be was early indicated. In even her first years of school she was writing stories, and "books" as well, which sometimes ran to 200 pages in her handwriting, with the total production work her own, including the design for covers. When she was twelve, Joyce discovered the typewriter and instantly adopted it as a labor-saving device for writers as steadily employed as herself. A few years later, she found in high school English classes a literary form called the "short story," which she was amazed to realize she had been writing all her life.

The flat terrain of the Canal country must have been a challenge to her youthful imagination, for she added to the familiar view such features as mountains and secret paths, and then fitted her characters and their stories into this world she had made. Later, when she lived in cities, she decided that human beings were more important than the contours of a landscape. "So now," she said during a recent interview, "I may not neglect my characters' surroundings, but I am obsessed with the mysteries of human relationships. I like to think my writing has no 'ideas' in it at all, only human emotions."

In 1957 Miss Oates won a prize in *Mademoiselle's* college fiction contest; to see this, her first published story, in print in such a glossy publication provided the final ounce of certainty that writing was to be her life. Proof of her continuing love for the short story are two collections (*By the North Gate*, 1963; *Upon the Sweeping Flood*, 1966), as well as many appearances in anthologies. She has written for periodicals as diverse as *Kenyon Review* and *Cosmopolitan, Epoch* and *The Saturday Evening Post*, with the *Atlantic Monthly, Yale Review*, and *Virginia Quarterly Review* tipping the balance toward the highbrow.

For Miss Oates writing is hardly an arduous task; rather it is an effortless tale-telling, as if the subconscious mind were at work steadily with the problems that most authors have to ponder over before making a decision. Nevertheless "there comes a time," she said, "when the writer has to be a stern critic of his own work, when he turns himself into a close examiner and judge of what he has done. And a stern editor, too. But the experience of writing my last novel was more enjoyable than that I had with any other novel I have done. I wasn't making up the characters but recording them."

One of Miss Oates's novels, *With Shuddering Fall*, has a character who is a professional racer of motor cars on the flat fairground tracks of the Middle West. Her description of the races he took part in, until his death occurs in one, is detailed, powerful, convincing. "You may have watched many such races," I said to her, "and you seem to have driven in such races yourself,

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though I cannot believe that you have."

"No, when I wrote *Fall* I couldn't even drive a car."

"Then how did you get up the material for the race passages?"

"Oh, I just read a few copies of *Hot-Rod Magazine*, and imagined the rest."

Miss Oates's first two novels were long, solidly constructed—"nineteenth century in their structure," she said, "where the life is complete, and there are an infinite number of details." In *Expensive People* she consciously turned away from such fullness, to write a novel with linear structure, and but one main character from whose point of view the story is told. When I asked her how such a departure had affected the writing, she said, "The first person was just a joy. I found it easier and more exciting to write. This feeling lasted throughout the whole book; and there was less rewriting to be done than ever before. I don't say I'm not going to write any more novels after the manner of *Buddenbrooks*; but at least I can with confidence choose the structure which seems best suited to the story I want to tell."

Miss Oates wholly approves the new freedom in language and situation that writers have gained since the Lady Chatterley decision and other obscenity trials, but deplores the book specifically written to catch a public eager for salaciousness—in short, the "dirty book" of our time. This is tied, she feels, to the fact that the pornographers now functioning as novelists can make—do make—an extraordinary amount of money. "But money," Miss Oates went on firmly, "is only real when you don't have it. A phenomenon of our time is the living in a dreamland when money is rolling in without working for it. The existential result is destructive of character."

We agreed that writers content to take dictation from their markets would soon reach the level of sheer fabrication, beyond the criteria of reality and credibility. What results might be called by some face-saving name such as "black humor," or just plain satire, though it would be unlikely to have a genuinely Swiftian character or effect. Even so good an author as John Updike, for whose work Miss Oates expressed admiration, may be infected by this blight. "I can't believe in the Updike of *Couples*," she said. "But he is a good writer and his integrity may well survive this present success. His next book will be the test."

Nevertheless, Miss Oates does not believe that bad writing is driving out the good. The sensational has definite limits; its end is implicit in its motivation. Most readers, she said, wish to improve their tastes rather than degrade them.

—Warren Bower.

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Home-made Olympus

I wonder what thoughts occur to a writer with the brilliance and wit of a Muriel Spark when she reads the pretentious, condescending, supercilious comments of a Robert Maurer [*SR*, Oct. 5] who views her from his self-constructed—but oh so fragile—Olympian heights? To paraphrase a line from *Half a Sixpence*: "She's too far above him to care."

H. N. Meng.
Bethesda, Md.

Anti-romantic Anti-hero

I suppose it is gratification enough that Ronnie Dugger, in his reflections on my book *Wallace* [*SR*, Oct. 5], eventually arrived at the conclusion that "Democratic, optimistic, Christian, we have always assumed we could not do anything like what the Germans did to the Jews—it's just not in us. Wallace shows us that it is." If that is all that gets through to most other readers, fine—because that's what *Wallace* finally reduces to. But otherwise, Dugger's assessment of what's going on in the book is divertingly cross-eyed.

I had hoped I had managed to get it across that Wallace himself, as a man and a politician, is eminently an anti-romantic and anti-heroic figure: there is no glamour but rather a certain poignant grotesqueness about such an essentially dwarfish and squalid figure being enamored of a shabby mystique of past chivalry and visualizing himself as acting out of that musty romance. But Dugger makes the gawky assumption that, since I dramatized what that mystique means to Wallace and a lot of people in the South, I am also enamored of it.

I say that an old Negro handyman was as familiar to the Wallace family about the house as "an old, dear, dutiful dog," so Dugger indicates that is how I regarded him. Well, does one have to spell out that this kind of vague affection is precisely what is so insidious about the easy amicable racism in which Wallace grew up?

Dugger's most boggling misperception comes when he supposes that, because I write Wallace will probably be remembered "as the greatest of the American demagogues" (the magnitude of his potential has already been minimized too much), his morality "is the morality of the majority" (which it should go without saying is more an amorality), and Wallace has no reality to himself outside of his identification with "the folks," then one is called upon to take Wallace, in Dugger's words, "as a democratic hero." These facts about Wallace impress Dugger oddly. To me, they describe what is so alarming about Wallace and how he invokes the specter of a danger implicit in the system—why, as I mention in the book, he is "the dark side of the moon of democracy." Dugger's notion that demagogues are actually democratic heroes is a revelation, I confess, that didn't come to me.

As I mention in the book, "Wallace is common to us all. That finally is his darkest portent . . . As long as we are creatures hung half-way between the mud and the stars, figures like Wallace can be said to pose the great dark original threat."

Dugger is one of those critics with a special fondness for listing "grave offenses." But it would seem that Dugger's rather elemental offense as a reviewer is that he just didn't dig what he was reading.

Marshall Frady.
Atlanta, Ga.

When Was the Parson Sozzled?

Those readers whose appetites for descriptions of ancestral gluttony were whetted by Professor J. H. Plumb's review of *The Horizon Cookbook* [*SR*, Sept. 28] will search in vain for the diary of Parson Woodruffe. The Reverend James Woodforde, however, Rector of Weston Longeville, near Norwich, from 1776 to 1803, left a diary, which was edited and published in full in five volumes in the 1920s as *The Diary of a Country Parson*. An abridgment of the diary is readily available in the World's Classics series published by Oxford University Press.

Although much eating and drinking by the upper classes and their servants is in evidence in the diary, it is difficult to determine exactly when Parson Woodforde might have been "sozzled." His awareness of the human misery around him may well have been as obtuse as that of most men of any time and place, but to me—and to his editor—Parson Woodforde is memorable, not only for descriptions of the groaning board, but also for his unfailing charity.

F. H. Shriver.
Milwaukee, Wis.

Uchi Corrupted

The word "hootch," which has excited controversy in your columns of late, is not a derisive mispronunciation of "hutch" but a corruption of Japanese *uchi*, a dwelling. Though the only citations in Wentworth & Flexner's *Dictionary of American Slang* (supplemented ed. 1967) are for 1964, it was in common Armed Forces use in Korea and Japan in 1960-61, and probably dates to the Occupation.

As L/Cpl. Cope points out [*SR*, Aug. 24], a "hootch" can be a military quonset as easily as a thatched hut. The compound "hootch honcho" (Japanese *hancho*, a group leader), in fact, describes the NCO in charge of a barracks. And in December 1960 an Army weekly newspaper in Korea printed a verse beginning, " 'Twas the night before Christmas, and all through our hootch/ Not a creature was stirring, not even the pooch."

Gordon B. Chamberlain.
Tokyo, Japan.

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Perspective

J. H. Plumb

Another year of defeat, another summer of bitterness and estrangement: once more the liberal feels impotent and caught. A year ago hopes were high that the mounting wave of detestation of the war in Vietnam might become an irresistible surge that would place in the White House a man of humanity and style. Alas, bullets killed that hope. But at least there was a mild achievement: Johnson did modify his policy slightly and, more dramatically, throw in his hand as President. It will be no liberal gain if Nixon sits in the White House instead of him. None at all. The Vietnam War will go on and on and on. But the blows to the liberal cause go deeper, far deeper than Johnson, far deeper than the festering sore of Vietnam. The assassinations of Martin Luther King and Robert Kennedy brought the cold feel of death close to all of us. Implacable hatred of liberality, humanity, idealism was rampant and closing in.

After these tragedies, did America remove the gun, attempt to cleanse its public life of the violence that scars its image like suppurating eczema? Not a bit of it. The old claptrap was poured out about inalienable rights to self-protection. Protection from whom and from what? For the Right and from the Left, of course! A lesson given at Chicago. A lesson that may be repeated frequently enough if Nixon and Agnew get firmly into the saddle. There can be few who doubt that liberals, not Communists but honest liberal Democrats and Republicans who hate war and love justice to their fellow-men, may be in for a hard, gray four years, possibly longer.

Nor will they get much hope from anywhere else. Liberalism has been defeated in France, decisively and bloodily —and there its future is desperate. It is hard to believe that Prime Minister Wilson's government, which a mere two years ago filled many with optimism and hope, will survive much longer. Even in England the dark cloud of racism and prejudice is steadily growing. And as for Russia—the brutality of its action fills one with despair. After the death of Stalin there seemed to be a tiny flicker of hope in the Russian situation that the buffoon Khrushchev could not quite blow out. The writers' trials and the jackboot on Prague have made it quite clear that Brezhnev and Kosygin's views on liberalism are akin to Stalin's.

To me last summer brought back the taste of the Thirties, when hope was steadily extinguished, when the whole of human progress with its broadening social justice seemed about to vanish forever. Indeed, for men and women of my generation hope has been rare. For us Russia has proved a long betrayal—harsh, intolerant, conservative in the worst possible sense, far more conservative in its attitudes to art, morals, and social and economic structure than any Western capitalist power. Of course, one may argue that much of this has been due to a need to survive in a hostile world, but it is a dangerous argument to suggest that because a nation survives and becomes a great power the route that it took was the only one possible. We tend to forget not only the optimism but the liberalism and flexibility of the early years of revolutionary Russia—the evidence of which, of course, is now suppressed.

Revolutionary Profiles, by A. V. Lunacharsky (Hill & Wang, $5), is a case in point. Mild as they are, these essays are not fully available in the USSR, for they praise the qualities of Trotsky, display quite honestly some of Lenin's weaknesses, and laud the experimental aspects of the Revolution. They give a sense of intellectual adventure and of great tactical flexibility in the revolutionaries, ruthless as they had to be in the appalling situation in which they found themselves between 1917 and '21. Their world was basically a hopeful one and not without its liberal qualities. These old revolutionaries, of course, were liquidated by Stalin in the days when Russian Communism grew so monstrous that not even the naïve young liberal Socialists of England could believe in it any more. Since then we have witnessed Russia's near defeat in war, its remarkable resurrection, and its final transformation into a military and industrial state of formidable power.

And if anyone doubts Russia's technical capacities, they should read *Soviet Space Exploration: The First Decade,* by William Shelton (Washington Square Press, $6.95), a cool appreciation of the USSR's remarkable triumphs in the last ten years when, for the first time, they outdistanced America in one major technological field. But, alas, Russian strength has not led either to confidence or to liberality. There are no hopes for

(*Continued on page 48*)

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

GOOD NIGHT!

Many of Shakespeare's characters say it, and Sister Theophane Power of San Antonio, Texas, wants you to determine how each speaker in the first column says it to which character in the third column. For an easy way out, turn to page 40.

A. Earl of Kent ( )
B. Horatio ( )
C. Juliet ( )
D. Cassius ( )
E. Hamlet ( )
F. Hermia ( )
G. Petruchio ( )
H. Lennox ( )
I. Octavius Caesar ( )
J. Earl of Richmond ( )

1. Good night, good night! Parting is such sweet sorrow
That I shall say good-night till it be morrow.
2. Good night, sweet friend.
Thy love ne'er alter till thy sweet life end!
3. Being a winner, God give you good night!
4. Good night, sweet Prince,
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!
5. Fortune, good night; smile once more; turn thy wheel!
6. The Earl of Pembroke keeps his regiment:
Good Captain ——, bear my good-night to him.
7. The wild disguise hath almost
Antick'd us all. What needs more words?
Good night.
8. So, again, good night.
I must be cruel only to be kind.
9. Good night, and better health
Attend his Majesty!
10. No more. Good night.
Early tomorrow will we rise, and hence.

a. Gertrude
b. Antony, *et al.*
c. Sir James Blunt
d. Lady Macbeth
e. Lucentio
f. Hamlet
g. himself
h. Lysander
i. Brutus
j. Romeo

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The Unorthodox Greek

Nikos Kazantzakis: A Biography Based on His Letters, *By Helen Kazantzakis, translated from the Greek by Amy Mims (Simon & Schuster. 589 pp. $12), was written by the author's wife at his insistence, following a scribbled outline he left for her among his papers. Robert Maurer is chairman of the Literature Department at Antioch College in Yellow Springs, Ohio.*

By ROBERT MAURER

IN A SHORT DOCUMENTARY FILM on Vladimir Nabokov I saw a few months ago, an interviewer asked him what contemporary writers he admired—besides himself, of course. Nabokov was in a playful mood, and before naming a few estimable novelists, he singled out Boris Pasternak as a special object of comic scorn. Such an inflated reputation! Such overblown, melodramatic, old-fashioned prose! And as he spoke on, weeks before I saw the book I am reviewing now, I asked myself what other Europeans Nabokov might have counted among the anti-moderns, the epical visionaries. Sholokhov? Unamuno? Silone? Kazantzakis?

The associations among these men are my own, not Nabokov's, but if the similarities between a Pasternak and a Kazantzakis are tenable (I think they are), and if Nabokov's viewpoint is treasonable, then we should make the most of it. For after the enormous vogue of Kazantzakis's novels, after the stir made by the monumental 33,333 lines of *The Odyssey: A Modern Sequel*, after the popular successes of movies made from *Zorba the Greek* and *The Greek Passion* (filmed as *He Who Must Die*), after the acclaim roused by *Report to Greco*, the posthumous record of his own odyssey—after all this, perhaps we need reminding that not everyone has found his work praiseworthy, if only because we may thus know better what we are praising.

In Greece, his own country, Kazantzakis was officially condemned for decades because of his political and religious unorthodoxy, and this kind of narrow-minded nonsense we discount at once. But—a more telling example—in England his reputation has never approached the one he has enjoyed here. Commenting on *Report to Greco* three years ago, one British critic expressed the widespread view that the Kazantzakis vogue was puzzling, considering the glaring faults and the virtual unreadability of whole sections of his work. This too we may discount, as Kazantzakis did. Visiting England in 1946, he noted in a letter to a friend, "my way of thinking and writing discombobulates [the British]—just as they would be upset by a bull all of a sudden barging into a staid, respectable English club."

However, more is involved here than a mere clash of national temperaments. It is pertinent to add that when Kazantzakis wrote that letter he was attempting to enlist writers, artists, and scholars in an "International of the Spirit," a mass movement beyond politics, with the singular purpose of saving the imperiled souls of the world—this close on the heels of a devastating war, when the destruction of lives, cities, and social structures demanded the most hard-headed assessment of practical measures, the most painful consideration of facts. Quite apart from national character, a whole way of seeing is involved here, including both substance and strategy. It is summed up in a statement by Kazantzakis to his wife: "We're both brave fighters and have dedicated life and happiness to the great goal: the conquest of matter by Spirit."

The conquest of matter by Spirit is the same great goal that determines so much of the tenor of his work, as well as the treatment of facts in the two books—his wife's and his own—dealing with his life. Mixing truth with fantasy, in *Report to Greco* Kazantzakis had underplayed the significance of his concrete private world, insisting that he had not really written an autobiography. "My personal life," he said, "has some value, extremely relative, for myself and no one else." The matter of his existence, its details, even the people he knew, he called rinds, to be tossed in the garbage of the abyss. When he used them at all, they served him only as a base for his spiritual ascent to "the Cretan Glance," the term he coined for his soul's ultimate calm gaze at the materialism and ferocity of our age. Yet before his death in 1957 he urged his companion of thirty-three years to write a book about him. She would counter, he told her, the inaccurate things he was sure would be said. She was the only person who knew him well. Swear-

"Just think, sugar, as the moral fiber of this once proud land breaks down amid riots, strikes, and the on-going sexual revolution, we'll see it all here in living color."

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ing at first that she would not do it, she later found among his papers, hastily scribbled in pencil, his draft for an outline of the work he wanted her to undertake. "And so there I am," she says in her preface, "put to the test."

BE it said at once that she passes it wonderfully, crystallizing her husband's many-faceted image through excerpts from his letters and journals and through interlacing commentary of her own, without ever losing sight of the goal to which they were both dedicated. Despite the multitudes of particulars, extending from those in the youthful student's fumbling letters to his parents to her minute account of his death at seventy-four in Germany, she never betrays her husband's attitude toward factual inconsequence.

She does not need to; her loyalty is guaranteed, as it turns out, by the grandeur of the facts, which on their own produce a scale larger than life, a testimony to Kazantzakis's hypertrophied spirit. His loves, for example, which he apparently delighted in naming, roll off his pen in great sweeps: his first wife, Galatea, and then Elsa, Leah, Itka, Rahel, Dina, Rosa, Edvige, Helen. His journeys, archetypal in scope, left hardly a point on the earth untouched. For longer or shorter periods he settled, among other places, in his native Crete, in Athens, Paris, Berlin, Moscow, Madrid, London, Aegina, Stratford on Avon, and Antibes. As if graced by the gift of tongues, he spoke the languages of most of the countries he visited or lived in, and often wrote in them as well. His projects, five or six going at once, challenge the imagination: he wrote tragedies in Greece, film scripts in Russia, dictionaries in France; translated innumerable books, including Dante, Shakespeare, Goethe, and Homer, into demotic Greek; was a travel-book writer, a war correspondent in China and Spain; hacked at journalism, children's books, adaptations, and even grammar-school textbooks; involved himself in Greek politics and served with UNESCO in Paris; labored constantly as an artist ("there is only one salvation: my work"), assiduously doing and redoing successive versions of books until he was satisfied (he spent fourteen years on his *Odyssey*).

Little wonder that, shy, retiring, and aspirant ascetic though he was said to be, in his mind's eye he patterned himself, like one of Yeats's oppositions of Will and Mask, on Odysseus, that "man of many turns," and hence could find equally valid masks in Christ, Buddha, St. Francis, Columbus, Lenin, Prometheus—and Zorba. Still, on his sixty-fourth birthday he could say: "No! No; it's not enough. I've squandered my powers . . . Luckily, I still have twenty years to live." On his deathbed he was mobilizing his forces.

"It would be criminal and idiotic," his wife writes, "to confine certain human beings within the prevailing molds. When they believe themselves to be God the Father, they do not make themselves ridiculous." Actually she is not referring to her husband, but to the poet Angelos Sikelianos, his good friend, whose first name is as symbolically appropriate as the surname of another, Iannis Angelakis. Again and again, beyond the facts in Kazantzakis's life are other dimensions, created by actuality or belief, that can only be described as divine. At times a sort of mythological fate serves this divinity. Indeed, destiny in this biography is viewed as a life force, as palpable as in Aeschylean tragedy, repeatedly dealing its subject better or worse. But when it is not perceptible, belief and will serve to enlarge each act to the superhuman. If Kazantzakis closes a note with superlatives that translate pompously into our muted English, he is also living out one of his many maxims: "Things have the value that we ourselves have the capacity to give them."

HOW different this is from the main currents in our modern temper, and how difficult to reconcile our concurrent enthusiasms for Sartre and Robbe-Grillet with those for Pasternak and Kazantzakis. Perhaps the outstanding trait of the literature of our century is its propensity to undercut its own assumptions and assertions, usually with irony. A Nabokov may wish for all his life to find pure spirit in a Lolita who plays tennis with such divine grace, but he is quick to point out her utter inability to win a point, quicker to filter any high-flown conception through the dubious, perverted sensibility of Humbert Humbert. Similar examples multiply with the most cursory reflection, to the point where one locates a tradition in which words like "soul" and "spirit" can only be used (when they are) with the severest qualifications of tone and technique. An imagination like Kazantzakis's is marked by its ability to ignore or repudiate that tradition, just as it repudiated plastics and big cities, and by its willingness to remain an anachronism.

"I loved this man because he never asserted his superiority . . . I was a simple person." Helen Kazantzakis seems oblivious to such concerns as literary traditions. On the contrary, her commitment to her husband is so total that her voice and his are indistinguishable in these two volumes. A writer herself and an experienced hand at biography, she handles a Herculean task with seeming ease and consummate taste. It seems unlikely that we shall ever have a portrait more definitive; fully three-quarters of the letters are to her, and, as Kazantzakis said, no one knew him better. And, while there may be some future advantage to a biography by a writer more distant from the subject, her treatment leaves the ultimate decision to us. This is not my vision, each of us may say, nor even my time's, but it is offered with such great force and assurance that I must consider its validity.

Dolors of Being Dynastic Doctors

Mayo: The Story of My Family and My Career, *by Charles W. Mayo, M.D. (Doubleday. 351 pp. $6.95), the autobiography of the grandson of the famous Clinic's founder, reveals the stresses experienced by the author and his relatives, who were destined from birth to be doctors. Michael Halberstam is a practicing physician.*

By MICHAEL HALBERSTAM

HERE IS AN OLD MAN talking—opinionated, disjointed, long-winded, and yet in the end endearing. Dr. Charles Mayo, who died last July at the age of sixty-nine, was the grandson of the founder of the Mayo Clinic and the son of the Mayo brothers who brought that institution greatness. Without benefit of ghost or literary pretension, "Chuck" Mayo tells us the story of his life. It is a touching and peculiarly American story, for, as one skips over Dr. Mayo's accounts of controversies in rectal surgery, there emerges an upper-middle-class life sadder than anything imagined by O'Hara, Marquand, or Cozzens.

The bare facts of Dr. Mayo's life in-

—*Portrait by William Draper.*

Dr. Charles W. Mayo—"a sense of family and of decency."

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leed sound as though he had been born n Pottsville, Pennsylvania, rather than Rochester, Minnesota. The son of a famous surgeon who was better known to doctors in Madrid than to his own son, he was sent away to an Eastern boarding school, which he hated, went on to Princeton, fell in love with a famous actress (Marilyn Miller), slogged his way through medical school, married a charming, unpretentious woman who steadied his entire life, returned to the family firm to take on the awesome burden of being a Mayo at the Mayo Clinic.

HE never had, he acknowledges, the brilliance of his Uncle Will or the skill of his father, but he had a sense of family and of decency. He worked hard—harder than those who were more talented—and earned respect as a general surgeon. He traveled around the world observing other surgeons and gently promoting the Mayo Clinic. He fathered six children and raised two of his brother's. He served his country in World War II and as a member of the American delegation to the United Nations. He was asked to run for Senator from Minnesota by Dwight Eisenhower. He received honorary degrees from dozens of colleges (he lists them all). He died, like his father, internationally famous.

Yet an air of sadness pervades this book. The Mayo Clinic was, during the 1920s, still a family institution, and it was not a happy family. The Mayo brothers had brought in their cousins and nephews and in-laws to aid them, and as the group grew larger so did the tensions. The brilliant general surgeon, Fred Rankin, the author's brother-in-law, quit the group angrily, leaving the family divided. The author's uncle, another surgeon, refused to consent to incorporation and departed abruptly.

The strain of being a Mayo told. Charles's light-hearted brother Joseph entered medicine reluctantly, worked at it sporadically, and died at thirty-four while driving his car along some half-forgotten railroad tracks. "When he died," the author writes, "I lost the only person who really knew what I am and what I faced. I was left alone with the whole weight of being a Mayo successor . . . With him gone I felt utterly lonely and vulnerable. For a long time my grief was raw; it would come in spasms, unexpectedly and mostly when I was alone. It is duller now, but it hasn't gone away." Six years later Joe's widow committed suicide in Rochester.

Like good O'Hara progeny, Dr. Mayo's children have shown a penchant for exotic marriages and prosaic divorces, for careers far from the sturdy, puritanical ideal of the early Mayos. "The only one of the lot who was wholly agreeable and reliable was David, the

(*Continued on page* 49)

Oxford

George Eliot

A BIOGRAPHY

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"Let (she said) Me Alone"

***The Spanish Inn,** by Jean Louis Bergonzo, translated from the French by Helen R. Lane (Grove. 112 pp. $3.95), seeks to reveal the chaotic inner world of a schoolteacher so distracted by the loss of his wife that he cannot find his classroom. Thomas Bishop is chairman of the French Department at New York University.*

By THOMAS BISHOP

WHAT IS GENERALLY REFERRED TO as the "new novel" in France comprises the fiction of a relatively small number of people. Curiously enough, while the role played by such writers as Alain Robbe-Grillet, Michel Butor, Nathalie Sarraute, Claude Simon, and Robert Pinget in exploring new directions and new dimensions of the novel form have been increasingly acknowledged in France and abroad, there have not appeared so far great numbers of disciples. However, *The Spanish Inn*, a short work by a very young, hitherto unknown French novelist, belongs clearly to that lineage through its technique of presenting a variety of levels of reality reflected without reference to chronology nor readily apparent logic in the troubled mind of a narrator.

Despite its technical complexity this is not a "difficult" novel and it does not require unending patience for a reader to follow it. We become quite easily oriented in the fusion of present and past, of fact, imagination, and the dreams of a teacher abandoned by his wife. We readily relinquish our normal concern for plot to concentrate on the particular distortion of the narrator's vision, which reveals a chaotic inner world of fears, failures, and obsessions. Mr. Bergonzo is particularly skilled in giving substance to the dream process and in depicting the dislocation of the narrator's entire field of focus caused by his inability to think of anything other than the wife who has left him. He seeks her everywhere, transforms all women into her, and becomes so distracted that he cannot even find the classroom in which he is supposed to teach.

Occasionally, Jean Louis Bergonzo displays a fine descriptive talent—something of a surprise in a "new" novelist. Thus, he relates with great vividness and humor the picaresque adventure of his teacher when he joins a side-show (for reasons we never really understand) and becomes the planted boxing partner for a has-been champion. Every night he responds to the make-believe call to the audience for a volunteer and puts in three rounds which, even if they are fixed, seem to come out differently each time.

Unfortunately, the form of *The Spanish Inn* is less satisfactory than what might be termed its "content." Mr. Bergonzo seems to be too dazzled by the writers who inspire him, and as a result his technique is derivative. For instance, he describes a corridor with the sort of geometric mania Robbe-Grillet used in *Jealousy* (but has since discarded); another time he suddenly produces a long, unpunctuated paragraph *à la* Claude Simon for no apparent reason. Like Beckett, Bergonzo questions the veracity of some of his narrator's statements, but unlike the author of *Molloy*, whose characters themselves reveal their unreliability as storytellers, he uses the heavy-handed artifice of supposed footnotes by the author. For instance, when the narrator states that he gave a sudden start, the "author's note" informs us that: "This memory is exaggerated. At the most it was a slight, somewhat weary, astonishment. . ." We are at a loss to comprehend Mr. Bergonzo's purpose unless it be to mystify us; this technique does not succeed in creating additional levels of reality. His style exasperates in other ways: the mock-puritanism of leaving out—though not always—the last letter of coarse words or, again, some parts of dialogue interrupted in order to create an unreal quality but whose actual effect is to irritate:

> You (he said) are my wife I want you back
>
> Go (she said) away
>
> You (he said) 're coming to sleep with me period
>
> Let (she said) me alone

These are the flaws of a writer who is still searching for his own voice. Mr. Bergonzo gives sufficient promise in *The Spanish Inn* of an imaginative talent. Perhaps he needs to direct his future books into more traditional channels; if he decides to remain within the general framework of the "new novel," he will undoubtedly develop his own characteristic style suited to his needs and not imitative. This first novel, interesting and appealing though it may be in many ways, remains too much of an exercise in style. Nevertheless, Mr. Bergonzo bears watching.

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Gently Skewering the Synthetic

The Last of the Greeks, *by Olivia Davis (Houghton Mifflin. 295 pp. $5.95), depicts a gentlemanly English portrait painter confronting the aging French avant-garde artist who years earlier had appropriated his wife. Muriel Haynes is a free-lance writer and critic.*

By MURIEL HAYNES

PROSPECTIVE READERS take note: the title of Olivia Davis's first novel bestows a somewhat oversized mantle on the sagging shoulders of its leading character. Mark Prentiss is no tragic hero, discovered at a moment of moral conflict, but simply a gentlemanly, middle-aged English portrait painter of civilized tastes, whose standard of conduct is grace under pressure. Grace, in this case, means the exercise of the aristocratic virtues: honor, courtesy, balance of mind, while the pressures consist of Mark's emotional disappointments as husband, father, and lover, the break-up of traditional values he discerns in the attitudes of the young, and the faddishness of the modern art world.

Mark's adversary on this familiar battleground is the aging French avant-garde artist Jean Alexandre, who to sounds of acclaim has moved from painting to film, to books, to ballet. Years ago, in the course of his progress as *enfant terrible*, he appropriated Mark's wife. The two men meet for the first time at a rather improbable family dinner party when Alexandre comes to London to receive a medal. Mark, as president of the artists' association, has yielded his personal feelings to professional obligation and agreed to present the tribute. The party includes, of course, Mark's former wife, and is the means for launching a large cast of characters, recognizable contemporary types all, but many of them touched up with lively surface detail. Mrs. Davis has a nice appreciation of the contradictions within ordinary people and she is quite good with the affectations and revelatory mannerisms of the privileged class. She has an ear for the pompous, for mindlessness and wistful gropings.

What happens? Nothing very much except some minor adjustments in which sensible compromise, aided by coincidence, serves as plot-maker. Mark is a static character, uncomplex, who moves, saddish and isolated, through a series of excursions and flashbacks which link him, more shadowy than dominant, to the lives of his family and friends. In fact, the author's frequent changes of focus, urged by her relish for amusing social observation, make it hard to keep one's mind on Mark. He gets mislaid. When he turns up from time to time on center stage the lights seem to dim a little. Decent, generous he is, but in the London of the 1960s he is superannuated. His view of the present, a triumph of charlatanry and confusion, as he would put it, is a little simple, not to say irritable. Yet he plugs on, tries to make do, paints Lord Mayors with meticulous respect for technique, evokes Raphael, and shudders urbanely before the calculated outrage he sees in modern work.

Mrs. Davis sympathizes and abets his cause by gently skewering the synthetic. Still, she doesn't deprive her

novel of such up-to-the-minute attractions as a psychoanalyst whose son is in a mental institution, a pair of quarreling upper-class Lesbians, an uneducated homosexual, and a phony American art critic. Her scenes and people have the reassuring quality of being almost but not quite real. They will chiefly entertain women readers for whom deft, well-bred literary invention is a diverting substitute for the picture of life that confronts us in our daily newspapers.

The World and the Now Generation

What Comes Next, *by Jonathan Baumbach (Harper & Row. 176 pp. $4.95), concerns an up-tight college student who pores over newspaper headlines and indulges in fantasies of violence. Henry S. Resnik is a free-lance journalist who is especially interested in current educational trends.*

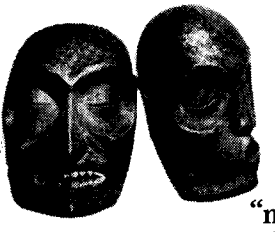
By HENRY S. RESNIK

GRANTED THAT WE ARE living in violent and frequently ugly times, what can a novelist do about it other than tell us so? In his first novel, *A Man to Conjure With*, Jonathan Baumbach suggested an answer with an ingenious portrait of a schlemiel-Everyman cracking up. The book was pretty squirmy going, but it may have been a spiritual purgative for some. To anyone who read it and asked himself, with justifiable alarm, "What comes next?," Baumbach now offers a small group of relatively normal people who turn out to be mass murderers.

The novel's principal conceit is that against the background of the war in Vietnam and the violence of our cities we are all potential criminals, deeply

(*Continued on page* 46)

What The Naked Ape didn't tell you,



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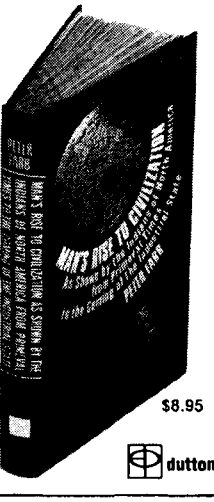

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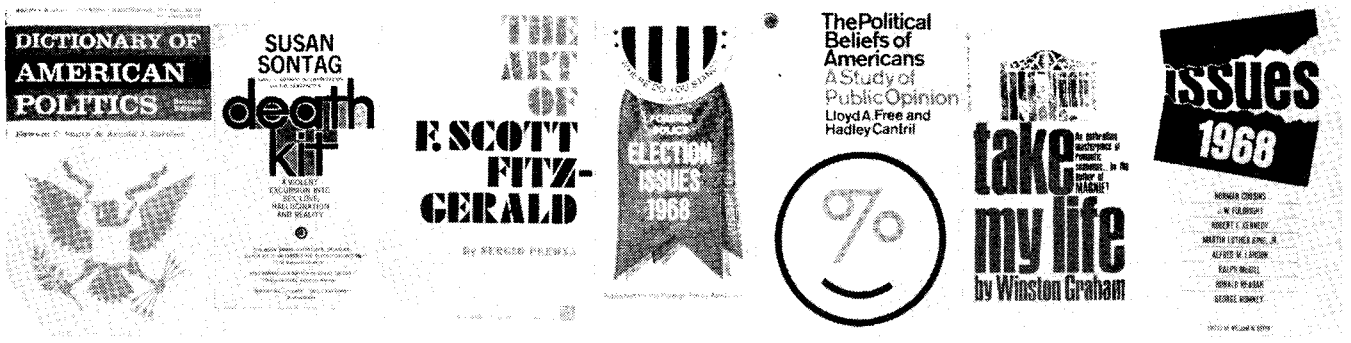

PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

It's rare that private citizens get to influence significantly the course of important events. But the peace talks between Hanoi and Washington now going on in Paris are the direct result of delicate negotiations carried on in North Vietnam by newspapermen Harry S. Ashmore and William C. Baggs, who were representing the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions on their two visits to Hanoi in January 1967 and March 1968. *Mission to Hanoi* (Berkley, 95¢) is their account of those critical negotiations. Recently, Georgia-born Bill Baggs, the dynamic editor since 1957 of *The Miami News*, in an interview with *SR*, said, "We were already in Hanoi [during the second visit] and our hopes were made prosperous on a Monday morning, Hanoi time, when word reached the city that Mr. Johnson was going to restrict bombing of North Vietnam and invested much credibility in the announcement by also proclaiming that he would not be a candidate for re-election. On Wednesday, April 13, Hanoi released a rather vague response to Mr. Johnson's decision. We were asked by a Hanoi minister what we thought of the North Vietnam response. Ashmore and I said our personal view was that it was vague, not too precise. Upon request, we suggested that a counter offer be made and had conversations on Thursday and Friday with the appropriate persons in Hanoi. The consequence of these discussions was the precise *aide-mémoire*, fluffing off most of the usual propaganda, which led to the conversations now going on in Paris."

Ashmore and Baggs's *Mission to Hanoi* is subtitled "A Chronicle of Double-Dealing in High Places," and Baggs left no doubt that the double-dealing was all in our own high places. "I think," said Baggs, "you can agree after reading our book that we are both pessimistic, on the basis of our conversations with North Vietnam leaders in Hanoi and Paris, that any substantive discussions can begin until the bombing of North Vietnam has stopped. This has been the one inflexible position of the Democratic Republic of Vietnam since the bombing began in February 1965. And it has been reported to our government, time and again, by several parties, public and private."

What Baggs then said was astonishing in view of recent U.S. accusations of North Vietnam's recalcitrance at the peace table. "The proposal of the North Vietnamese to meet with the United States carried with it only one insistence. The insistence was that the North Vietnamese would meet with the Americans, even while the Americans were bombing North Vietnam territory, but at the time of the meeting the American representative would inform the North Vietnam representative when the bombing would stop—and then all matters of mutual interest would be introduced for negotiations. This was the fact."

What does Mr. Baggs think we should do to activate the Paris discussions? His answer was brief: "Stop the bombing of North Vietnam territory.

"The recorded history of Vietnam is 2,000 years old," he said, "and the thread which runs through that history is one of aggression by China, and tyranny by what is now China in Vietnam. It was our impression that the North Viets were much more concerned about China than the presence of an American military and naval establishment in the South. There is no doubt in our minds that the last thing Ho Chi Minh and his ministers want is to have a million Chinese troops come across those hills into North Vietnam because they would bring with them the domination of the government and the end of the independence Ho and his associates have tried to construct. . . . It is somewhat more than a guess that the Chinese would regard the North Vietnamese withdrawing from their demands for a bomb halt, before substantive matters are discussed, as an appropriate pretext to involve its troops in the war." —ROLLENE W. SAAL.

Fiction

Scribners has just released F. Scott Fitzgerald's *Six Tales of the Jazz Age and Other Stories* ($1.65), charmingly introduced by the author's daughter, Frances Fitzgerald Lanahan, who recalls her father's prodigious output. During the 1920s he wrote hundreds of stories, which he sold for fees as high as $2,000, paid by *Redbook*. "I've often wondered," writes Mrs. Lanahan, "how there was a moment left for the bathtub gin and the splashing in the Plaza fountain." So much has been written about Fitzgerald's life that Sergio Perosa's *The Art of F. Scott Fitzgerald* (Ann Arbor, $2.25) comes as a relief, focusing as it does less upon the dazzling biography than upon the work itself. What Perosa finds in Fitzgerald's fiction is a comedy of manners "with all its tragic implications," a way of writing through which he was able to define that unique creature, *homo americanus*.

When S. Y. Agnon won the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1966, the Committee called his novel *The Bridal Canopy* (Schocken, $2.45) "one of his most characteristic stories, in its ingenious and earthy humor a Jewish counterpart to *Don Quixote* and *Tyl Eulenspiegel*." Translated by I. M. Lask, it is a subtle, ironic book, with a universal appeal transcending its subject—Polish Jews in the early years of the nineteenth century when they felt the threat of certain liberating influences upon their *shtetl* lives. Sholem Asch's *Salvation* (Schocken, $2.45), translated by Willa and Edwin Muir, is also about Polish Jewry, their personal and intricate relationship to God at the time when Napoleon's forces had marched through their country.

Among the less hefty fiction are some lively arrivals by British writers who have a deft hand at romantic suspense. Bantam has made available three tales by Winston Graham, one of the sleekest practioneers around. Remember *Marnie*? The best of them is *Greek Fire* (75¢),

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the story of an American Grecophil who involves himself in anti-Fascist intrigue. Seduction, neurosis, and the smooth world of London art galleries are the ingredients in the ingenious *Walking Stick* (95¢) while *Take My Life* follows a *Rebecca*-like plot of a new marriage shrouded in old shadows.

Maurice Edelman, that skillful storyteller and distinguished British M.P., has traveled from his customary Parliamentary setting to the Caribbean in *Shark Island* (Popular, 75¢), in which the diplomatic maneuvering of his previous books gives way to some heady racial unrest. What's common to all of Edelman's books is his uncommonly silken narration.

Also noted: *Death Kit* (Signet, 95¢) is a first novel by critic, philosopher, all-around-intellectual Susan Sontag, who has written a weird, terrifying tale about a young man named Diddy. The question is did Diddy commit a murder or didn't Diddy? Like most fictional intellectual exercises, it's clever, imaginative, and totally exasperating. In *Identity Card* (Evergreen Black Cat, $1.25) Iranian novelist F. M. Esfandiary has converted a Kafka dilemma into a Middle Eastern nightmare: a young man returns to Iran, loses his identification, and in search of himself is buffeted by a series of adventures.

The Dissenters

The Sixties seem a period of unusual discord and rebellion in most major centers of the world. Following in *Heroes and Heretics* (Delta, $2.45) the careers of such "radicals" as Socrates and Jesus, Freud and Einstein, social philosopher Barrows Dunham puts it into historical context. The author makes clear that heretical ideas spring from the climate of their age, seem rebellious, then are seized upon and frequently shaped into the basis for a new orthodoxy.

At a time when students from Columbia to Berkeley are gripped by revolt, *The Dissenting Academy* (Vintage, $1.95), edited by Theodore Roszak, charges most of the academic hierarchy with outmoded methods of teaching in U.S. universities. Marshall Windmiller chides his political scientist colleagues for their silence on such public issues as Vietnam; Louis Kampf, in his article "The Scandal of Literary Scholarship," argues against what he calls "critical caprice," while Noam Chomsky decries the lack of social and political responsibility among intellectuals. Taking an international perspective, Irving Howe's anthology *A Dissenter's Guide to Foreign Policy* (Anchor, $1.75) sharply criticizes such U.S. activities as its overseas economic aid, position on South American revolutionary struggles, and covert imperialism. Dissenters include Michael Harrington, Keith Botsford, Gunnar Myrdal.

One of the keenest and most articulate protesters is Paul Goodman. In a new double volume comprised of *People or Personnel* and *Like a Conquered Province* (Vintage, $1.95), as well as seven previously uncollected essays, Mr. Goodman fires away at the New York school system ("an example of a classic bureaucracy"), the "moral suffocation" of corporate America, and the helplessness of citizens smothered by urbanization and massive governmental machines.

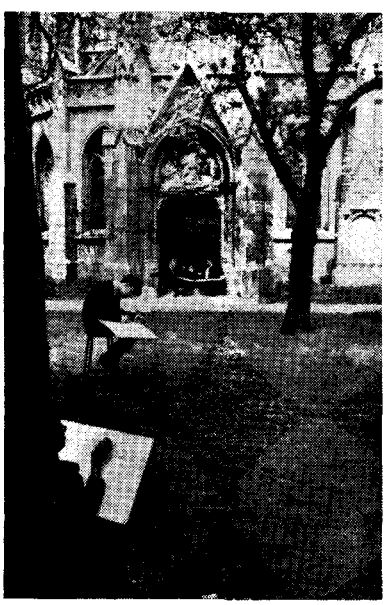
Journalist Dan Wakefield, a kind of latter-day muckraker, subtitles his book *Supernation at Peace and War* (Bantam, 95¢) "Certain Observations, Depositions, Testimonies, and Graffiti Gathered on a One-Man Fact-and-Fantasy-Finding Tour of the Most Powerful Nation in the World." Based upon a four-month trek across the country, Wakefield finds us attacked on every side by protest—against Vietnam, poverty, virginity, God, everything up to and including Mother and the flag (which reminds me of the car bumper sticker that reads "Apple Pie Makes You Sterile"). The casualties of the war in Vietnam, implies Wakefield, are not merely on far-off battlefields but scattered across the breadth of our own land. It's a compelling, immediate, and turned-on book.

A regional protest with reverberations across the nation is the strife among California grape pickers. John Gregory Dunne's *Delano* (Noonday, $1.95) recreates the bitter days of 1965 in the Great Central Valley, from which Cesar Chavez emerged as a new labor spokesman.

Election Time

"Seldom in this century . . . have the issues been more important, or the parties so divided, as they are in the 1968 campaign," writes James Reston in *The New York Times Election Handbook 1968* (Signet, 95¢), edited by Harold Faber. *Times*men A. H. Raskin, Tom Wicker, Max Frankel are among those who sift through some of the weightier policy problems. If issues are the case, there's no shortage of background material available. Utilizing information gathered from a kit previously prepared for all Congressional candidates, the nonpartisan Foreign Policy Association has compiled *Foreign Policy Election Issues 1968* (Cowles, 95¢). This handbook of facts, statistics, pros and cons about Vietnam, gold, the Middle East, and foreign aid can help voters determine how they feel and then how their man measures up. Many of these same policy concerns are expanded upon in *Issues 1968* (Kansas, $1.95), composed of reflective articles by such leading social critics, writers, and politicians as Senator J. W. Fulbright, Governor George Romney, and *SR*'s Norman Cousins.

While the pre-election populace is besieged with campaign literature and TV commercials, the poor campaigner has it even tougher. In *Electioneering in a Democracy* (Wiley, $2.95), political scientist David A. Leuthold has made an exhaustive study of hard-working would-be Congressmen whose least problem is meeting the people. Leuthold discusses the difficulties of fattening the campaign purse, the varieties of political techniques used, and how the style varies between parties. Whereas Republicans spend



Grace Church courtyard

Where it's at these days, the action, the pulse, in New York City is Tenth Street. There—in Outer Bohemia—hippies and flower children bloom in psychedelic profusion. But that's only one aspect of a street that cuts across Gotham from the Hudson River seaport on the west to the teeming Scene at its extreme east. Bill Binzen follows it all with his camera in a poetic, uncompromising study, *Tenth Street* (Para-Graphic Books/Grossman, $1.95).

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more for ads and signs, Democrats generally favor a door-to-door approach to recruit voters. Democrats are fonder of family portraits than are Republicans who, it would seem, like to show their dogs, especially cocker spaniels, on TV.

The times they are a-changin', a truth emphasized by polls cited in *The Political Beliefs of Americans* (Clarion, $2.95), by Lloyd A. Free and Hadley Cantril. The greatest shift has been in attitudes toward an international approach in world affairs. In 1937 when asked if they would like to see the U.S. join the League of Nations, 67 per cent said no while, in 1964, 72 per cent of those queried felt that America should fully cooperate with the U.N.

One of the classic political reference works, published more than eighty years ago, is *Dictionary of American Politics* (Barnes & Noble, $2.50), which has been revised over the years but now appears in a new edition edited by Edward C. Smith and Arnold J. Zurcher. Adding 600 recent terms to its more than 3,000 entries, this word warehouse defines the Vietnam War, the most recent rules of Presidential succession, and the Great Society, which is neatly cross-indexed to Square Deal, Fair Deal, New Frontier.

A final note: Rexford G. Tugwell's witty, debunking *How They Became President* (Simon & Schuster, $2.95), or "Thirty-five Ways to the White House," is all about how and where the nation found its leaders from G. Washington to L. Johnson, with interesting asides on men like Alexander Hamilton and John Jay who didn't find room at the top.

The Roads from Rome

***Ecumenism or New Reformation?**, by Thomas Molnar (Funk & Wagnalls. 169 pp. $5.95), and **Exploding Church: From Catholicism to Catholicism**, by Frederick Franck (Delacorte. 309 pp. $6.50), take opposing views of the current attempts to update Roman Catholic doctrine.Paul K. Cuneo is book editor and associate managing editor of America magazine.*

By PAUL K. CUNEO

THOMAS MOLNAR and Frederick Franck recognize—who doesn't?—that an immense ferment is at work in the Roman Catholic Church. To symbolize it the dust jackets of their books use the same typographic device: a mixture of old style Gothic and modern sans serif. But beneath their wrappings the books are about as far apart as any two works on the same subject, written by authors of some intellectual respectability, can be.

In *Ecumenism or New Reformation?* Molnar sees the Church's attempt at updating, at *aggiornamento*, as dangerous and foolish. The Church has nothing to gain from a dialogue with Protestantism, non-Christian religions, or Marxism, he believes, and everything to lose. "The way it is used today," Molnar says, "'dialogue' has come to mean the acceptance of the opponent's position in advance of verbal contact with him." Because it is the Church (or at least certain members of the Church) that is eager for dialogue with any non-Catholics, it is, according to the author, the Church's traditional position that is going to give way.

In company with the illustrious Jacques Maritain, who in *The Peasant of the Garonne* calls for a halt to the Church's modernization, Molnar views Teilhard de Chardin (whose name heads more listings than any other in Molnar's index) as the great misleader. "If the Church-intellectuals surround Teilhard de Chardin with a veritable cult, it is because he justifies their contempt for ordinary people and relieves them from the obligations of charity." "[Teilhard] preaches . . . that science itself condemns the nonmodern, the undemocratic, the nonprogressive to die out so as not to obstruct mankind's cosmic adventure."

One of Molnar's heroes, the prickly, individualistic Georges Bernanos, is quoted as saying that modern civilization is a conspiracy against man. Molnar is trying throughout his book to document the charge that modern civilization is a conspiracy against the Catholic Church—and, he insists, the great tragedy is that many members of the Church are taking an active and leading part in the conspiracy.

Frederick Franck, author of *Exploding Church*, is an example of all that Thomas Molnar fears and detests. He is, first of all, not a Catholic. This, Franck declares, is not for "lack of commitment to or solidarity with this Community." His position is closer to that of the men he discusses in this book: Catholics who say they cannot be thrown out of the Church because they will simply refuse to accept excommunication. Similarly, Franck does not seek to become a member of the Church because he does not recognize a need for "an institutional *fiat* for my belonging."

Franck, an artist attracted to Rome during Vatican Council II by the personality of Pope John XXIII, made sketches of the Council's first session and wrote of his experiences there in *Outsider in the Vatican*. Intrigued by its implications and promises, he went on to interview members of the Catholic avant garde—primarily priests and laymen in Holland.

THAT small country has, God only knows why, produced what some hope and others fear will be the Catholic Church of the future. It is a Church that "stands loose," a corporate admirer and follower of John XXIII and one that takes an indulgent, "understanding" view of Paul VI. It is a Church that questions and routinely rejects practically every major stand or statement of the nineteenth-century Catholic Church, an ecclesiastical entity that, in the modernist view, extended through the end of the pontificate of Pius XII, who died in 1958.

Between these two books, these two authors, these two positions stands the Catholic moderate, who senses that both sides are extremist. He realizes nevertheless that the hammer of history has as frequently pulverized the man in the middle (who then becomes known as "the man on the fence") as it has the one at either pole.

Pope Paul VI's new encyclical on birth control, *Humanae Vitae*, will not, I am certain, change the positions expressed in these books. What it will do is make both authors feel all the more strongly that they are right. That, I think, is significant. It means that a real polarization (not a split or a schism) has already taken place. In the past when Rome spoke (*Roma locuta est*), the final word had been uttered, no matter what the subject or the decision. But now Vatican Council II has spoken, and today the very bishops of the Council who released the genie from the bottle are trying to force him back in again. The Pope and most of the bishops have taken one view while many theologians and lay people have taken the opposite, and both groups believe that the "silent center" is with them.

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Criminal Record

Fact

The Death of Adolf Hitler: Unknown Documents from Soviet Archives. *By Lev Bezymenski. Harcourt, Brace & World.* $3.95. This minutely detailed autopsy report on the bodies of the Führer and the Goebbels family (six of them children) reveals that Hitler had a previously unsuspected physical abnormality, trivial but uncommon.

Martin Bormann. *By James McGovern. Morrow. Illustrated.* $5.95. Hermann Goering, with death not far distant, pronounced this epitaph for Hitler's erstwhile chauffeur and Machiavelli: "I hope he is frying in hell." Bormann may have been alive at the time. He may still be alive. A painstaking student of Nazism has produced an absorbing study of his subject's career as far as the trails can be followed.

Syndicate Wife: The Story of Ann Drahmann Coppola. *By Hank Messick. Preface by Sheldon S. Cohen, Commissioner of Internal Revenue. Macmillan.* $5.95. A top expert on rackets USA-style presents the life history of a Midwest hat-check girl who supplied Uncle Sam with some first-class information about the financial status of a numbers overlord. Robert Kennedy played a decisive part in the resulting investigation.

Fiction

Murder Has No Friends. *By Bradshaw Jones. Bobbs-Merrill.* $4. Chief Supt. Arthur Carson takes to the pavements again when three women die by design, thereby putting the Home Secretary on the spot; trail leads to further involvements and a smashing termination which sets the H.S.'s anxiety at rest. A bit of all right.

Murder Most Fouled Up. *By Tobias Wells. Crime Club.* $3.95. Detective (second grade) Knute Severson of Boston police confronts burglary epidemic that sprouts murder; love interest is a bit too intrusive.

Gideon's River. *By J. J. Marric. Harper & Row.* $4.95. This fine series reciting the troubles and triumphs of the great C.I.D. Commander herewith initiates a second dozen.

The Man on the Balcony. *By Maj Sjöwall and Per Wahlöö. Translated from the Swedish by Alan Blair. Pantheon.* $4.50. Martin Beck of Stockholm police (he's a superintendent now) takes a little train ride to nab a child-killer. Authors will be remembered for their excellent *Roseanna.*

The Brown Suede Jacket. *By Pete Fry. Roy.* $3.50. London eye who detects and writes as Pete Fry runs over to Paris (his favorite destination) to get answers to the vexing problem of a drowned client. A "guessing" American is present.

A Wreath for the Bride. *By Maria Lang. Translated from the Swedish by Joan Tate. Regnery.* $3.95. Murder of Swedish lass on wedding eve gives Crister Wick of Stockholm police, present as an invited guest, chance to revert to his professional status.

Fuzz. *By Ed McBain. Doubleday.* $4.95. Want to blow up an automobile? Full directions are given on pp. 142-144 of this latest chapter in the saga of the exploits of the 87th Precinct boys. (Watch your language, pal.)

The Nazi Hunter. *By Bynum Shaw. Norton.* $4.95. This sensitive, at times even idyllic chronicle of the progress of a vengeance-seeker is acted out largely in Vienna, Bonn, and Cologne.

Policeman's Lot. *By Elizabeth Linington. Harper & Row.* $4.95. When gas station attendant and hospital resident M.D. go their separate ways into the night, Sergeant Maddox and associates, LAPD, do not expect the worst but are ready for it. Gun registration a factor.

Goodbye, Aunt Elva. *By Elizabeth Fenwick. Atheneum.* $4.95. Retiring old lady confronts eternal retirement when grasping neighbors apply physical and psychological pressure; scene, a small New England city. A powerful little study in helplessness.

Rook Takes Knight. *By Stuart Palmer. Random House.* $4.50. When West Coast tycoon is hit-and-run victim while dog-walking (dog is killed, too), retired newshawk does a nice amateur peeping job; Kingsley Double-Crostic praised.

The Astrid Factor. *By Douglas Orgill. Walker.* $3.95. English shakedown specialist and Scandinavian schoolteacher (f.) combine their talents after meeting by chance on Corfu; scene shifts to Rome and flooded Florence. Top-flight comedy. —SERGEANT CUFF.

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The Now Generation

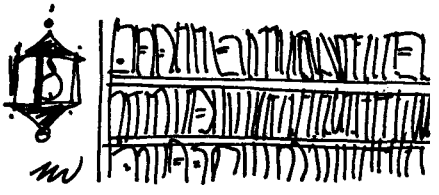
Continued from page 41

implicated in a wave of inhuman brutality. We are all, in short, guilty. This is the same theme that Arthur Miller used in *After the Fall* and *Incident at Vichy*, but Baumbach's tone is even more absolute; it is also grayer, something like Camus's in *The Stranger*. The use of an actual war as a metaphor for the human condition didn't do much for Miller, however, and it does even less for Baumbach. In *What Comes Next* it becomes so tedious that one is tempted to conclude that nobody, not even a mass murderer, is *that* guilty.

The protagonist is a New York college student named Christopher Steiner (there are possibilities of Christliness in his character, hence the suggestive name). Almost believable, but ultimately overwhelmed by the novel he was born in but never made, Chris is fairly typical of the Now Generation: he doesn't take crap from adults, and he *knows* a great deal, even underneath his mysterious, quiet, stupid-seeming façade. He probably watched a lot of TV when he was a kid—though, on second thought, his father, a chair-throwing professor, might have forbidden it. At any rate, Chris spends a good deal of his time searching the headlines of the *Post* and the *Daily News* (war, rapes, mass murders), and, up-tight about current events generally, he indulges in an uninterrupted fantasy of violent crime. He may even allow himself some minor acting out, but the description of an attempted rape is ambiguous and could be just another fantasy.

By the time we meet him Chris has fallen in with a bad crowd. One of the group is Curtis Parks, a professor of history who has taken a special liking to Chris because of his excellent paper "Lincoln and Kennedy: The Assassin in the Mirror," and hopes that the boy will become a scholar. Parks is an active peacenik who writes letters to the President protesting the war, but he is also an adulterer who hates his wife so deeply that he is usually on the brink of killing her. Parks's girl friend, a noncharacter named Rosemary Byrd, is another of his students, and eventually she and Chris make the scene together too, thus completing one of the nastiest love triangles in recent memory. (The women in *What Comes Next*, incidentally, are often associated with snakes; like everything else in the book, this probably has a deep, symbolic significance. Perhaps some graduate student will want to write about it one day.)

Introductions over, the action of the novel alternates rapidly between fantasy



and reality. Chris runs away from home. Parks leaves his wife. Parks's wife tries to seduce Chris while he rides a symbolic rocking horse. Everybody runs away from the city for a while (but not without getting stuck in traffic on the George Washington Bridge). And finally Chris faces the inevitable.

What Comes Next is a moral sledgehammer. It may take the prize for containing the decade's most self-conscious symbolism. Whatever the author's intention, the novel reeks of gloomy righteousness, and the only possible reason for reading it is that one is sure to find the world a better place when one is finished—at least for a few hours.

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Perspective

Continued from page 36

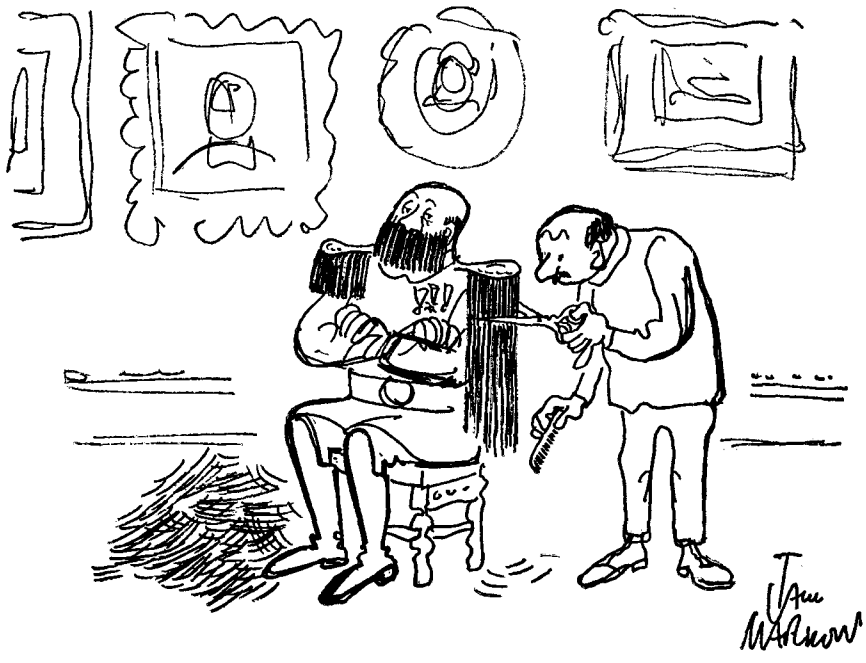
liberals in the Soviet Union for the foreseeable future. The economic and social basis for conservatism is as strong as in any capitalist nation, perhaps stronger, since the whole vast structure of Russian bureaucracy will survive only if it remains conservative: otherwise tens of thousands of bureaucrats will lose their jobs and their status. What hope there is in the Communist world must rest in the satellites—just as a great deal of hope for change in Imperial Britain rested in the colonies, in their capacity not only to resist, passively or otherwise, but to sap the will to rule within Britain.

Prospects for liberalism amidst the great powers look dim, very dim, but we can console ourselves that this has normally been the fate of liberalism. If one glances at the history of Britain in this century, one realizes with astonishment how rarely has it been governed by a liberal or Socialist government—for less than a third of the time, and much of that was government so feeble that it scarcely deserves the name. The same is true of America. All too frequently the solid conservative forces have triumphed. Yet both countries are infinitely more liberal, more concerned with social justice, with the poor, the sick and the deprived than they were half a century ago.

The areas of superstition, of intellectual intolerance, of outrageous social prejudice are less than they were, great though Wallace's vote may be. Similarly with Britain: the conservative of the Sixties, willing to accept socialized medicine and socialized industries and the total dismemberment of the British empire, would seem an outrage to his grandfather. In spite of conservative power, liberal attitudes spread and dominate.

The answer is to be found in the nature of industrial society itself; industry cannot grow and function without widespread and higher education and, as the George Wallaces realize, that means the chance of more and better-informed liberals. The educational process that industrial society demands also brings the highly educated to positions of executive power. They, at least, appreciate the economic dangers of blind conservatism: the sheer cost of poverty and sickness, the obstacles to growth created by ghettoes and illiteracy. Whatever the political situation, they accept the liberal demand for their abolition. Even Nixon talks like a liberal on urban problems. However, the process of liberalization in industrial society is a heartbreakingly slow one for the sensitive and impotent intellectual. What he would wish to do in a year takes a generation—even in a free society.

IT is likely, therefore, to be even slower in countries in the iron clutch of an indoctrinated bureaucracy that never has to put its authority to the test of a vote. Even so, some flexibility will have to come if the Soviet Union and her satellites industrialize their countries fully. Although it will need generations and the absence of war, even localized war, the liberal should take comfort. Industrialization has liberalized the world to an astonishing degree in spite of the frequent tyrannies and despotisms of this century.



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Dynastic Doctors

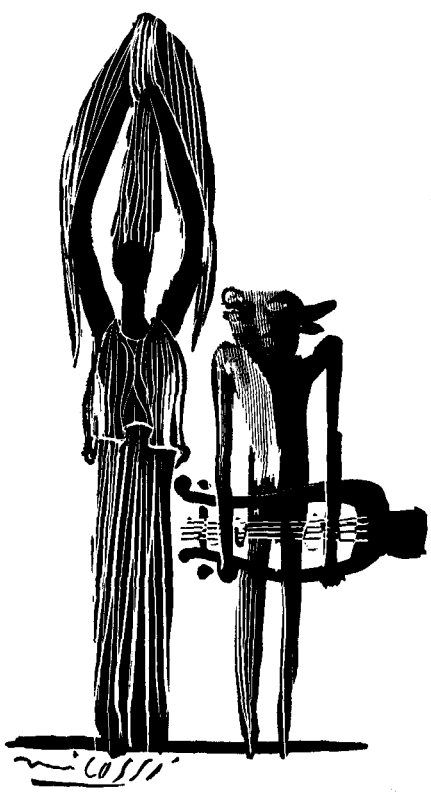
Continued from page 39

son whom my brother Joe adopted." David died in 1958 of pneumonia. He was twenty-seven.

One of Chuck Mayo's sons became a physician. Charles H. Mayo II completed his surgical training at Rochester, in his final year working as his father's first assistant, true to the guildlike tradition that still enhances and encumbers this specialty. The Clinic Board, no longer dominated by the family and its friends, then denied him a place on the permanent staff, a decision which Chuck Mayo could never quite understand or accept.

Much good came of Dr. Mayo's life. Forced by birth toward medicine, he developed into an excellent surgeon. Appointed almost by accident to our U.N. delegation, he was one of its most persuasive spokesmen. If he never really understood his own children (who does?), he loved them. His devotion to his late wife was real, and visitors to Rochester still speak fondly of her charm.

And yet . . . It is always hard to be the son of a great man, and perhaps harder in America than anywhere else. We have little place for the cultivated amateur, the gentleman of leisure. We do not allow our families to rest for a generation and enjoy the labors of their fathers. Indeed, each generation must surpass the preceding one. It doesn't always work out that way; and the moral becomes clear—have children in joy, but found a dynasty in trembling.



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Born in the Night of Weeping Children

***A Field of Buttercups,** by Joseph Hyams (Prentice-Hall. 273 pp. $6.95), recounts the story of Janusz Korczak, the Warsaw Ghetto doctor and orphanage director who accompanied his charges into the gas chamber. Albert H. Friedlander, now residing in London, compiled "Out of the Whirlwind: An Anthology of Holocaust Literature."*

By ALBERT H. FRIEDLANDER

HOLOCAUST LITERATURE is an attempt to evoke a past that cannot be transmitted through other channels of communication. Paul Celan's *Death Fugue* and Nelly Sachs's *Eli* bring us to the heart of an experience which the historian of necessity freezes into an abstraction to be explored objectively. But where the specific, paradigmatic situation is presented—the Warsaw Ghetto, or Theresienstadt—the two crafts must inform one another. Poetry must have the integrity of history, and the open horizon of the poetic imagination has to be part of the historian's equipment.

The difficulties here are enormous; and when a paradigmatic personality is added to the specific situation—Janusz Korczak of the Warsaw Ghetto, or Leo Baeck of Theresienstadt—they become almost insurmountable. At the same time, the opportunities for communicating the past also increase: the human dimension can break through the abstract pattern.

Joseph Hyams came to the story of Janusz Korczak, the "Mr. Doctor" of the Warsaw Ghetto, through a chance encounter in Berlin. The life of this great pedagogue and physician, head of the Ghetto orphanage, has become a classic tale of resistance against Nazi tyranny which speaks to both Jew and non-Jew (Hyams notes Aleksander Ford's work on the film version).

Using Korczak's own fragmentary diary and the testimony of Ghetto survivors, the author attempts to convey the essence of the doctor and his orphans. He rediscovers Henryk Goldszmidt, assimilated Jew, Polish army officer, intellectual and author, who gradually infuses his pen name of Korczak with a new identity and moves towards his destiny as a Jew in Poland. Skillfully interweaving examples of Korczak's work and educational theory, Hyams presents us with a living portrait of a man aflame with love for children, who would not leave Poland because they needed him, who walked with them into the gas chamber for the same reason.

The book falters when it attempts to recreate the ghetto situation. More Hollywood than Warsaw, it becomes a scenario without depth, manipulating stock characters against hastily constructed backdrops. Fictionalized scenes at German headquarters, in a Resistance apartment, or in a black market restaurant show awareness of facts but little sensitivity to the complexities of a situation illustrated by the Warsaw journals of Ringelblum, Kaplan, and Donat, which by their very contradictions complement one another. Yet the material itself is powerful enough to break through the flawed presentation: the children's court at the Orphan's Home dealing with the crime of peeling the potatoes carelessly ("innocent: too tired, too young"); the importance of a button picked up in the street which might become a treasured toy; Janusz Korczak himself, awake in a room packed with sick children, writing in his diary; and, above all, the children's march to deportation with Korczak leading them—these things touch our lives. Hyams talked to the Jewish policeman who had escorted the children. A final count had been taken. "Then their stars were snipped off and thrown into the center of the courtyard. It looked like a field of buttercups."

These stars have taken on a life of their own. Born in the night of the weeping children, they have become messengers for our days and may not be ignored.

Home Folks in Lebanon: Faltering along the path of Freya Stark, Lord Kinross, and James Morris, novelist John Sykes is the latest English writer to search for the essential Middle East. In *The Mountain Arabs: A Window on the Middle East* (Chilton, $5.50) he has written a conscientious and well-meaning but narrow, humorless, and rather pointless account of his time in Lebanon.

Sykes concentrates on one élite Maronite family, the Hadiris, forcing the reader to accompany him as he trails along from Beirut offices, apartments, and social gatherings to meetings in mountain villages. The various characters in the family are studiously introduced, from the powerful clan head and his male relatives to the ladies who fill out the scene.

The result is a letter home from an Englishman in Lebanon who is enjoying the hospitality and finds the people nice. In the manner of a novelist Sykes provides faithful dialogue and skilled description, but there is no story line to carry his report along. As nonfiction it offers only a surface view. It is pleasant and painless but hardly memorable.

Sykes takes his hosts so seriously, particularly their parochialism, and leaves out so much of the political, economic, and historical context, that the reader is mostly confined to a closed family circle of clan maneuvering and business give-and-take. Yet the author fails to make the Hadiris sound very interesting.

Only in the diary of the week of the June 1967 Six-Day War, when Lebanon lost its cool and just as quickly regained it, does Sykes communicate a feeling for the country. Then we get a sense of the self-centered, opportunistic, calculating, intriguing, and usually charming ways of the Lebanese. Otherwise Sykes gives the impression that he never got to know the Lebanese well, not even the family he spent so much time observing. —EDWARD WAKIN.

Extra Woman of the Bedchamber: Someday, I suppose, there will be an end to books of gossip about Queen Victoria's court, but let us hope not. Certain historical figures become poles that attract, irresistibly and endlessly, those forces in the human spirit which are satisfied only by gossip. In the nineteenth century Byron is a gossip center, and so is Disraeli, but none equals the great Queen herself.

Having lived so long near the centers of power, Sir Victor Mallet, the son of Marie Mallet and in time Minister at Stockholm and Ambassador at Madrid and Rome, has developed a splendid instinct for gossip. His mother, as a Maid of Honor to Victoria and later Extra Woman of the Bedchamber, was forbidden to keep journals or diaries, but she wrote long letters home, and from these, occasionally supplemented by journal entries and letters of her husband, Sir Victor has carved *Life with Queen Victoria* (Houghton Mifflin, $5.95), a book almost as good as a journal. To the connoisseur of gossip there is hardly a line that is uninteresting, and to Queen Victoria buffs, for whose sake there is a flourishing industry, the book is a necessity. The passages about Sir Victor's childhood experiences at Court and his presentations to the Queen are delicious. She must have known that this astonishingly beautiful child was destined for the Diplomatic Service.

Nor is *Life with Queen Victoria* without that tension, that mystery, which makes for good gossip. Marie Mallet rapidly developed an affection for the Queen and then a deep and sincere love for the woman; but her tours of duty were a physical trial and frequently an unendurable bore, while her separation from her family was almost intolerable. True, she and her husband needed the money; even so she returned to service principally because Victoria wanted her. That was enough, and the fact gives an excellent insight into the morality of the great English Civil Service families.

To dismiss a work such as this as "mere gossip" is to miss utterly what a very deep need gossip is. Sir Victor's book, then, satisfies it splendidly.

—MORSE PECKHAM.

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Cuban Crisis

Continued from page 25

was directed at the death, destruction, and anarchy that nuclear war would bring to his people and all mankind.

We must not succumb to "petty passions" or to "transient things," he wrote, but should realize that "if indeed war should break out, then it would not be in our power to stop it, for such is the logic of war. I have participated in two wars and know that war ends when it has rolled through cities and villages, everywhere sowing death and destruction." The United States, he went on to say, should not be concerned about the missiles in Cuba; they would never be used to attack the United States and were there for defensive purposes only. "You can be calm in this regard, that we are of sound mind and understand perfectly well that if we attack you, you will respond the same way. But you too will receive the same that you hurl against us. And I think that you also understand this. . . . This indicates that we are normal people, that we correctly understand and correctly evaluate the situation. Consequently, how can we permit the incorrect actions which you ascribe to us? Only lunatics or suicides, who themselves want to perish and to destroy the whole world before they die, could do this."

But he went on: "We want something quite different . . . not to destroy your country . . . but despite our ideological differences, to compete peacefully, not by military means."

There was no purpose, he said, for us to interfere with any of his ships now bound for Cuba, for they contained no weapons. He then explained why they carried no missiles: all the shipments of weapons were already within Cuba. This was the first time he had acknowledged the presence of missiles in Cuba. He made reference to the landing at the Bay of Pigs and the fact that President Kennedy had told him in Vienna that this was a mistake. He valued such frankness, wrote Khrushchev, and he, too, had similar courage, for he had acknowledged "those mistakes which had been committed during the history of our state and I not only acknowledged but sharply condemned them."

The reason he had sent these weapons to Cuba was because the U.S. was interested in overthrowing the Cuban Government, as the U.S. had actively attempted to overthrow the Communist government in the Soviet Union after their revolution. But then he went on: "If assurances were given that the President of the United States would not participate in an attack on Cuba and the blockade lifted, then the question of the removal or the destruction of the missile sites in Cuba would then be an entirely different question. Armaments bring only disasters. When one accumulates them, this damages the economy, and if one puts them to use, then they destroy people on both sides. Consequently, only a madman can believe that armaments are the principal means in the life of society. No, they are an enforced loss of human energy, and what is more are for the destruction of man himself. If people do not show wisdom, then in the final analysis they will come to a clash, like blind moles, and then reciprocal extermination will begin."

I had a slight feeling of optimism as I drove home from the State Department that night. The letter, with all its rhetoric, had the beginnings perhaps of some accommodation, some agreement. The feeling was strengthened by the fact that John Scali, a very able and experienced reporter for ABC, had been approached by an important official of the Soviet Embassy with a proposal that the Soviet Union would remove the missiles under United Nations supervision and inspection, and the U.S. would lift the blockade and give a pledge not to invade Cuba as its part of the understanding.

* * *

On Saturday morning, October 27, I received a memorandum from J. Edgar Hoover of the FBI that gave me a feeling of considerable disquiet. He had received information the night before that instructions from Moscow had been received by certain Soviet personnel in New York, ordering them to prepare to destroy all sensitive documents on the basis that the U.S. would probably be taking military action against Cuba or Soviet ships, and this would mean war. I asked myself as I drove to the White House: If the Soviets were anxious to find an answer to the crisis, why were they giving these instructions to Soviet personnel? Did the Khrushchev letter really indicate a solution could be found?

It was therefore with some sense of foreboding that I went to the meeting of our Ex-Comm committee. My concern was justified. A new, this time very formal, letter had arrived from Khrushchev to President Kennedy. It was obviously no longer Mr. Khrushchev personally who was writing, but the Foreign Office of the Kremlin. The letter was quite different from the letter received twelve hours before. "We will remove our missiles from Cuba, you will remove yours from Turkey. . . . The Soviet Union will pledge not to invade or interfere with the internal affairs of Turkey; the U.S. to make the same pledge regarding Cuba."

The Joint Chiefs of Staff joined the meeting and recommended their solution. It had the attraction of being a very simple next step—an air strike on Monday, followed shortly afterward by an invasion. They were not at all surprised that nothing had been achieved by limited force, for this is exactly what they had predicted.

* * *

The State Department submitted a draft of a letter for response from President Kennedy to Khrushchev. It answered the arguments made in

"Being a very busy man . . ."

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Khrushchev's latest letter, maintaining that we could not remove the missiles from Turkey and that no trade could be made.

I disagreed with the content and tenor of the letter. I suggested, and was supported by Ted Sorensen and others, that we ignore the latest Khrushchev letter and respond to his earlier letter's proposal, as refined in the offer made to John Scali. There were arguments back and forth. Everyone was tense; some were already near exhaustion; all were weighted down with concern and worry. President Kennedy was by far the calmest. Finally, when we almost seemed unable to communicate with one another, he suggested with a note of some exasperation that—inasmuch as I felt so strongly that the State Department's various efforts to respond were not satisfactory—Ted Sorensen and I should leave the meeting and go into his office and compose an alternative response, so he could then decide between the two. Forty-five minutes later, we took it to him and to the whole group. He worked on it, refined it, had it typed, and signed it. It accepted Khrushchev's "offer."

* * *

I had promised my daughters for a long time that I would take them to the horse show, and early Sunday morning I went to the Washington Armory to watch the horses jump. In any case, there was nothing I could do but wait. Around 10 o'clock, I received a call at the horse show. It was Secretary Rusk. He said he had just received word from the Russians that they had agreed to withdraw the missiles from Cuba.

* * *

I often thought afterward of some of the things we learned from this confrontation. The time that was available to the President and his advisers to work secretly, quietly, privately, developing a course of action and recommendations for the President, was essential. If our deliberations had been publicized, if we had had to make a decision in twenty-four hours, I believe the course that we ultimately would have taken would have been quite different and filled with far greater risks. Such time is not always present, although, perhaps surprisingly, on most occasions of great crisis it is; but when it is, it should be utilized.

I believe our deliberations proved conclusively how important it is that the President have the recommendations and opinions of more than one individual, of more than one department, and of more than one point of view. Opinion, even fact itself, can best be judged by conflict, by debate. There is an important element missing when there is unanimity of viewpoint. Yet that not only can happen; it frequently does when the recommendations are being given to the President of the United States. His office creates such respect and awe that it has almost a cowering effect on men. Frequently, I saw advisers adapt their opinions to what they believed President Kennedy and, later, President Johnson wished to hear.

It is also important that different departments of government be represented. Thirty years ago, the world was a far, far different place. The Secretary of State and his department could handle all international problems. We could and did, in places we felt our national interests were involved (such as Latin America), impose our will by force if we believed it necessary. Thirty years ago, only the State Department was involved in international matters. But that is no longer true. A number of other agencies and departments have primary responsibilities and power in the foreign-relations field, including the Pentagon, the CIA, AID, and, to a lesser degree, the USIA, and other independent or semi-independent departments.

Individual representatives of at least the Pentagon, the CIA, and AID must be heard and listened to by the President of the United States in addition to the State Department. They have information, intelligence, opinions, and judgments which may be invaluable and quite different from those of the State Department. At the missile-crisis conferences, the President made certain there were experts and representatives of different points of view. He wanted to hear presented and challenged all the possible consequences of a particular course of action. The first step might appear sensible, but what would be the reaction of our adversaries, and would we actually stand to gain?

I remember an earlier meeting on Laos, in 1961, when the military unanimously recommended sending in substantial numbers of U.S. troops to stabilize the country. They were to be brought in through two airports with limited capability. Someone questioned what we would do if only a limited number landed and then the Communist Pathet Lao knocked out the airports and proceeded to attack our troops, limited in number and not completely equipped. The representatives of the military said we would then have to destroy Hanoi and possibly use nuclear weapons. President Kennedy did not send in the troops and concentrated on diplomatic steps to protect our interests.

One of the Joint Chiefs of Staff once said to me he believed in a preventive attack against the Soviet Union. On that fateful Sunday morning when the Russians answered they were withdrawing their missiles, it was suggested by one high military adviser that we attack Monday in any case. Another felt that we had in some way been betrayed. President Kennedy was disturbed by this inability to look beyond the limited military field. This experience pointed out for us all the importance of civilian direction and control and the importance of raising probing questions to military recommendations. His conduct of the missile crisis showed how important this kind of skeptical probing and questioning could be.

It also showed how important it was to be respected around the world, how vital it was to have allies and friends. Now, five years later, I discern a feeling of isolationism in Congress and through the country, a feeling that we are too involved with other nations, a resentment of the fact that we do not have greater support in Vietnam, an impression that our AID program is useless and that our

—*Reprinted from* SR, *Oct. 3, 1959.*

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH
"Take him first—he was our public relations man."

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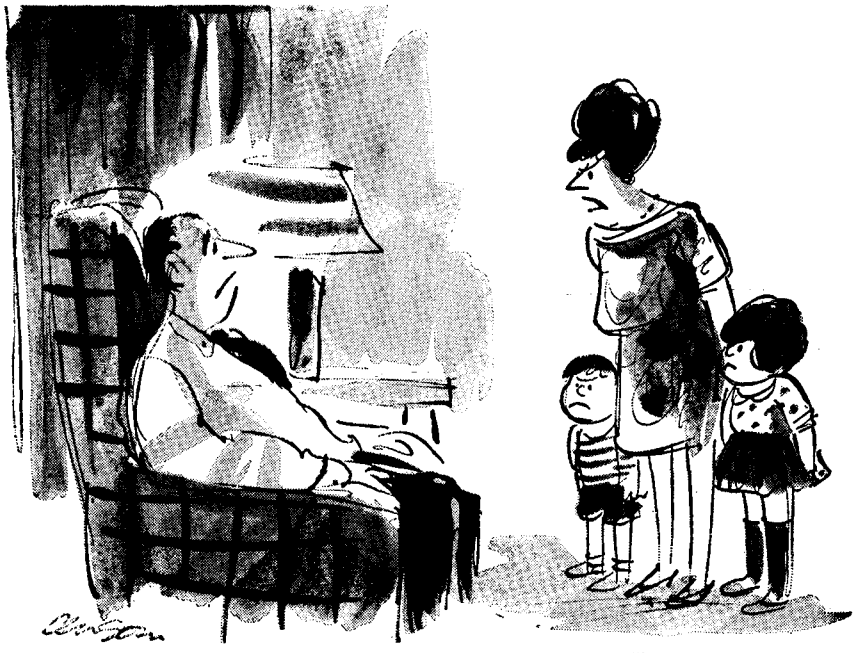

"We dare you to start an argument!"

alliances are dangerous. I think it would be well to think back to those days in October of 1962.

It was the vote of the Organization of American States that gave a legal basis for the quarantine. It had a major psychological and practical effect on the Russians and changed our position from that of an outlaw acting in violation of international law to a country acting in accordance with twenty allies legally protecting their position. Had our relationship of trust and mutual respect not been present, had our NATO allies been skeptical about what we were doing and its implications for them, and had Khrushchev thus been able to split off NATO or even one of our chief allies, our position would have been seriously undermined.

The final lesson of the Cuban missile crisis is the importance of placing ourselves in the other country's shoes. During the crisis, President Kennedy spent more time trying to determine the effect of a particular course of action on Khrushchev or the Russians than on any other phase of what he was doing. What guided all his deliberations was an effort not to disgrace Khrushchev, not to humiliate the Soviet Union, not to have them feel they would have to escalate their response because their national security or national interests so committed them.

President Kennedy understood that the Soviet Union did not want war, and they understood that we wished to avoid armed conflict. During our crisis talks, he kept stressing the fact that we would indeed have war if we placed the Soviet Union in a position she believed would adversely affect her national security, or such public humiliation that she lost the respect of her own people and countries around the globe. The missiles in Cuba, we felt, vitally concerned our national security, but not that of the U.S.S.R.

Even after it was all over, he permitted no crowing that would cause the Soviets to eat crow. He made no statement attempting to take credit for himself or his Administration for what had occurred. He instructed all members of the Ex-Comm and Government that no interview should be given, no statement made, which would claim any kind of victory. He respected Khrushchev for properly determining what was in his own country's interest and what was in the interest of mankind. If it was a triumph, it was a triumph for the next generation and not for any particular government or people.

WIT TWISTER #83

By ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

Poor Lonesome Lenny played his — — — — where
Those two side streets — — — — upon the square.
But city laws have stilled the tuneful hermit,
Since concerts are — — — — without a permit.

(*Answer on page* 97)

Editorial

Continued from page 30

learned from the Cuban missile crisis is the ease with which military men reach for military solutions regardless of consequences or other options. It is clear from Senator Kennedy's article that the very existence of power creates the strongest momentum for its use. It is not unnatural or illogical for military men to think in military terms. But it is absolutely necessary for a U.S. President to think in human and historical terms.

In no age in history has the nature of military force been rimmed with so many limitations and hazards. Dwight D. Eisenhower understood the need for pursuing all existing non-military approaches and for creating them when they did not exist. So did John F. Kennedy. Indeed, John F. Kennedy's leadership in achieving a limited nuclear test-ban treaty may be regarded by historians as the greatest single contribution to world peace of any President since the end of the Second World War.

The taming of power, rather than the accumulation of power or the glorification of power, remains the first imperative of the atomic age. If one were to decide the election on this one issue alone, he would be encompassing most of the other issues of our time. —N.C.

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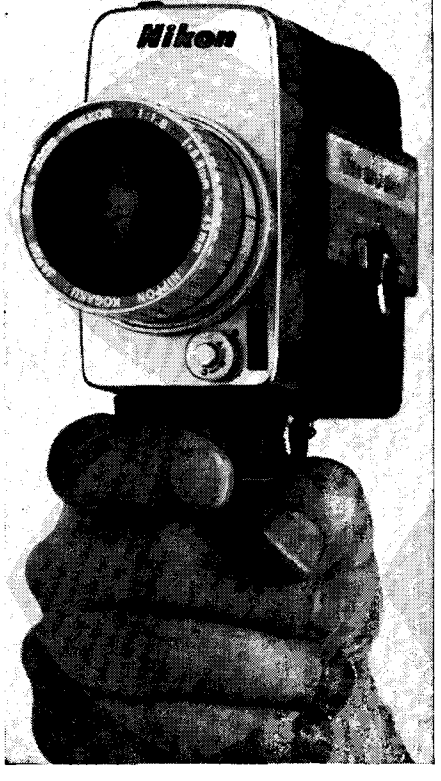

Trade Winds

Continued from page 18

Suffolk Downs race track outside Boston: But the stables were empty, no nags ran around the track, and no crowds milled about the stands. Instead, the thousands of Bay Staters were attending the first New England Book Festival, sponsored by the Boston *Globe*. A local promotion of this kind, designed to arouse interest in books, is almost unique. Only two other cities, Denver and Cleveland, have seen fit to have annual book fairs.

The New England Festival was ambitious. There were many publishers' booths; movies for adults and for children; storytelling; panel shows almost every hour on the hour, with such notables as Vance Packard and Ogden Nash taking part; door prizes; and a romper room where younger children were kept busy while parents browsed. The $50 window looked down in silent awe at the scene at Suffolk Downs. The odds are against this becoming a nation of book readers, but it's worth a long shot now and again.

Which leads me to the matter of the marvelous safe with a combination lock that you can buy for only $1.98. In this little burglar-proof bank, you can, declares the advertisement, keep your "currency, jewelry, bonds, and private papers. . . . What a clever way to conceal your treasured valuables from prying eyes and light fingers!" Now, the clever part of it is that the safe is in the shape of a book. How right they are, for who in the world would touch *that*? And just to make sure some nut doesn't come along looking for something to read, the safe makers have given their book an inspired title, *Home Economics* by Mary Jones. If you can think of a duller one, I'd sure like to know.

Sharps and Flats: Headline in the California *Altadenan-Pasadenan*: SUMMER SWIM CAN BE MARRED BY DROWNING.

► The signs at Yankee Stadium proclaim: NO BETTING PERMITTED. Alfred Schmalz says that covers no betting, and what about betting?

► At the Kip's Bay Liquor Store in New York, the house brand is Kip's Bay Rum. At the Hotel Wines and Liquor Store on Seventh Avenue, they sell Ivan the Terrible Vodka.

► If you're traveling in Scandinavia and you come to the last Lapp, you must be near the Finnish line.

"Was it 'One if by land, and two if by sea' —or the other way around? Do you remember?"

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SR Goes to the Movies

Hollis Alpert

Blurring the Line

WITH A MOVIE titled *The Boston Strangler* we would, ordinarily, be led to expect the worst: high-pitched screams in the night, black-gloved hands throttling tender female throats, and, maybe, at the end a chase through the concession stands of Fenway Park. But, no, this film turns out to be a relatively pleasant surprise—not that the material is in any way pleasant—and mainly because of its clever, effective direction. Richard Fleischer, with Edward Anhalt as his screenwriter, has taken a documentary approach, basing it on Gerold Frank's study of the year and a half of events that included thirteen stranglings and the bizarre aftermath, the confession by Albert DeSalvo. This, however, is not documentary of the *cinéma verité* kind; it is an enactment. Its main problem is that it blurs the line between reality and fiction; it is fascinating to watch, but what exactly is it?

Well, it's a thriller really, with the added fillip of our knowing it did happen, and probably very close to the way it's described here. Taken as thriller, there are no very large complaints; taken as a serious study of maniacal crime, with its psychiatric and sociological background (which we, of course, have no right to expect from a studio in the business of making films for profit), the film is shallow and questionable, to say the least. As film-making, however, there's certainly something to be said for it.

One thing that can be said is that it makes effective use, at times, of split- and multiple-screen techniques that are currently fascinating some of our more adventurous American directors. Purely as a suspenseful device, to have one dim portion of the screen show something only hazily seen, but still goose-pimply, while on the other portion there are people who will soon open that door and find the unspeakable, suggests intriguing possibilities for Hitchcockian films of the future. There are logic and economy, too, in fragmenting the screen to show several interconnected events happening simultaneously. Mr. Fleischer handles his actors well, too—particularly Tony Curtis as DeSalvo. The gorier incidents are suggested more often than shown directly, but those who respond to suggestion—and the hints are unmistakably there—will be aware of an undercurrent of sexual aberration that puts a sickish cast over the whole film.

No sexual undercurrents, however, in *Star!*, made by the same studio, Twentieth Century-Fox. This film purports to be a biography (lavishly musical) of the late Gertrude Lawrence. It stresses her rude beginnings in London music halls, her theatrical triumphs, her glittery social life, her friends, her glamorous clothes, her waywardness about spending beyond her considerable income, and it somehow ends up telling us almost literally nothing about Gertrude Lawrence. Wondering why this happened, in spite of the care taken by director Robert Wise, who is close to being an encylopedia about film-making and editing, I came to the conclusion that it has to do with Julie Andrews, who purportedly plays Gertrude Lawrence. Miss Andrews, I'm afraid, is just too dominant a personality. And by the end she has swallowed up poor Gertrude and turned her into Julie.

And, since the picture goes on and on, and Miss Andrews is the one performing the numbers, it is only logical that this would happen. Not that much of *Star!* isn't fun. What *Funny Girl* lacks in the way of stylization, *Star!* has much of—in fact, it fairly reeks of nostalgia. There's another curious item to note about what, after all, is a film that has a considerable amount of entertainment to offer: Gertrude Lawrence is given no sex life. She does marry, even bears a child, but one suspects an immaculate conception. And Gertrude is surrounded by adorers, but nary a hint that they achieved more from her than a patronizing peck on the cheek. Gertrude Lawrence as Mary Poppins? *Really*!

Probably the most successful of the new films is *The Firemen's Ball*, made by Miloš Forman, which, being the last shown, picked up the sagging New York Film Festival. Warm, altogether human, it does nothing more than show a Czech fire department holding a ball complete with lottery and beauty contest. But it never fails to be funny, touching, and, if one wants to read something into it, a commentary on pre-invasion Czechoslovakia. Mr. Forman's sense of humor, a large and expansive one, always has to do with people, and somehow, even when he satirizes, he does it with fondness. His actors perfectly match his conceptions; their names may be unpronounceable (Jan Vostrcil, for example), but they are a delight to watch.

BECAUSE OF THE UNUSUAL ENDING
No one will be admitted during the last 12 minutes.

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TV-Radio

Robert Lewis Shayon

Defending the Doctrine

THE TIME has come for the "good guys" in broadcasting, the more responsible broadcasters who hold station licenses, to get together and prepare to defend the constitutionality of the Fairness Doctrine in a package of cases soon to be reviewed by the Supreme Court, probably before the summer of 1969. These broadcasters are already abiding, more or less, by the FCC's public interest guideline, which regulates the airing of diverse and antagonistic views on important controversial issues. By supporting the Fairness Doctrine, in opposition to major elements of the industry, these broadcasters may actually be the saviors of the broadcast industry.

It is entirely possible that many broadcasters haven't the faintest notion of the seriousness of the stakes in this pending Constitutional test. The Supreme Court, in its decision to review a consolidated package of three, perhaps four, separate cases that involve the same issue, has said clearly that it wishes to decide whether or not the First Amendment's guarantee of free speech collides with the principle of the FCC's regulation of program content. This umbrella question embraces a number of subissues: Does the FCC have the right to regulate stations when they air personal attacks on individuals or on groups? Should regulation of program content be extended to cover product advertising, such as cigarettes? Are the Commission's rules too vague and economically burdensome to broadcasters?

The FCC and other interested groups will uphold the Commission's right to regulate program content; they will appeal to the basic principles of the Communications Act and to the thrust of forty years of judicial rulings. The evolved concept is that broadcasters do enjoy First Amendment protection, but that they also are properly subject to regulation because the radio and television frequencies are limited. Not every applicant can have a license; therefore he who receives one must give the public something in return. The FCC exacts a promise of performance in the public interest and examines that performance when the license comes up for renewal. This *quid pro quo* is the foundation of our licensing system.

Elements of the broadcasting industry will argue in the Supreme Court that in the collision between First Amendment rights and regulatory principles, it is the latter that must give way.

To some observers, it is unthinkable that the Supreme Court will, when it reviews the consolidated package of cases, declare the Fairness Doctrine (and therefore the entire regulatory principle) unconstitutional. In that case, the FCC would no longer have any criteria for giving or taking away a license. It would be prohibited from exacting promises or examining past performance. The broadcasters, in effect, would have property rights, in perpetuity, in their licenses—with sovereign rights to control the expression of ideas that have *the greatest public impact*, completely uninhibited, except by criminal statutes governing obscenity and libel. Robert M. Lowe, author of a definitive Senate subcommittee report on the Fairness Doctrine, has said: "Such a give-away of public resources would make Teapot Dome look like a bushleague scandal."

Undoubtedly, a cry would go up in Congress for alternative methods of compensating the public, for a *quid pro quo*. Powerful voices would argue that broadcast licenses ought to be up for public auction and sold to the highest bidder. How much are the licenses of WNBC-TV or WCBS-TV, the major network flagship stations in New York, worth—$100 million each? Such receipts might then be turned over to the support of public broadcasters. Even if commercial broadcasters paid huge sums for licenses in perpetuity, could they satisfactorily maintain a position in which they alone would decide who should and who should not be allowed access to the cameras and microphones? Ultimately, commercial broadcasters would probably inherit stronger regulation anyway: they might even be deemed common carriers, public utilities, and have their rates regulated.

Broadcasters are now aware that they face a growing discontent among viewers, regulators, and politicians. Only the "bad guys" among them (those who now violate the Fairness Doctrine with impunity, or simply ignore controversy altogether) could profit from an absolute erosion of regulation. The "good guys" are living with it and prospering spectacularly. A group of them would be both wise and prophetic to take the heretical posture of supporting the Fairness Doctrine before the Supreme Court.

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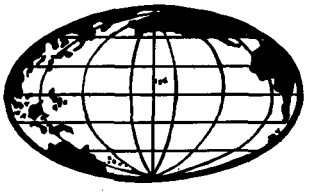

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Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

Talvela and Ghiaurov; Weisgall's "Nine Rivers"

METROPOLITAN OPERAGOERS have something to look forward to in theatrical artistry if they are fortunate enough to draw a subscription performance of Verdi's *Don Carlo* in which Nicolai Ghiaurov as King Philip II is confronted by the substantial size and sound of Martti Talvela as the Grand Inquisitor—preferably with Claudio Abbado conducting. New singers rarely make one forget the circumstances of a Metropolitan debut as quickly as Talvela did, or establish a claim on lasting favor in a single scene.

However, with the flowing red robes enhancing his generous height (six feet, seven inches) and the dark robust sound matching any reasonable conception of how this music should sound, the Finnish basso was in favor after but a phrase or two. How he sounded accorded with expectations, but there had been little forewarning of his mastery of makeup, or his power as a stage artist. He conceives the Inquisitor not merely as a gaunt, gnarled oak of a man, but also one on whose face has been etched the hard self-discipline of decades. It is, of course, inherent in the plotting of the part that the Grand Inquisitor assert his authority over the merely temporal monarch; but when he can make such a Philip II as Ghiaurov's cringe, he has indeed asserted his right to recognition as a theatrical personality.

The masterful scene, one of Verdi's greatest, began impressively with Ghiaurov exercising full persuasion over Philip's monologue, with a ringing command of declamation and a full, flowing *legato*. There are as many ways of performing this scene as there are imaginative singers to perform it, ranging from the subtle to the demonstrative. Ghiaurov's is high up the scale on the demonstrative side, to the point indeed of excess when he strides to the footlights for the concluding passages. It does put him in position to acknowledge applause with a slight bow, but is the applause so precious to him?

To Abbado's credit, he did not surrender the director's prerogatives in the presence of two such formidable performers as Ghiaurov and Talvela. Indeed, it was in this sequence, on the evening of his debut, that he asserted himself most positively as Verdi's buckler and shield. Earlier in the evening, the erstwhile co-winner of a Mitropoulos conducting competition and assistant director of the Philharmonic had presented his credentials in musicianship with a clean, well-sounding supervision of the orchestral episodes. (He also exercised more diffidence than might have been expected in consideration for the vocalists.) At the week's second performance on Saturday night, he was clearly moving away from any tentativeness toward full control. On the basis of this showing, there is every reason to suppose that he can become a first-rank opera conductor.

The casts of the week's two *Don Carlos* were largely identical—Bruno Prevedi, more a tenor as Carlo than he has been previously (which is to say that his baritonal beginnings are steadily receding); Robert Merrill as Posa giving few signs of a run of eighteen years in this part; Gabriella Tucci performing an attractive but rather impersonal Elisabetta. Irene Dalis was a strong Eboli (one of her best parts) at the first performance; Fiorenza Cossotto full of feminine witchery and vocal finesse in her first venture as the unhappy Princess later in the week. Given this kind of personnel, as well as Abbado's propulsive direction, *Don Carlo* is again a feast for the ears as well as a spectacle for the eyes.

For its first new work of the current season, the New York City Opera is presenting Hugo Weisgall's *Nine Rivers from Jordan*, with a text by Denis Johnston. It comes with the credit that Weisgall earned for a resourceful and absorbing treatment of Pirandello's *Six Characters in Search of an Author* when it was launched at the company's old home on West 55th Street nearly a decade ago (1959).

As may be noted from his choice of a prior subject, Weisgall is not a man to be content with a project of limited objectives. In a way, however, *Six Characters*, for all its artificiality, was a more real experience than *Nine Rivers from Jordan*, for all its relation to World War II. The "nine rivers," as I count them, are the Jordan, Nile, Sangro, Tiber, Seine, Meuse, Rhine, Danube, and Inn, all of which are traversed (metaphysically if not physically) in the saga of Corporal Don Hanwell, an English soldier of goodwill; his friend and sometime adjutant, Sgt. Abe Goldberg; and Otto Suder, the personification of Nazism. Hanwell turns Suder loose at the Nile, only to encounter him, in full flower of his nastiness, when he reaches the charnel house of Belsen (under another name) miles and years later. This is equivalent to saying that the Englishman, too, shares the guilt: a point he is not permitted to forget by the one recurrent female figure—now Lot's Wife, later Pietà, then a Woman D.P.

All this is told in an episodic sequence totaling eight scenes in three acts. This, conceivably, could have provided a swift, almost cinematographic succession of incidents leading to the foregone conclusion—the Nazi's death—with wry musical comment and flashes of insight. However, Weisgall's way is neither swift nor successive. It begins with the scene of the end and works back to the conclusion, hampered more than a little by an over-elaborate, wordy text (half a dozen languages come and go in fidelity to the international character of the war).

The mixture of symbolism and soldier talk in the libretto does not have a true parallel in Weisgall's setting. Much of the time it is stylized (*Wozzeck* is not forgotten); there are citations, mostly vulgarized, of such topical tunes as "Tipperary," "Lili Marlene," and the Afrika Korps song, complicated by more than a good deal of busy orchestration. There was, most regrettably, rarely a fusion of values to define an underlying attitude or relate the auditor's emotions to what he was watching and hearing.

As a theatrical spectacle, *Nine Rivers from Jordan* could, in some circumstances, amount to a stirring kind of pageantry. At the State Theater, in the economy-minded production directed by Vlado Habunek, with scenery and lighting designed by Will Steven Armstrong, it is being played within three tall canvas walls on which projections suggestive of geographical locales are displayed. A beat-up, properly desert-stained truck is the principal prop, and it travels the miles better than some of the principals. On the male side, these included Julian Patrick as the English soldier, David Clements as the Nazi, Joshua Hecht (easily the most expert of the lot) as Goldberg; and Eileen Schauler as the Woman. All put forth a kind of professionalism which would have counted for more in circumstances of greater equity, aided no little by the devoted conducting of Gustav Meier, a newcomer to these surroundings.

Among others in the long cast to attract attention were William Brown, who made a more than creditable debut as Lt. Jean l'Aiglon, John Lankston (Major Mark Lyon), John Stewart (Andrew, the Highlander), and William Ledbetter (Father Angelino). There was, however, more virtue in the performers than in what they were performing, at least insofar as this version of *Nine Rivers from Jordan* was evidence.

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World of Dance

Walter Terry

—*Photos by Martha Swope.*

Eliot Feld, American choreographer, rehearses his new *Meadow Lark* with the dancers of the Royal Winnipeg Ballet—"Unquestionably, a work of art."

For Feld, Hit No. 3

WINNIPEG, CANADA.

"He has created a work of art; a subtle, beautiful work of art," said the brilliant Canadian ballet director of the brilliant, young American choreographer who has racked up a record of three ballet triumphs (his very first creations) in just over a year's time. The enthusiast was Arnold Spohr, who has built the Royal Winnipeg Ballet into a company of international stature; the object of his praise was Eliot Feld, very probably the most gifted ballet choreographer to emerge in America since Jerome Robbins rocketed to his first triumph a quarter of a century ago; and the occasion was the world premiere of Feld's *Meadow Lark*, on a program composed of four new productions, in Winnipeg's stunning, new, multi-million-dollar Centennial Concert Hall.

By all counts, this three-day ballet gala constituted an occasion. It was an anniversary for the company itself, founded thirty years ago (by Gweneth Lloyd and Betty Farrally) as the Winnipeg Ballet Club and chartered as a royal ballet (the first in the British Commonwealth and Empire) just fifteen years ago by Queen Elizabeth II in the first royal charter of her reign. It was the first time that the Royal Winnipeggers had ever presented four new productions—two of them world premieres—on a single bill. And it heralded the forthcoming tour—the first by a Canadian ballet company – of the Soviet Union. And all this produced by a prairie city of half a million people, a city named after a lake which, in Cree Indian, means "muddy water."

There was nothing muddy or murky about the performances—clean, clear, and sparkling—by the Royal dancers. They moved with equal ease and authority in Feld's courtly, playful, and elegantly effervescent ballet; in the dark, brooding, and lustful measures of John Butler's *Labyrinth*; in the classical purities of Todd Bolender's *Donizettiana* (in its first North American presentation); and in the jazzy, frenetic, angry, restless, explosive patterns of Anna Sokolow's *Opus '65*.

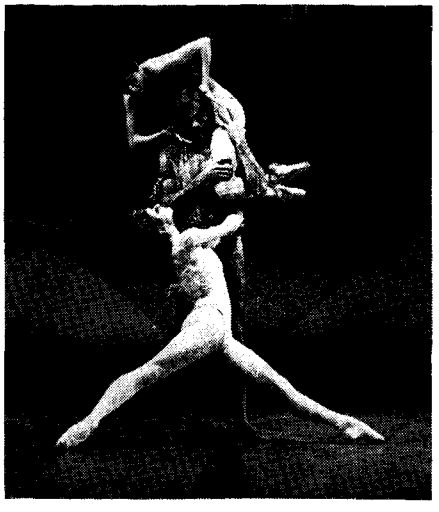
Meadow Lark is totally different from Feld's first ballet, *Harbinger*—which found its movement vocabulary in a fusion of ballet, modern dance (no *pointes* were used), and jazz—and from his second, *At Midnight*, a profoundly touching dance about loneliness and a deep heart's gloom. *Meadow Lark* is all balletic, all sunshine. Indeed, the choreography is dappled not only by a sunny spiritedness, but also by fleeting flecks of humor which keep the viewer in a happy state of smiles (not laughter).

What Feld has done is to look into and comment upon the gambolings of young aristocrats of the late eighteenth century. The Haydn Flute Quartet, to which the ballet is set, has provided the choreographer not only with wonderfully danceable rhythms and airs, but also with style. The musicians are placed downstage right, and although they are not a part of the choreographic pattern, their presence on stage re-creates the festive, yet elegant aura of a presumably cloudless era, in which musicians made lovely music while young and carefree blades and lassies made merry in dancing—but dance in which coquetry, teasings, dalliances, and etiquette, spiced with flirtation, were the ingredients. The traditional stage peasant dances with gusto; the traditional aristocrat with *brio*. Feld has caught this distinction.

Meadow Lark, as I have suggested, is not a guffaw ballet. It's humor is lightly proffered and is, indeed, as evanescent as a ripple of sunlight. It is subtle and, perhaps, will not have the instant impact of a zestful *Harbinger*, or a dark and emotional *At Midnight*; but it is, at least for the connoisseur, a work of art conceived in terms of delicacy and the slyest wit, of brightness softened by shade (not shadow), of a choreographic originality which, by some inexplicable alchemy, expresses both the behavior of eighteenth-century aristocrats of tender years and the viewpoint of a twenty-six-year-old New Yorker.

In this antic and romantic ballet, Eliot Feld received his first assist from the maestro, Haydn, and further collaboration of the first rank from Stanley Simmons (costumes); Robert Prévost (scenery); John Stammers (lighting, dapples, and all); and the dancers, headed by the versatile, personable, and dashing Richard Rutherford; the irresistible Sheila Mackinnon; plus Marilyn Lewis, Donna Frances, Detlef Hoppmann, and every member of the ensemble.

Feld took a dangerous gamble when he quit the American Ballet Theatre, which produced his first two ballets and which elevated him to principal dancer



***Labyrinth* by John Butler—"dark, brooding, and lustful." From top to bottom, Christine Hennessey, David Moroni, Dianne Bell.**

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status, but he was apparently prodded by that "divine discontent" which Martha Graham says is essential to the artist. He would rather dance than choreograph—"I get more out of dancing *Billy the Kid* than I do from choreographing"—but he is actually driven to create dances. He doesn't know why or even where his dances spring from. And it doesn't really matter, for Eliot Feld is something special, something wonderful that has happened to the dance world.

The Royal Winnipeggers also did honor to John Butler in his *Labyrinth*. Christine Hennessey, who is not only the company's prima ballerina but also a dancer of amazing versatility, was sensual, spidery, and predatory in a role as close to modern dance as it was to ballet. And David Moroni and Dianne Bell were also both handsome and dynamic in a ballet which focused upon a world in which violence and sex and desperation and revenge were interwoven in a choreographic fabric—one which had as its chief source of effectiveness a series of erotic, sculptural "lifts." The score was by Harry Somers; Stanley Simmons was again in charge of purposefully spare and suggestive costumes; and the décor was by Rudi Dorn.

Bolender's ballet is of the Balanchine abstract-dance-to-classical-music genre. It is, on the whole, rather bland, but it does have its moments. It opens, as old-time classical ballets should, with a truly grand *entrée*, royal to the hilt, and goes on to some neatly made precision dances.

Miss Hennessey performed with the *éclat* which characterizes her work in balletic showpieces; Rutherford was excellent (especially in *brio* passages); Moroni was competent here (he's more of a character dancer than a *danseur classique*); Miss Mackinnon was a joy to watch; and Alexandra Nadal was brisk and bright. And keep an eye on young Winthrop Corey—those dancing feet of his are going to take him places.

The company was equally at home in the Anna Sokolow-Teo Macero *Opus '65*, which has already been welcomed in several repertory companies. It's one of Miss Sokolow's best excursions into the minds of an angry, restless generation.

Whether or not all of these new productions will go with the Royal Winnipeg Ballet to Paris, Czechoslovakia, Russia, and a S. Hurok-booked tour of the United States from January into March, has not yet been determined. Some long-standing RWB hits will, of course, go along, for they have proved to be admirable showcases for this superb Canadian troupe; but of the new ones, decisions have yet to be made. Well, there is one exception—*Meadow Lark*. It will go wherever the Royal Dancers perform, and for the very simple reason that it happens to be, unquestionably, a work of art.

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The Tigers and The Grateful Dead

FOR THE MOMENT you don't know whether it's a tiger or a wild boar. All you see are the eyes, small circles of fire, caught in your shaft of light at the dark edge of the equatorial jungle.

Van Haasen switches on his own light, strapped to his forehead like a miner's lamp. The second shaft outlines the shape of a long-nosed wild boar, some 400 pounds of wild boar, tusks yellow-white, curving downward. The boar begins to run, laterally for a few yards, then turns toward the lights. While you try to take pictures, Van Haasen sights down his shaft of light, reluctant to fire because a shotgun shell loaded with heavy slugs is difficult to replace, and the jungle of Central Sumatra is full of wild boar. Finally he does fire. The momentum of the boar's death charge from 30 feet away slams the beast's bulk against the side of the pickup. You drag it aboard and continue the midnight hunt.

Gene Van Haasen, whose father was part Dutch, is a wiry Indonesian of indeterminate age. He looks thirty-five, could be ten years older. He has several identities, but it is the role of hunter that sets him apart. Since the military countercoup of 1966, he has been the only local citizen outside the police department and the army who can legally possess a gun, even an old 12-gauge shotgun. When the police of Duri hear that a tiger has stalked a nearby Sakai village, or killed a native hunting with a spear, they remain resolutely inside the jailhouse and send word to Van Haasen that his services are urgently needed.

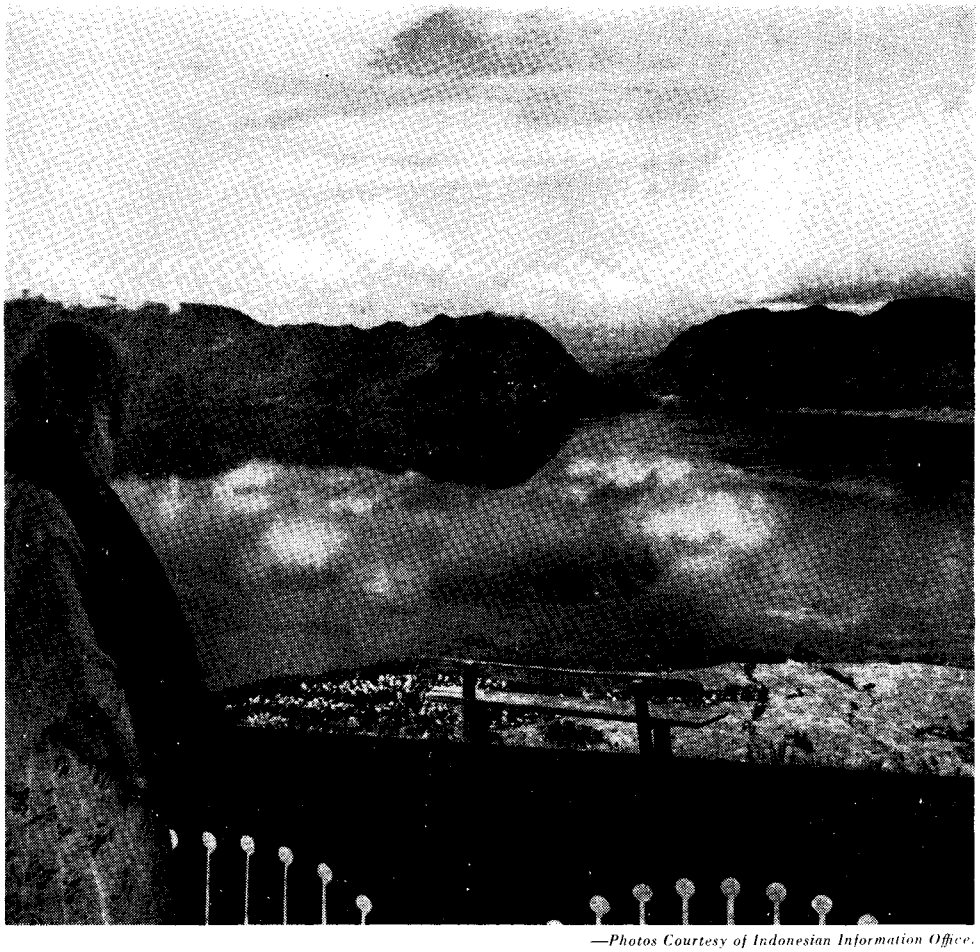
Among his other identities, Van Haasen is the man in charge of Caltex Pacific Indonesia's electrical generators in Duri, on the pipeline between Pekanbaru and Dumai. He has been educated and trained in Australia, Europe, the Middle East, the United States. Power from his generators turns on the electric guitars of his three oldest daughters, who rock the jungle with the music of The Beatles, The Rolling Stones, and The Grateful Dead. But all of these credentials become insignificant to his role as hunter, when you sit beside him in the night on top of the cab of a pickup truck that growls slowly along a dirt road under the overhanging shadows of trees and giant ferns laced together with lianas.

To hunt tiger, elephant, or long-nosed wild boar with Gene Van Haasen is to hunt without the comforts of a safari in Kenya. It is also to hunt for something more than a jungle beast, whether you carry a gun or a camera. The folklore and *adat* of Central Sumatra begin with stories of the buffalo, the monkey, the tiger, and Pelanduk, the mouse deer only a foot high, forever in trouble and always extricating himself by outwitting his opponents. The tiger is the heavy and the hero of folk literature, an amorphous composite of beast, myth, and man. It's a spirit, a supernatural being, an essence of courage, strength, virility. The dualism of the tiger is rooted deep in the ancient religions of Sumatra—in the beneficient spirits of sunlight and flowers, in the demons of volcanoes, and the perpetual darkness of the rain forest.

When you sit in the Van Haasens' air-conditioned living room in the company town of Duri, while outside great steaming waves of rain wash with the thunder of surf against the banana palms, it is the hum of the air-conditioning that becomes unreal, not the mystic presence in Van Haasen's stories about the tiger. You are ready to believe that a native without a cleft in his upper lip is indeed a tiger masquerading as a man. You accept that Van Haasen's black hair did crawl at the nape of his neck when he saw a man walking the warm pipeline at night, dressed in a white robe and holding his right hand clenched tightly against his belly. It seems quite logical that a tiger can change everything except its tail into a man, and that the tail must be held out of the way under the white robe.

Van Haasen's cute sixteen-year-old daughter comes into the room, wearing the boots, tight red slacks, and matching jacket that complement the music of the Stones. She is carrying a half-grown leopard cat. Anyone else in the family who touched it would lose a hand. Van Haasen himself won't go near the cat. As you watch and listen, you are closest to coming to terms with this least-visited area of Central Sumatra, the jungle and savanna between the mountains of the western coast and the marshes along the Strait of Malacca.

Travelers not involved in oil or lumber



—Photos Courtesy of Indonesian Information Office.

Lake Toba from the hotel at Perapat—". . . twice as large as Lake Geneva . . . separated from Medan by rubber and tea plantations, cornfields in the midst of vast bamboo groves."

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Menangkabau marketplace—". . . large corporate kin groups . . . compete as merchants in an economic sphere dominated by Chinese. . . ."

do not often come this way. Most maps of Sumatra, and it's difficult to find a good map of Sumatra, do not show Pekanbaru, Dumai, or Duri. Your own atlas may not, but it will help to orient you to an island that is the world's fifth largest, longer than the state of California, facing westward to the Indian Ocean, eastward to Malaysia and Singapore.

North Sumatra is best known to the traveler. Conrad and Maugham were here. Historically and prehistorically, it has been in the pathway of migrations from the mainland of Asia, beginning from at least 3,000 B.C. Hinduism and Buddhism came five centuries after Christ, Islam a thousand years later. Medan, a beautifully laid out city of more than a half million, seems a long way from the jungle. Lake Toba is three hours drive to the east, heart of the Batak country which resisted Islam. The lake is twice as large as Lake Geneva, a magnificent jewel in a setting of lush mountains, separated from Medan by a rolling countryside of tobacco, rubber, and tea plantations, cornfields in the midst of vast bamboo groves.

Following your atlas down the west coast of Sumatra, you'll locate the port city of Padang, capital of Central Sumatra, separated by the high coastal mountain range from the jungle to the east. Bukit Tinggi may show on your map 50 miles to the north. This is Menangkabau country, with green rice fields, mountain lakes and valleys, and some of the most picturesque architecture in Asia. Menangkabau means "Victory of the Buffalo," referring to a legend in which a war was settled by having two buffaloes fight. The local citizenry fastened a set of iron horns on a baby buffalo, which promptly finished off its powerful female adversary when it ran up to suckle. The symbolism is appropriate to the matriarchal, yet strongly Moslem culture of the Menangkabau, whose large corporate kin groups have been able to compete as merchants in an economic sphere dominated by Chinese throughout most of Indonesia. The culture has produced mountain rebels and guerrilla warfare, such national figures as Sjahrir and Mohammed Hatta, and the first writers to explore modern themes.

Pekanbaru is east and north of Bukit Tinggi, near the headwaters of the Siak River, from ten to twenty hours away by car or bus, depending on the current condition of the car, the bus and, above all, the mountain roads. Duri is two hours north of Pekanbaru by an excellent blacktop oil-company road. The road continues northward for another 40 miles to Dumai, tanker port on the Strait of Malacca. Four hundred miles to the south and east of Pekanbaru is Palembang, from which the Indianized kingdom of Sri Vijaya dominated most of the island in the ninth century.

Garuda Indonesian Airways schedules two and three flights a week from Jakarta to Pekanbaru, some 600 miles over water and jungle, usually by DC-3 or Convair. Garuda's international equipment is first-rate. Much of the domestic equipment is old. Schedules require patience. But the pilots are superb. One week after our flight was scheduled to leave for Pekanbaru, my wife and I were still waiting in Jakarta. Then came word we would leave at 7 o'clock the next morning. We almost did.

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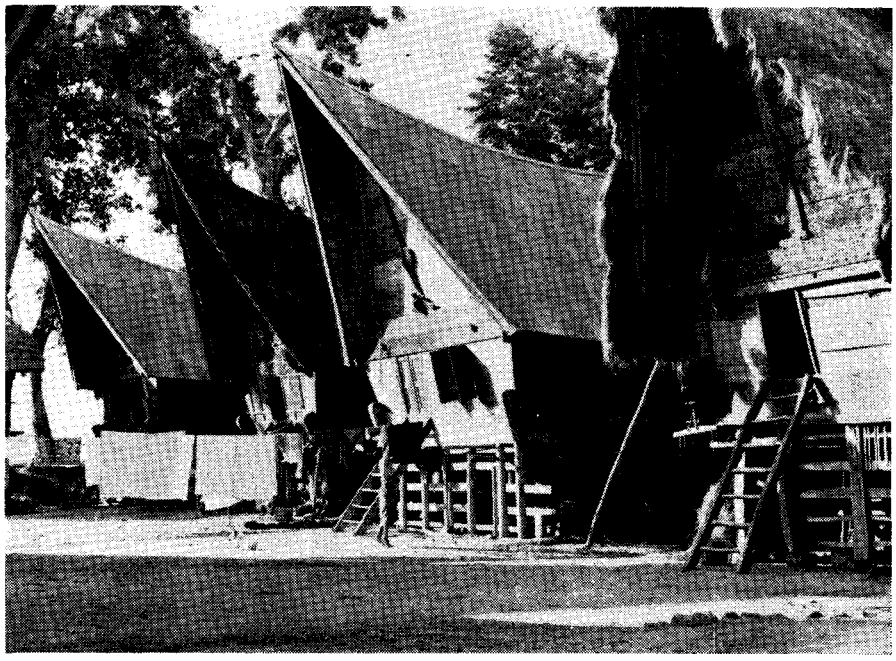

Batak village in Sumatra—"Crickets and beetles sound the overture, joined by the burbling sound of the merbah. . . ."

third attempt. The pretty Indonesian girl at the airport counter informed us with a smile that the flight had been canceled. The pilot shook hands with us. He assured us that when a Garuda pilot eventually made a decision to take that particular plane into the air, it would get where it was supposed to go. We got to Pekanbaru three days later on a Caltex Oil Company plane, aided by a letter from Brigadier General Kusmardjo Subroto, director of Lemboga Pariwisata Nacional, the new Indonesian National Tourist Organization.

It's worth the effort to start your explorations of Central Sumatra at Pekanbaru. The area is not yet ready for modern tourism, but if you come with friendship, with an understanding for the problems of a nation emerging from economic and political chaos, you'll be received with a warmth that more than replaces tourist amenities.

Pekanbaru is 120 jungle-miles inland from the Strait of Malacca, yet it has the feel of a port town as well as a jungle town. The serpentine Siak River is its umbilical cord to the sea. During Indonesia's confrontation with Malaysia, the river and the short run across the Strait to Malaysia and Singapore were used only by smugglers. Small shops are still supplied by labeled and unlabeled goods from Red China, though now legal commerce and lumber exports are starting to boom the economy. Caltex has a new boat to commute its Indonesian and U.S. expatriate employees between Pekanbaru and Singapore. Soon there will be regular passenger traffic up and down the Siak and across the Strait.

Already the narrow streets are crowded with Japanese entrepreneurs, American housewives, businessmen from Java, coastal Malays, Menangkabau, Bataks, Atjehnese, Redjang-Lompongs, Sakai, and others of the primitive Kubu peoples venturing out of the surrounding jungles. There is dreaming and planning for a new road running the length of Sumatra, opening the richness of an island that has always been rimmed by history, but never entirely penetrated.

The new Indonesian is at work on this frontier. He is the real hope of lifting the country above the first turbulent decades of independence and the residual blight left by 300 years of colonial exploitation. Madjedi Hasan did his graduate work in petroleum engineering at the University of Oklahoma, taught at the University of Bandung, is now a staff engineer for Caltex. Sixty per cent of the oil revenues stay in the country. Tony Muhtarno was a student of Madjedi's, who himself is thirty-three. Tony re-

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cently cut out on his own to form an extremely flexible entity listed as Warsa Trading Company, Djalan Setiabudi 58, Pekanbaru. Knowing his way around, he selected as his silent partner the former assistant governor of the area. Before his budding concern had its first customer, Tony optimistically listed these "divisions": Export-Import, General Merchandising, Rubber Plantations, Industrial Development, General Contracting. It hasn't taken long for Warsa Trading Company to land contracts in lumbering and road maintenance, and to tie up concessions for future joint ventures.

Between Pekanbaru, Duri, and Dumai, you'll find some of the densest, most fascinating jungles on earth. Here you get a sense of B. Traven's description of a jungle "with its indefinable mystique, its fantastic secret animal life, its dream-shaped, dream-colored plants." Try taking a portable tape recorder into the jungle during the long twilight. As soon as the jungle adjusts to your intrusion, you can use the pickup microphone to construct your own symphony.

Crickets and beetles sound the overture, joined by the burbling song of the merbah, a small bird with tail coverts of lemon-yellow. A troop of scruffy black monkeys crashes through the branches, then a family of professorial gibbons, a ruff of light fur framing their intelligent faces. A chestnut-colored squirrel with a tail almost two feet long hangs over your head, nibbling noisily at a cluster of berries. Not far away there is a heavier crashing, perhaps an elephant, but the growth is too thick to see more than a few feet. A woodpecker goes to work on a hardwood tree. The hornbilled enggang screams.

Sometimes you'll be stopped on the road while a battalion of wild boar crosses in close-order formation. At the Duri golf course, hacked out of the jungle by Caltex, you're entitled to a free drop if a drive stops where a wild boar has rooted. Over the noises of the jungle come glad cries of *"Bagus!,"* which your caddy shouts when you manage a good shot, particularly if he has bet a few rupiahs with your opponent's caddy.

You may also be stopped on the road by a cobra, lifting its head as if posing for a picture. Use your telephoto lens. Don't use any lens when you meet a Sakai hunter, his arm cocked, carrying a spear on his shoulder. He is one of the few Indonesians who does not want to be photographed. He believes each picture draws life from his body.

With only his spear, the Sakai is an incredibly brave hunter. He never throws the spear, but waits motionless for the last leap of a charging tiger. At the final instant, he plants the butt of the spear in the ground and braces the shaft at

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Moslem Menangkabau wedding—"Symbolism . . . appropriate to the matriarchal culture. . . ."

such an angle that the beast, he hopes, will impale itself.

Oil-company roads and pipelines draw the Sakai out of the jungle so that the Government can bring schools and children together. The Sakai build small clusters of houses on stilts along the road and dry edible roots on the 30-inch pipeline carrying more than 300,000 barrels of hot oil daily toward tankers at Dumai. They try to farm land leached sterile by torrential rains. Now the Sakai are beginning to work for Japanese logging companies. As mute evidence to the forgetfulness of history, Japan today logs peacefully and cooperatively near the Duri War Memorial Cemetery, where thousands of graves are filled with the bodies of Indonesians who died in forced-labor camps during World War II, driven to build a Japanese pipeline to the sea. There are no graves to mark those who simply disappeared during the bloodletting of two years ago. Sparsely populated Sumatra contributed more than its share to at least 300,000 lives lost in the military and Moslem response to the attempted Communist coup.

On the afternoon we were to leave Central Sumatra, tiger tracks were found in the Duri cemetery. Van Haasen prepared to follow the tiger afoot that night. He explained that after dark the tiger, and perhaps a mate, would move clockwise in narrowing concentric circles, herding game toward the center. Van Haasen would follow the same circles counterclockwise, always trying to keep his back to a tree. "It's good to be out there alone," he said. "You feel smaller. Your problems shrink to a size where you can see them for what they are."

—FRANK RILEY.

Frank Riley is a free-lance writer who frequently contributes to *SR*.

Sumatra in Profile

THE FLOURISHING Arab spice trade of the thirteenth century had a more lasting legacy than mere economic gain for the Sumatrans.

Oil has replaced spices as the most valuable resource, but more than 90 per cent of all Sumatrans remain practicing Moslems. Their devout religious fervor was responsible, two years ago, for the violent anti-Chinese agitation in Atjeh, the northernmost and most zealously Moslem province, following Peking's attempted coup in which a number of Indonesia's highest-ranking generals were killed (*see* "Indonesia's Night of Terror," *SR*, Feb. 4, 1967).

The island's eastern regions are largely swamp land, and much of the interior, despite the oil installations and a recent cross-island highway, remains impenetrable rainforest. Elsewhere, the great active volcanoes of the Bukit Barisan range, which traverses the length of Sumatra, has enriched the soil. Rubber, tobacco, palm oil, tea, and, of course, spices, together with oil and coal form the foundation of the economy.

Sumatrans are ethnic Malayans, but the population of nearly 20,000,000 includes the descendants of several royal lines. The Menangkabau, for example, were the founders of a kingdom that once reached the highest point of Malayan civilization.

—A. K.

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Theater

Continued from page 32

quality—the honest representation of the reality of its situation—rather than trying to underline some supposed significance.

In the first act, we watch the painful breakup of a marriage between a young, white architect's apprentice and his Negro wife, who is a child psychologist, or as she puts it, "a sort of anti-mother." The action starts on the other side of decorous. One senses immediately that anything that is said is a futile extension of old irreconcilable arguments.

To provoke them into a final and more violent quarrel than these two gentle people could generate by themselves, the playwright brings in the husband's sister, a *poisonously vapid character* ("whole centuries, whole countries just don't exist for that girl"). In this quarrel, we learn that the husband is debasing himself by working on a housing scheme that will make his firm a lot of money, but which will commit thousands of poor people to living in cramped, airless cells. And we see that the wife has changed from a nutty, carefree, romantic kid to an embittered woman who feels that she must join in the racial struggle.

The second act is a remarkably simple scene taking place at 5 o'clock in the morning. He arrives at her apartment slightly drunk, and very lonely. In such circumstances, it would have been easy for the playwright to have allowed the couple to talk their way back to a reconciliation. But the play's integrity lies in the fact that here, as in life, this does not happen. Instead, she tells him that she has picked up a Spanish boy friend in a bar, who is inside sleeping. And he rambles on comically about his room at the YMCA, where "the paint looks like pigeon droppings" and the furniture is "scaled down to wonderland size." The drama of this conversation consists of two people recognizing without ever saying it directly that they love each other, but that they must go separate ways.

As played by Robert Darnell and Micki Grant, the scene has a total honesty that makes it indelible. What moves us in Darnell's performance is his struggle to joke away his awareness of deterioration. And in Miss Grant's, it is her summoning up of inner resources to face the situation without rancor.

It is a small play that belongs in a small theater with a limited run. And yet it makes a greater contribution to one's theatergoing experience than many larger and longer-running works. One hopes that the forthcoming expansion will not interfere with the Washington Theater Club's continued hospitality to plays such as *The Gingham Dog*.

Holidays are happy days in Germany

Germany has probably the most modern cities in Europe. But many old fashioned things like the well in the picture still persist. The Germans cling to the relics and reminders of the past—their visitors are charmed by them. The old and the new stand side by side... contrasting, yet blending. But more important is the spirit of the cities and of the towns, villages, hamlets and resorts. This spirit, too, is a wonderful combination of old traditions and strong, vital contemporary ideas and thinking. It's in the air, as are music and song and the gay laughter of your friendly hosts, the Germans.

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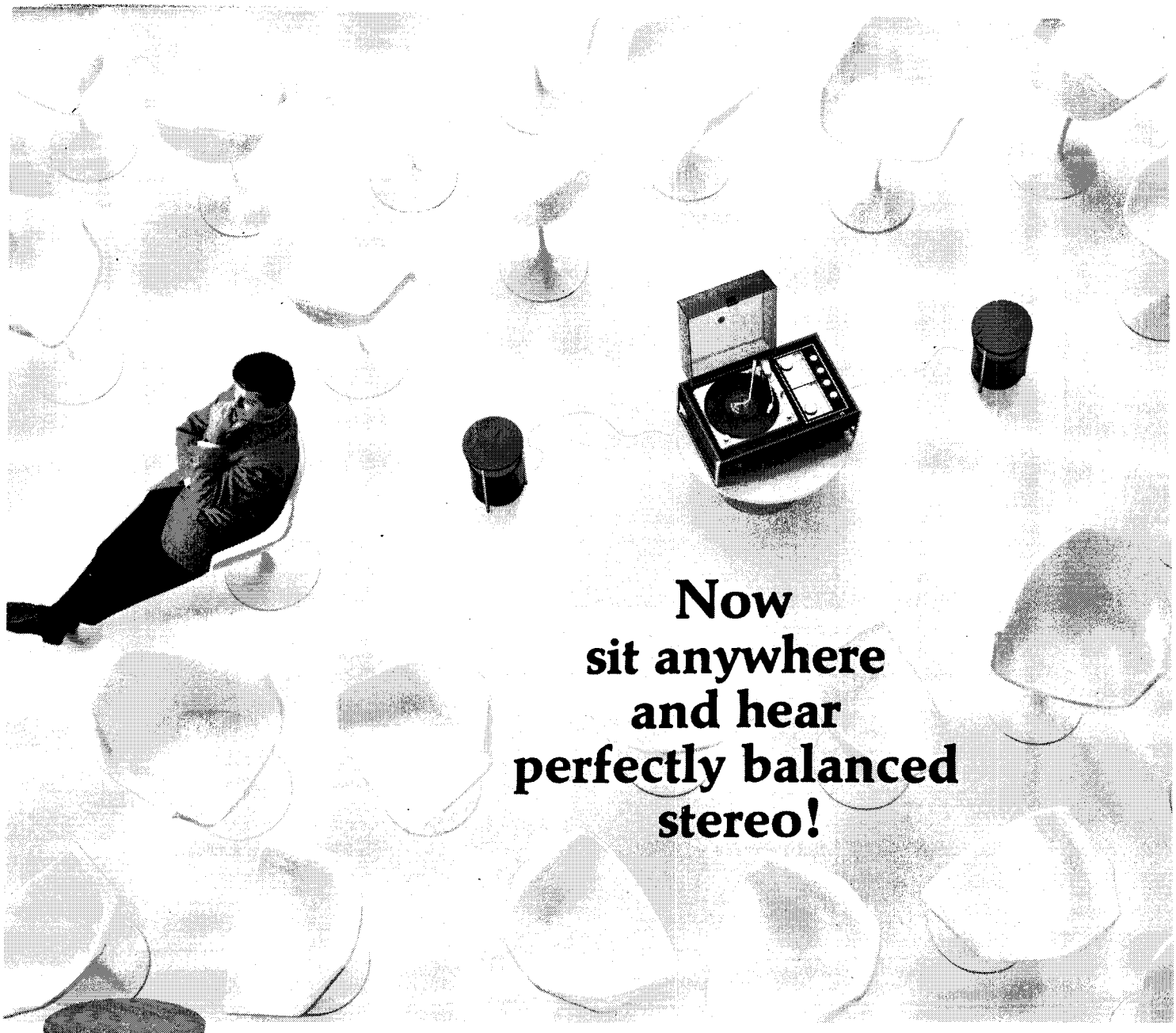

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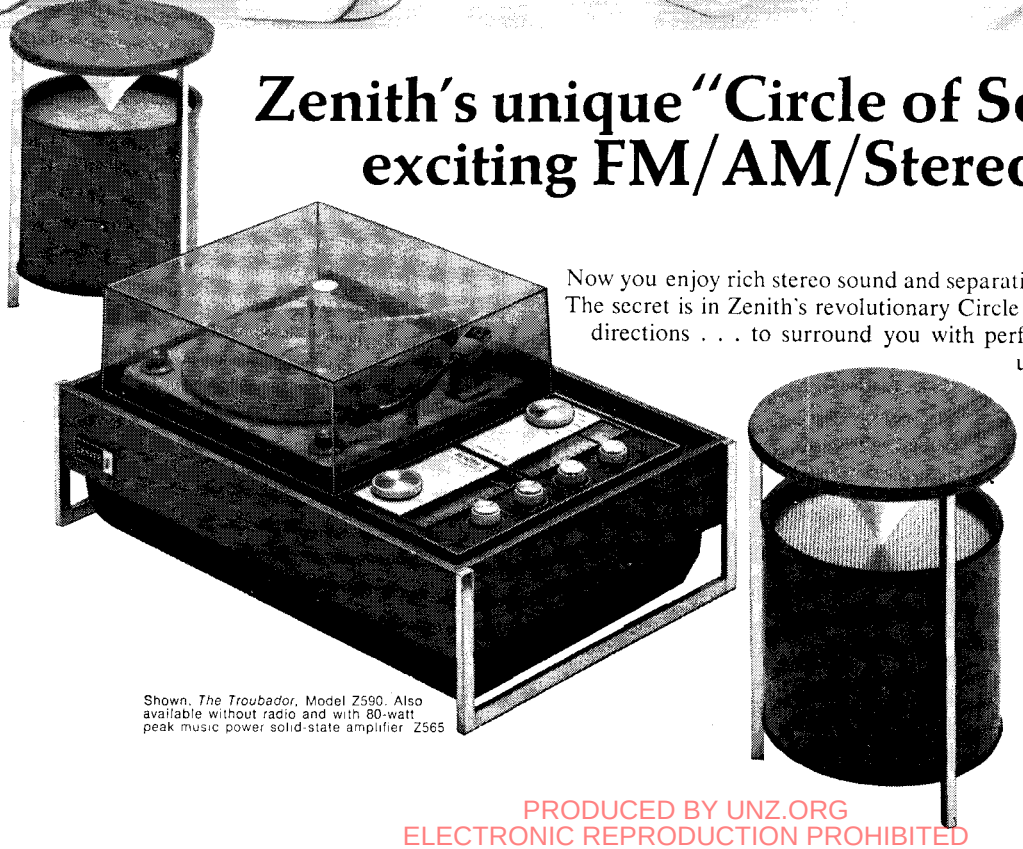

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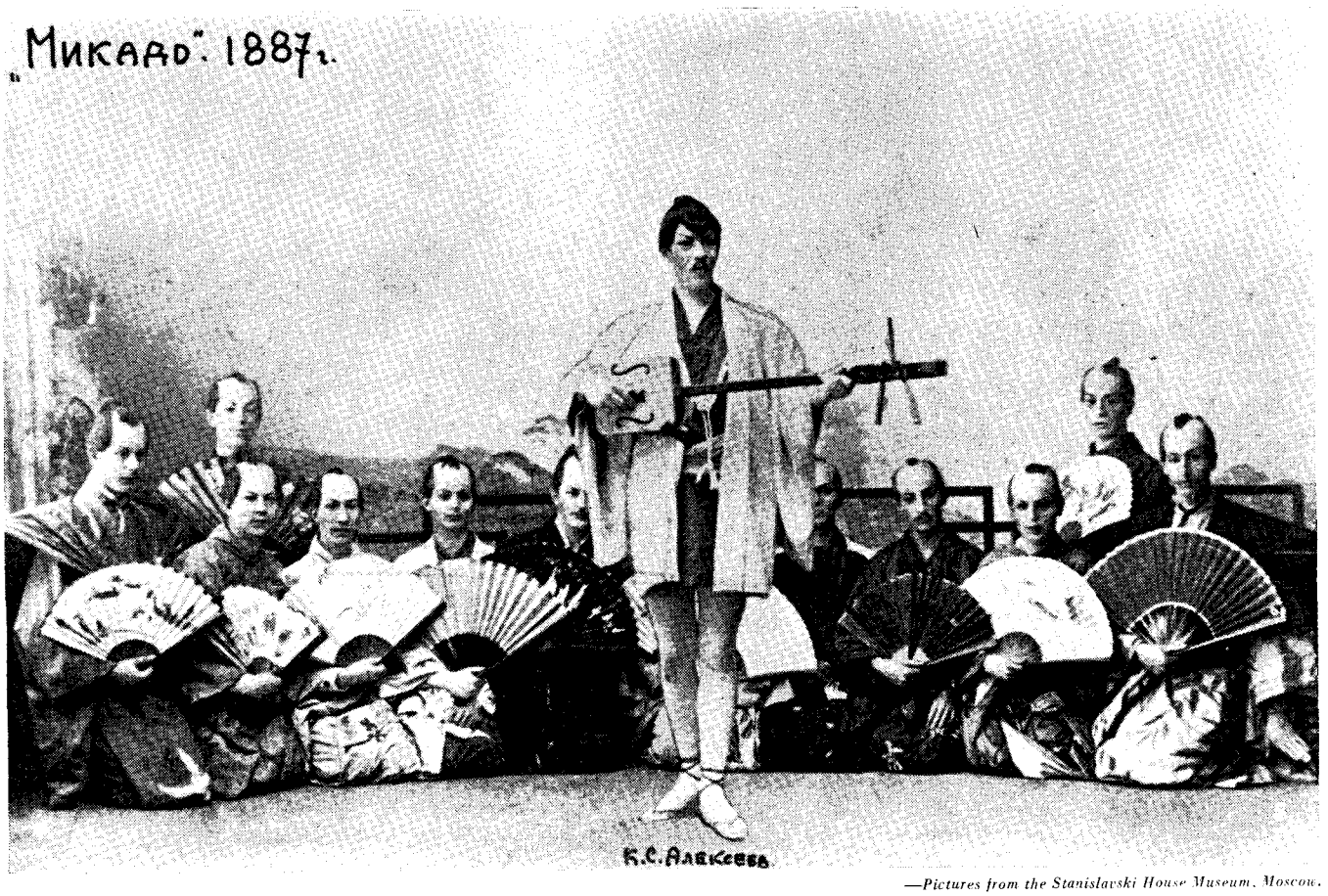

—*Pictures from the Stanislavski House Museum, Moscow.*

A Moscow ensemble for the Russian premiere of *The Mikado* in 1887. The central figure of Nanki-Poo is the celebrated stage director Konstantin Stanislavski.

SR/RECORDINGS

THE ONE WORLD OF GILBERT AND SULLIVAN
By Hedy and George Jellinek **69**

ORIENTAL AND OCCIDENTAL MUSIC AT THE SHIRAZ PERSEPOLIS FESTIVAL
By H. L. de La Grange **73**

RECORDINGS IN REVIEW
By Irving Kolodin **74**

RECORDINGS REPORTS I:
Orchestral LPs **76**

RECORDINGS REPORTS II:
Miscellaneous LPs **78**

POP IN PERSPECTIVE: A PROFILE
By Ellen Sander **80**

THE OTHER SIDE
By Thomas Heinitz **84**

MARNI NIXON ON HER OWN
By Oliver Daniel **86**

LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR **96**

THE ONE WORLD OF GILBERT AND SULLIVAN

By HEDY and GEORGE JELLINEK

THERE never was anything quite like the "*Pinafore* craze" of 1879 in the annals of the theater. Within weeks of the first American production of that charming and hummable operetta at New York's Standard Theatre on January 15 of that year, others sprang up all around it, running simultaneously to packed houses. Before the season was over, no fewer than twenty-one productions had passed through the scene, of varying professionalism and in runs of different lengths. They did have one thing in common: all were unauthorized and illegitimate. In the absence of an international copyright law, not a penny from these American stagings went to the operetta's English creators, William Schwenck Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan. Mystified and enraged by such "thorough-paced absurdity," the authors soon arrived in New York to launch their own authentic 'production of *Pinafore* and to take further steps to protect their future works. Thus the tradition of the Savoyards in America.

They are all gone now: Gilbert, Sullivan, and Richard D'Oyly Carte, who had exclusive rights to their productions. So is copyright protection—since 1961, any company anywhere can freely mount these onetime exclusive properties. But the D'Oyly Carte troupe, custodian of the traditional Savoyard style, carries on with undiminished strength. Right now, in fact, nearly ninety years after that madcap 1879 season, the company is in the midst of another American tour, opening in New York on October 29.

THE evergreen popularity of these unique comic operas in all English-speaking lands is too obvious to labor. It is less well known that they have also been presented in Germany, France, The Netherlands, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, and in the Scandinavian countries. Indeed, in 1881 the not-yet-Kaiser Wilhelm, on meeting Arthur Sullivan, greet-

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ed him with the words: "He polished up the handle of the big front door." For that matter, *The Mikado* was given in Germany under the direction of no less a conductor than Artur Nikisch, Konstantin Stanislavski was Nanki-Poo in his own Moscow production, and *The Mikado* had such popularity in Norway that the young Kirsten Flagstad was reputed to know all its parts (including the Mikado)—for home performance only, of course.

All this despite the fact that the Savoy operas, so liberally laden with Gilbert's special brand of satire, are not easily translatable. In many foreign productions, in fact, the topical allusions have had to be changed or eliminated, and much of the dialogue and style adapted to the national conditions at hand. And yet, alongside the now outmoded librettos of most Continental operettas, the arch and rarefied world of Gilbert and Sullivan appears remarkably durable.

Easily and obviously the most internationally performed G & S operetta is *The Mikado*. The world at large knew very little about the far-away land of Japan when *The Mikado* was first presented in 1885, and Gilbert's preposterous vision was, at that time, as good as any. In any case, when the first D'Oyly Carte touring company visited Germany and Holland in that same year, *The Mikado* was an immediate hit (while the topical satire of *Patience* was largely lost on the Continental audience). German language productions of the operettas began to mushroom almost immediately. Here, the authors were fortunate in the assistance of the team of Camillo Walzel (F. Zell) and Richard Genée, librettists of some of the most successful operettas of Johann Strauss, Millöcker, and Suppé. The professionalism of their handiwork may be sampled in this German version of "Here's a how-de-do!":

GILBERT:

Here's a how-de do!
If I marry you,
When your time has come to perish,
Then the maiden whom you cherish
Must be slaughtered too!
Here's a how-de-do!

ZELL-GENEE:

Wirklich sehr fatal!
Ich begreif' die Qual:
Doch es muss dabei bewenden
Dass auch sie sollt' grausam enden
Wär doch ein Skandal!
Ungemein fatal!

The first German-language production of *Der Mikado (oder Ein Tag in Titipu)* in Dresden (1886) was closely followed by the first Austrian staging in Vienna's Karlstheater in 1887. Thereafter, the operetta was seen on the stage of the Theater an der Wien and, more recently, the Volksoper. (The Poo-Bah of Breslau's *Mikado* in 1899 was Otto Goritz, of later Metropolitan Opera fame.) Despite its slow original acceptance, *Patience* followed shortly (transformed, phonetically, into *Péschens*) and then, in due course, *The Yeomen of the Guard (Der Königsgardist,* Berlin, 1889), *The Gondoliers* (Berlin, 1894), *Trial by Jury (Das Brautpaar vor Gericht,* Vienna, 1901). Reviewing *The Yeomen of the Guard,* a leading German critic pronounced it "far superior to all operettas of the present day." This, within a few years after the premiere of *The Gypsy Baron,* with Johann Strauss still alive! Even in their native England, Gilbert and Sullivan never (well, hardly ever) enjoyed critical praise of this kind!

The popularity of Gilbert and Sullivan in Germany continued after World War I. In the free-for-all year of 1927, Berlin saw an audacious *Mikado* that drew thousands of spectators nightly, offering countless modern allusions, a jazzed-up orchestration, a taxicab on stage, and liberal helpings of nudity. A visiting Savoyard was understandably shocked by the proceedings, but grudgingly admitted that "the orchestral playing, like much of the chorus work, was at times unusually good, and some numbers I have never heard made half so impressive in England." It may be added that this free-wheeling German production was the forerunner of New York's *Hot Mikado* of 1939, in which Bill "Bojangles" Robinson scored a rousing hit. *The Mikado* also entered the repertoire of Munich's Puppet Theater in 1930, but then it yielded its popularity to more authentic Japanese elements during the Hitler years. In Vienna, there is record of a Volksoper production as recently as 1963.

The Russian history of Gilbert and Sullivan productions was very brief, yet unusually interesting, for it involved the theatrically epoch-making figure of Konstantin Stanislavski. In 1886, he was still known by his family name of Alexeyev, head of a brilliantly enterprising family workshop called the Alexeyev Circle. Operetta was the principal interest of the group that year, and the Alexeyev brothers, Konstantin and Vladimir, immersed themselves in the study of Viennese and French models, with their usual painstaking dedication. Then their sisters came back from Paris with glowing reports about a new English operetta depicting Japanese life, and soon the entire Alexeyev group was engulfed by a *Mikado* craze. "During all that winter our home resembled a nook of Japan," wrote Stanislavski in *My Life in Art.* ". . . A troupe of Japanese acrobats, who were appearing in the circus, stayed with us day and night . . . they taught us all the Japanese customs, the manner of walking, deportment, bowing, dancing, and the handling of the fan. . . . We mastered all the Japanese poses without exception. . . . Every passage, bar of music, and strong note had its definite gesture, movement, and action with the fan."

THE fact that the Alexeyevs knew little English seemed to be no obstacle. "When you are enthusiastic about something, you try to do the impossible," in the words of Zinaida Sokolova, one of the sisters. With the aid of a dictionary, Vladimir prepared the translation and eventually assumed the title role. Konstantin Korovin—then a young artist, later very famous—designed the scenery and supervised the authentic Japanese costumes which were imported from Paris. Konstantin Alexeyev was, of course, the director, and he also interpreted the part of Nanki-Poo. After seven months of arduous preparation, the Russian *Mikado* opened on April 18, 1887. In Zinaida Sokolova's recollection, "we had many curtain calls and lots of applause. We never expected such a success." Although the May 2 review of the *Moskovsky Listok* must be termed "modified rapture" insofar as the work was concerned, it praised the excellence

A corner of the Stanislavski House Museum showing the original Japanese costumes for *The Mikado* of 1887 purchased in Paris.

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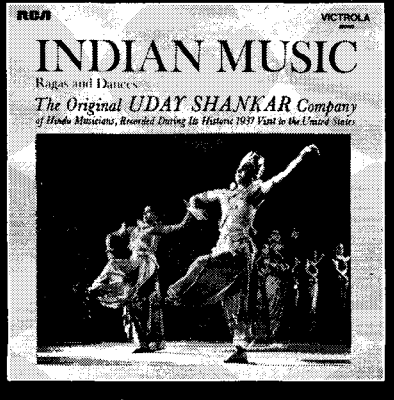

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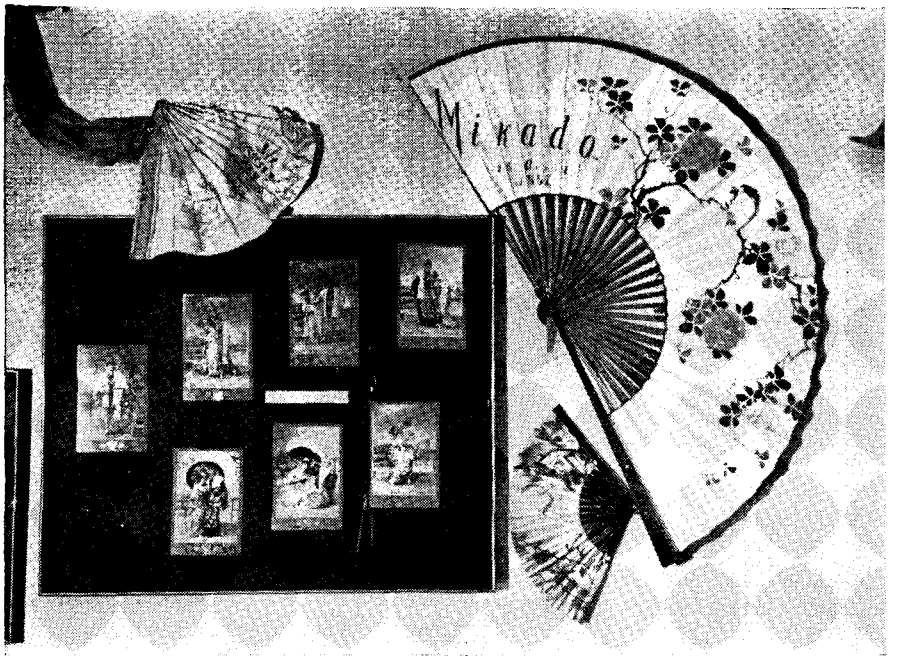

Photos of participants as well as the fan utilized by Pitti-Sing in the 1887 Russian *Mikado*.

of the soloists and the ensemble, and added that "our operetta singers could learn a lot from them."

The Mikado was the last operetta production by the Alexeyev Circle, but Stanislavski apparently did not lose interest in the work, for his memorabilia contain documents and illustrations of foreign productions subsequent to his own. Today, the entire collection is on exhibit in the Moscow Art Theatre Museum on Stanislavski Street: programs, pictures, scrapbooks, and a piano-vocal score arranged by George Lowell Tracy of Boston, U.S.A., published by Chappell & Co., London, with a note signed by Arthur Sullivan authorizing use for private performances only.

A casual European survey may be rounded out by noting a series of seventeen *Mikados* in Hungarian (Budapest, 1924), a radio performance in Czech (Prague, 1933), and a more recent staging in Finnish (Helsinki). Meanwhile, *H.M.S. Pinafore* sailed into the repertoire of the Royal Danish Theatre of Copenhagen in 1955. Performance records from Italy are not easily available, but it is known that *Il Mikado, opera comica in due atti,* translated and adapted by Gustavo Macchi, and published by Ricordi, had its first series of Italian stagings in Rome, Naples, Venice, and five other cities during the 1900-1901 season.

And what about Japan? Although exact dates are not available, it appears certain that *The Mikado* was shown there in the 1890s under the title of *Three Little Maids.* In 1907, during a state visit by Prince Fushimi in London, the work was banned locally, much to the chagrin of the authors and the baffled sophisticates of Edwardian London. (One Member of Parliament submitted the suggestion that *Hamlet* likewise be banned, since it portrays the king of Denmark, a friendly nation, as a murderer.) A Japanese newspaper correspondent was persuaded to attend an out-of-town showing in Sheffield, where, aside from the absurd treatment of the Mikado himself, and certain inaccurate references, he found nothing objectionable in the play, and enjoyed himself hugely. Sanity returned in due course, however. In 1923, The D'Oyly Carte Company toured Japan, a visit which inspired a revised and scenically more authentic production of their *Mikado.* The history of G&S productions in Japan cannot be complete without remembering the staging of the Ernie Pyle Theater in Tokyo on August 9, 1946. American servicemen under the musical direction of Lt. Jorge Bolet provided the principals, but there were Japanese girls in the chorus. When, at last, the all-Japanese *Mikado* was restored in 1948, the Emperor's brother also attended.

English-language performances of the imperishable Savoy operas all over the world have been countless. Beginning with *Pinafore*'s first Australian showing in Sydney (1879), Australian premieres followed the English very closely, with the sole exception of *Ruddigore,* which occurred in 1927, forty years after the original. The *Pirates of Penzance, Patience,* and *Iolanthe* were heard in Rangoon as early as during 1882-1883, and a touring D'Oyly Carte company chalked up more than one hundred performances of five operas in South Africa in 1897.

A survey conducted by *Fortune* magazine in 1937 concluded that the Gilbert and Sullivan operas are "far and away the most profitable properties ever created in the theater in any language at any time." Since *The Mikado* is by far the most successful Savoyard opera, it is easy to accept the assurance of Reginald Allen, America's leading G&S authority, that "there is nothing on the English-speaking stage, or on any stage, more popular than *The Mikado.*" Now that its copyright protection is a thing of the past, there are certainly more profitable properties, but hardly any more durable or beloved ones. Nor should the loss of D'Oyly Carte hegemony be regarded as a threat. On the contrary, the flourishing Savoyard companies in America have increased the appreciation for the repertoire without lessening the enthusiasm which greets the periodic return of its venerable original custodians. Rejuvenated productions will keep these operas eternally fresh, if always in a slightly archaic manner that becomes their faded, nostalgic elegance. Fads will come and go: After the Berlin abomination of 1927, and the *Hot Mikado* of 1939, we may be faced with a *Rock Mikado* any time now, to say nothing of sporadic Madison Avenue assaults on Sullivan's music. Still, the future is bright, leaving the enthusiastic Savoyard with "nothing whatever to grumble at."

THERE is every reason to believe that the operas will survive in the non-English world as well, for their success is built on the sound musical excellence and inborn sparkle of Sullivan's music. The place of this enormously wealthy and successful, yet profoundly unhappy Englishman belongs alongside Donizetti, Offenbach, and Johann Strauss in the musical continuum. Had he been born French or German (or perhaps Itali-an), he would not have been brainwashed by the academic pretensions of Victorian England to the extent of deprecating his own rare talent. Surely his brilliance was no secret to knowledgeable contemporaries. No one expressed the Sullivan dilemma more succinctly than G.B. Shaw when he wrote (apropos the composer's education in Leipzig): "They trained him to make Europe yawn; and he took advantage of their teaching to make London and New York laugh and whistle." Debussy praised his works extravagantly, and considered them entirely unique and more durable than those of Offenbach. And the hard-to-please Hanslick confirmed the Shavian dictum in this manner: "Sullivan has accomplished something which no Englishman has ever accomplished before: to be melodious and amusing for an entire evening!"

But there is a different kind of tribute

(*Continued on page* 94)

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Oriental and Occidental Music at the Shiraz Persepolis Festival

SHIRAZ, IRAN.

BOUNDED by the Caspian Sea and the Persian Gulf, the Iranian plateau has been from time immemorial a connecting link between Asia and Europe, the Orient and the Occident. The Elamite, Achemenide, Sassanide, Greek, and Islamic civilizations left their marks in turn upon the vast, lunar landscapes: great cruciform tombs cut into the face of towering cliffs at Nach-Y-Rostam; Roman emperors surrendering to Persian kings carved on the sides of deep gorges at Bichapur; the vast terraces and palaces of Persepolis; blue cupolas blossoming upon the skylines of Ispahan and Shiraz. Everything about the Iranian countryside is unreal and unbelievable. Bleak mountains rise monstrously from stony deserts; streams meander endlessly, bordered by narrow strips of green; walled gardens, thick with trees, appear like magic in the wilderness. The least sign of life seems miraculous in such hostile surroundings.

But man needs to forget his daily struggle to exist, and Persia has long been the home of great poets, musicians, painters, and architects. Now, thanks to her huge oil resources, Iran is at last emerging swiftly from the dark ages—nearly two centuries of invasions followed by a desperate fight for independence against the oil-hungry great powers. Today, Iran's rulers are attempting to revive a time-honored artistic tradition by creating a festival in Shiraz, an old city 600 miles south of Teheran, the capital of Fars and once the capital of Persia.

The Shiraz Festival cannot be compared to any other, nor can it be judged by the usual standards, for its aims are different. The country is now rapidly moving along the path of progress, and local artists need to be encouraged and brought into contact with the outside world, while, at the same time, observers and critics from the West can be introduced to the glories of Persian art.

Thanks to its privileged geographical position, Iran is an ideal meeting place for diverse musical traditions. Whereas Oriental music often sounds strangely exotic in New York, London, or Paris, no music appears odd or out of place in the magic gardens of the Hafezieh (the tomb of the great Persian poet Hafiz in Shiraz). There, surrounded by candlelit flowers and trees, fanned by the evening breeze (Shiraz lies at an altitude of about 5,000 feet), a vast public composed of Iranians from Teheran and Shiraz, students from Shiraz University, and Western guests attending the first and second festivals were introduced to leading Japanese, Vietnamese, Indian, Pakistani, and, of course, Persian musicians. The Koto of Mrs. Kishibe, the Danko (Vietnamese stringed instrument) of Tran Van Khe, the Shahna (Indian oboe) of Bismilla Kahn, an incredible virtuoso and superb musician, spoke their own particular language, touching the hearts and charming the senses of all their listeners, regardless of origin and race. A set of cleverly placed loudspeakers, which discreetly amplified the sound without distorting it, formed a perfect solution to the problems of open-air acoustics.

RANKING high among the musical cultures of the world, the centuries-old yet timelessly expressive Persian tradition brought a shock of revelation to many Western listeners. Among the brilliant soloists were Shahnaz on the tar (a kind of a lute with a double skin-covered sound box); Kasaï on the ney (the Persian flute); Malek on the santur (a first cousin to the Hungarian cimbalom); Teherani on the zarb (the Persian drum compared to which all Occidental drums sound hopelessly dull and monotonous); Bahari on the kamantche (a small four-stringed ancestor of the cello). They performed sometimes alone and sometimes together as a small ensemble, accompanying voices. The highlights of these concerts were undoubtedly the vocal solos of Hoseyn Ghavani, supreme master of the extremely individual and intricate vocal technique used in Persian music. The Tyrolean yodel seems like child's play compared to the infinite variety of nuances and sound effects emitted by the glottis and vocal cords of Iranian singers. Composers such as Luciano Berio or Iannis Xenakis, who seek new means of vocal expression, would find much to admire and to inspire in these long solo improvisations

It was no doubt difficult for the concerts of Western music to attain the uniformly high level of these Oriental evenings, but their programs and their choice of artists could have been more consistent. Last year Yehudi Menuhin, playing Bach, and Gilbert Amy, conducting contemporary music, did offer two aspects of Western art unified at least by contrast. This year, a recital by Artur Rubinstein, another by Christian Ferras and Pierre Barbizet, and concerts given by the Orchestre de Chambre de Toulouse, the Iranian Chamber Orchestra, and the vocal ensemble of the ORTF made up a shapeless, seemingly improvised program. The Shiraz Festival still needs a "theme," a stronger sense of direction and purpose.

The first concert was canceled this year because of the Khorasson earthquake. The following day Louis Auriacombe and his Toulouse Chamber Orchestra had the honor of opening the festival in Persepolis with a program originally planned for Shiraz. A dangerous ordeal, as it turned out, for the performances (Bach's "Ricercare" from the *Musical Offering*, a Rameau *Concert*, Hindemith's Funeral Music, and a Rossini sonata) were as mediocre as the acoustics of the open-air concert hall were disastrous. Even more disastrous was the same evening's second program given by the Teheran Symphony Orchestra, which fell ridiculously short of the technical requirements for Tchaikovsky's Fourth Symphony, that standard showpiece for virtuoso orchestras. The huge columns of Darius's Apadana and the procession of Persian warriors carved from stone twenty-five centuries ago provide a fabulous setting, but they also impose an exacting standard from performers and works. Yet Menuhin proved last year that a single instrumentalist could make music sound as magnificent and timeless as these silent witnesses to Persia's early greatness.

Fortunately, Louis Auriacombe made up for this bad beginning the following evening, when the festival returned to Shiraz, with a spirited *Maestro di Capella* (soloist: Bernard Demigny) and a warm and sensitive performance of Monteverdi's *Combattimento di Tancredi e Clorinda*. The ineptitude of Luigi Orlandi's choreography (well danced by Colette Marchand) was easily forgotten thanks to Anna Reynolds, who performed the Testo with great feeling and dramatic power.

Two Iranian works had their first performances during this festival: a long composition for piano and a small orchestra by Hannaceh, and a shorter Prelude and Fugues on Iranian modes by Hormoz Farhat. The latter composer studied under Darius Milhaud and Lukas Foss and has taught at UCLA. He proved himself to be a skilled technician, capable of creating and sustaining a poetic atmosphere, but neither composer has, as yet, devised personal musical language. Both used Persian material in an idiom derived from Bartók, Milhaud, and Stravinsky. The young Iranian, Farhad Meshkat, who conducted the National Chamber Orchestra (luckily far

(*Continued on page* 95)

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Recordings in Review

Les Percussions de Strasbourg

OHANA: *Four Etudes Chorégraphiques.* KABELAC: *Eight Inventions. Les Percussions de Strasbourg.* Limelight LS 86051, stereo only, $5.79. STIBILJ: *Epervier de ta faiblesse, domine.* SHINOHARA: *Alterances.* SCHAT: *Signalement. The same.* Philips 836 991 (not yet issued in the U.S.).

EVEN for one who has confronted Les Percussions de Strasbourg live [MUSIC TO MY EARS, Sept. 21] or, perhaps, particularly for one with that experience as background, these discs provide a rousing experience of a quite uncommon character. Mental comparison of Kabeláč's Inventions as heard "live" with the impact of it that emerges from this recording affirms that the primary experience is in the sound rather than in the sight of the performers working to create it.

A particular interest of Kabeláč's Inventions attaches to the composer's chronology. Born in 1908, he is obviously no impulsive neophyte pursuing a faddish attraction, but a seasoned musician who has found a way of conveying what is in him to convey. Despite the fact that they relate to choreography by Manuel Parrès, there is motivation, content, discrimination in the conglomerate sounds with which the impulse is documented. And there are the kinds of variations, nuance, and color in the performance of the six-man ensemble which spell artistry in any form of recreation. The *Etudes Chorégraphiques* of Ohana (a native of Casablanca who has specialized in the "*millénaire de civilisations englobant la Méditerranée et l'Afrique Noire*") is less fanciful, more an exploitation of basic rhythms and accents.

—*Angel.*

Agustin Anievas—"a result that is individual without being eccentric."

The contents of the second record (which is included in order to round out discussion of the subject) tend to the conclusion that Les Percussions de Strasbourg are a better instrument of exposition than some of their present material utilizes fully. Judgment on the effect of Milan Stibilj's *Epervier de ta faiblesse, domine* must remain, to a degree, suspended, for lack of a translation of the text by Henri Michaux (spoken by Claude Petitpierre). Makoto Shinohara's *Alterances* strikes me as more an exercise in sonorities than a formulated artistic expression. As for Peter Schat's *Signalement,* it contains some allusions to remind the listener that Béla Bartók's Music for Percussion, Celesta, and Strings is a phase of the literature with which members of Les Percussions de Strasbourg could—given the proper accessories—be legitimately concerned.

What remains incontestable, in the aftermath of listening to these four sides, is that Jean-Paul Batigne and his associates comprise an ensemble of unique qualifications and refinement of style. Not for them the easy onslaught against the listener's resistance: They are as interested in a fine-spun *pianissimo* as they are in a full-formed *fortissimo.* Their problem would seem to relate to repertory. Perhaps they will have to rely on works by the father figure of the idiom, Edgard Varèse, and a few of his outstanding descendants, such as Pierre Boulez, while a new literature comes into being. Their qualifications being what they are, that should not be too long in coming about.

Anievas at the Derby Distance

CHOPIN: *Etudes (Op. 10 and 25). Agustin Anievas, piano.* Seraphim S-60081, stereo only, $2.49.

SERAPHIM has saddled a likely horse in the talent sweepstakes by giving Agustin Anievas, winner in the first Mitropoulos Competition, free reign in Chopin's classical obstacle course. There is nothing but ease, grace, and flexibility in Anievas's response to the challenge. It is indeed an impressive run he makes, one likely to be repeated many times in the future.

In terminology more suitable to art than to the turf, Anievas has matured, as a proper talent should, in the years since his maiden win in 1961. Never inclined to a vain parading of personality, Anievas shows himself to be a purist but not a prude in striving to produce a result that is individual without being eccentric. He leaves no doubt that the forefront of the listener's attention belongs to Chopin and his series of inimitable ideas, not to the performer whose best can only be to render what is in them. Unlike some chronological contemporaries, his way of performance makes clear that he listens to himself objectively and loves the sound that a piano can make when properly activated.

Thus, in such episodes as the opening C-major, the *Aeolian Harp,* and the concluding trio of the total tour, Anievas is treading in the footsteps of some of the greatest Chopin performers of past decades. Further elaboration would be superfluous, save to say that the reproduction is of a quality to match the playing. To conclude at the point of beginning: Seraphim is doing a real service to this very considerable artist in making his fine work available at a low price.

The Sweet Sound of Caballé

GURIDI: *"Buenos Días" (El Caserío).* VIVES: *"Mi dulce sueño" (La Generala).* SOUTULLO-VERT: *"Amor, mi raza sabe conquistar" (La Leyenda del Beso).* TORROBA: *"Caballero del alto plumero" (Luisa Fernanda).* BRETON: *"¡Dolores mia!" (La Dolores).* CABALLERO: *"Comprende lo grave de mi situación" (El Dúo de la Africana). Montserrat Caballé, soprano,* and *Bernabé Martí, tenor; with orchestra conducted by Eugenio Marco.* RCA Victor LSC 3039, stereo only, $5.79.

THE HEADING above, read in the context of the last printed words in these pages on Caballé ("Caballé con Rossini," *SR,* Aug. 31), may suggest another of those tiresome examples of critics disagreeing, or not being able to reach an intelligible understanding. Nothing could be more remote from the truth. It is, rather, to the same point that was made by Herbert Weinstock in his article on Caballé's recording of Rossini arias, that these remarks are addressed: namely that Caballé can be one kind of singer in one context, and quite another kind of singer in another.

As was noted in connection with her prior collection of *zarzuela* excerpts (RECORDINGS IN REVIEW, June 25, 1966), there is, in her singing of such material of her native land, a note of individuality, a ring of personality that is otherwise almost totally absent in her singing —either live or recorded—of other material. It can be heard (especially in some of her song performances) now and then in her middle register, but rarely at all in her operatic efforts.

All of this need not deter anyone from enjoying these performances, another in-

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stance of the wealth of melodic charm in this literature (if not always on the high level of distinction to be found in the collection of solos). Miss Caballé sails through these excerpts with a languorous ease, a vocal command, and a clinging suppleness of quality which are enormously enjoyable. Clearly, it is an idiom in which she is wholly at home and enjoying herself. As for Martí, he needs no indulgence as Caballé's wedded spouse to justify his participation. This is a clear, free-flowing tenor voice which suits exactly what is required of the male singer in the chosen repertory. If there is any reflection of the man-and-wife status of the singers in the outcome, it might be that a few of the duets appear to be chosen to give the tenor equal prominence with the soprano. This suspicion aside, the record is full of fine sound, tenor as well as soprano, and the pleasure of the unexpected. A derivative of a Spanish tape, it is also well recorded.

Bizet à la Russe

SHCHEDRIN: *Carmen. The Bolshoi Theater Orchestra conducted by Gennady Rozhdestvensky.* Melodiya/Angel SR 40067, stereo only, $5.79.

TAKE OFF or put on? That sums up one listener's (this one's) reaction to the potpourri of materials from Bizet which the Soviet composer Rodion Shchedrin has mixed with his own special brand of spice (no sugar, however) and served up as "The Carmen Ballet." The title, in a way, has a bearing on the purely aural reaction, for, with the visual element absent, one can only speculate as to the reasons for the use of a xylophone in the "Habañera," or a rhythmic punctuation of Escamillo's well known proclamation to make it sound like "The Toreador's Apprentice."

To speak of Shchedrin's irreverence is really irrelevant, for tribute can be rendered in mockery (as Chabrier made clear in his "Quadrille" on themes from *Tristan und Isolde* titled *Souvenirs de Munich).* The failing of Shchedrin's cleverness is that he is repeatedly carried away with it, to the point of retouching the "Farandole" from *L'Arlésienne* (yes, that's included) as though this were not already one of the best-instrumented pieces in the literature, or adding a couple of bassdrum whacks to the "fate" motive to provide added emphasis. What Maya Plisetskaya is doing meanwhile as Carmen (*SR*, July 27) is, of course, invisible. But the impression lingers that the most sympathetic participant in this whole presentation might very well be the bull.

Foss and Feathers

PENDERECKI: *Capriccio. Paul Zukofsky, violin; with the Buffalo Philharmonic conducted by Lukas Foss. De Natura Sonoris.* XENAKIS: *Akrata. Pithoprakta.* Foss: *Baroque Variations.* CAGE: *Concerto for Prepared Piano. Yuji Takahashi, piano; with the Buffalo Philharmonic conducted by Foss.* Nonesuch H-71201/71202, stereo only, $2.50 (each record).

IT WAS the mystifying presence of Penderecki's name among those of Cage, Xenakis, and the current Foss which drew me to these discs. The mystification, of course, was in the odd inclusion of a man identified with a solid regard for musical values as they have been known to exist, among those whose ploy is other. The mystification was soon resolved. Here is Penderecki in a Donaueschingen mood, which is to say, exerting his brain power to astonish his fellow practitioners. End of prior high regard for Penderecki.

For the rest, the collection is made up of such whimsicalities as Cage's Concerto, which permits an odd tinkle here and there of the "prepared" instrument, among the other flights of sonorous fancy; a trip through the sound tunnel operated by Xenakis to see which way the current acoustical wind is blowing; and a breach of the peace by Lukas Foss, in which the likes of Handel, Scarlatti, and Bach are subjected to his bad-boy antics.

To judge from the quality of performance here, the Buffalo Philharmonic may take rank as the first symphony orchestra to gain fame from its playing of non-music. The rips, snorts, groans, and wheezes all come in on time, and the sense of audible dissolution is convincingly conveyed. As for the sound engineer, there is no doubt that he was thoroughly delighted by the opportunities that presented themselves. But, in the immortal words of Igor Stravinsky, "Who needs it?"

Henze of Recent Date

HENZE: *Muses of Sicily. The composer conducting the Dresden Church Choir and members of the State Orchestra of Dresden; with Joseph Rollino and Paul Sheftel, pianos. Moralities. The composer conducting the Dresden Church Choir and Gewandhaus Orchestra.* DGG 139 374, stereo only, $5.79.

THOUGH no single work of Henze has established a place for itself in either the orchestral or operatic repertory, he continues to produce at a pace and with a facility that suggest his is a talent that will be heard from for a long time to come. Perhaps there will come a moment of breakthrough when he achieves a work of the dimensions and the stature that will concentrate all the tendencies with which he has thus far been identified and relate them to an individuality of his own. When it will come remains anybody's guess.

—*DGG photo.*

Hans Werner Henze—"a musical cosmos of his own."

In the meantime, two such pieces as these are indices to certain inclinations and attitudes of Henze which relate him to a musical cosmos of his own. Of the *Moralities* (based on fragments from Virgil) he says: "I wrote this composition [in 1966] about six months after completing *The Bassarids.* I wanted to get away from the sound of the large orchestra. . . ." On the way to setting forth his ideas in terms of choral writing that amateurs could perform, he says: "I encountered an old acquaintance, Erik Satie, and greeted him politely." There is also a reference in his commentary to The Rolling Stones, though it is unclear whether Henze implies some influence of them on his work. Withal and despite everything, the honored guest at the table—invited or uninvited—sounds more like Carl Orff than anyone else.

The *Moralities*, dating from 1967, are both more engaging and more distinctive. They are described as "scenic plays" by W. H. Auden after fables of Aesop—the first relating to the Frog Folk who were not satisfied with their King, thus acquiring as monarch a crane who devoured all of them; the second retelling the aspiration of the crows to sound like horses (in which Auden's contempt for "non-musique" is engagingly expounded); and the third setting forth the contempt of the gods for those who turn to them only in a time of necessity. Together they provide Henze with a set of satiric objectives which he is well equipped to achieve. The *Moralities* do, in fact, get to rollick along quite gaily and should be produced on the stage. The performances are first-rate, likewise the recording.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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Recordings Reports I

Orchestral LPs

Data	Report	
Ives: Holidays Symphony: "Washington's Birthday," "Decoration Day," "Fourth of July," and "Thanksgiving and/or Forefather's Day." Leonard Bernstein conducting the New York Philharmonic and the Camerata Singers. Columbia MS 7147, stereo only, $5.79.	As the previously issued two sections ("Decoration Day" and "Fourth of July") of the complete set suggested, Bernstein is the ideal interpreter of these works. He has both the skill and the responsiveness to balance the science with the emotion in the writing, and evolve a tonal totality often as touching as it is ingenious. As the well informed, but otherwise anonymous, Phillip Ramey writes, "The work is	in no sense a symphony," but it develops a kind of inner relationship, as the movements unfold, which welds together what has *no* physical relationship. To this end, the chorus at the conclusion (though it was the first of the pieces to be written) provides a ringing affirmation. The singing, as well as the playing and recording, are of first quality.
Mahler: Symphony No. 4 in G. David Oistrakh conducting the Moscow Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra; with Galina Vishnevskaya, soprano. Melodiya/Angel SR-40076, stereo only, $5.79.	Rarely have two musicians of great repute collaborated so ineffectively on behalf of a third as in this effort by Oistrakh and Vishnevskaya for Mahler. At the outset, Oistrakh shows a good regard for the generally accepted point of view on this work, though impeded somewhat by lack of the skills required to balance the orchestra on behalf of such fluid and transparent scoring as Mahler's. As the work proceeds, however, he tends to let the pace lag	more and more, while relaxing the tension and control which hold music together even at the slowest of speeds. As for Vishnevskaya's effort in the finale, it is coarse in sound for the quality appropriate to "Wir geniessen die himmlischen Freuden" and sadly at variance with the rapturous simplicity of style that is required. A curio, thus, showing that more than goodwill and scholarship are necessary to build a musical bridge from East to West.
Mennin: Symphony No. 7. Martinon: Symphony No. 4. Jean Martinon conducting the Chicago Symphony. RCA Victor LSC 3043, stereo only, $5.79.	Martinon has organized what strikes me as a highly concentrated, propulsive, and absorbing performance of Mennin's work (which had its first performances in 1964). To my way of hearing, it takes its point of departure from some aspects of Bartók's Concerto for Orchestra, but the symphonic texture which Mennin has evolved in his five variants (from which its title of *Variations Symphony* is derived) is very much his own. The composer's command of his materials are especially impressive in the *allegros,* to which Martinon provides striking momentum. He makes less of a case for his own work, whose title, *Altitudes,* affiliates it	with his interest in mountaineering. Martinon, however, disavows any narrow identification with "glaciers, threatening masses of shifting ice, or aerial crossings over scalloped peaks etched against the sky." The heights, thus, could be philosophical as well as physical, the search not for triumph over an animate object, but over self. I do not, however, hear in Martinon's materials or his manipulation of them much that arouses identification with the subject in either of its phases. Basically, the orchestral texture recalls too many characteristic devices of the recent past to convey much that is distinctively his own.
Prokofiev: Concertos Nos. 3 and 4. John Browning, piano; with the Boston Symphony Orchestra directed by Erich Leinsdorf. RCA Victor, stereo, LSC 3019; mono, LM 3019; $5.79.	In this combination of the most- and least-recorded concerti of Prokofiev, Browning affirms the wisdom of his choice to record most (if not all) of the works in that literature. In No. 3 Browning and Leinsdorf re-create a result they had achieved previously for Capitol, with perhaps even a swifter, more compelling blend of animation and insight. For my taste, the recording tends to overstress some of the percussive values in the score, as though the mere incidence of a timpani under the piano required	a bump like an antique Ford crossing a railroad track. However, what Browning has to provide in the way of impulse and facility are so essentially Prokofievian that the totality levels out the occasional inequalities. In the work for left hand (written, as was Ravel's similar concerto, for Paul Wittgenstein), Browning defines its premises and argues its logics with great persuasiveness. And what it contains of later, greater Prokofiev is also expounded to excellent effect by Leinsdorf.
Rachmaninoff: Concerto No. 3 in D minor. Alexis Weissenberg, piano; with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra directed by Georges Prêtre. RCA Victor LSC 3040, stereo only, $5.79.	Weissenberg is both a gifted pianist and an able musician, but he is the victim of something of a mismatch in this undertaking. This has not so much to do with the Concerto, for which he has a strong feeling and plays well, but with the choice of Prêtre as conductor. As became evident in his career at the Metropolitan, Prêtre has insufficient awareness of his own strengths and limitations, where idiom and style are concerned. What is lacking in his estimate of	Rachmaninoff is all too evident in the introduction to the middle movement, where the orchestra is heard alone. The same kind of understatement and pastel shading (in a work with many more vivid hues) deprives Weissenberg of the kind of support required to make a suitable match of elements. Technically, the recording is good, but the technicians cannot make the orchestra sound otherwise than the conductor decrees.
Shostakovich: Symphonies Nos. 2 and 3. Morton Gould conducting the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra and Chorus. RCA Victor LSC 3044, stereo only, $5.79.	It would be easy, on the basis of their long neglect, to equate the Second and Third Symphonies of Shostakovich as equally unrepresentative of the promise of the First Symphony which matured into the accomplishment of the Fifth. Gould's enterprise in preparing these performances and RCA's goodwill in sponsoring them permit the listener to exercise his individual judgment. In my case, the finding is that the Second is rather rough going as the	unpretentious composer of the First Symphony strives for a magnitude of expression rather beyond him; but that the Third finds him evolving new materials, strains of personality that were to serve him well in the future. It is not a whole success, by any means, but it has a listener interest beyond the realm of mere curiosity. Gould has a strong feeling for the idiom, and the engineers serve both works well.
Stravinsky: *Le Sacre du printemps.* The U.S.S.R. Symphony conducted by Yevgeny Svetlanov. Melodiya/Angel SR 40063, stereo only, $5.79.	The first recording of Stravinsky's masterwork to appear from the Soviet Union in the three and a half decades in which such discs have been accumulating is an event which almost transcends, in interest, the quality of the performance itself. Almost, that is, but not quite. For it is, technically, a more than reasonably proficient one, which is a tribute to the musicianship of those who make up the ensemble under Svetlanov's direction. Stylistically and temperamentally, it is a reminder of those days	when the primary impact in a performance of the *Sacre* was emotional, prior to the influence exerted originally by the composer's own recordings, thereafter those of Monteux, Bernstein, and, more recently, Boulez. A good deal of detail is glossed over, or immersed in a totality of sound, especially when the scoring is at maximum intensity. An absorbing experience for many reasons, if purely musical ones are not at the head of the list. —Irving Kolodin.

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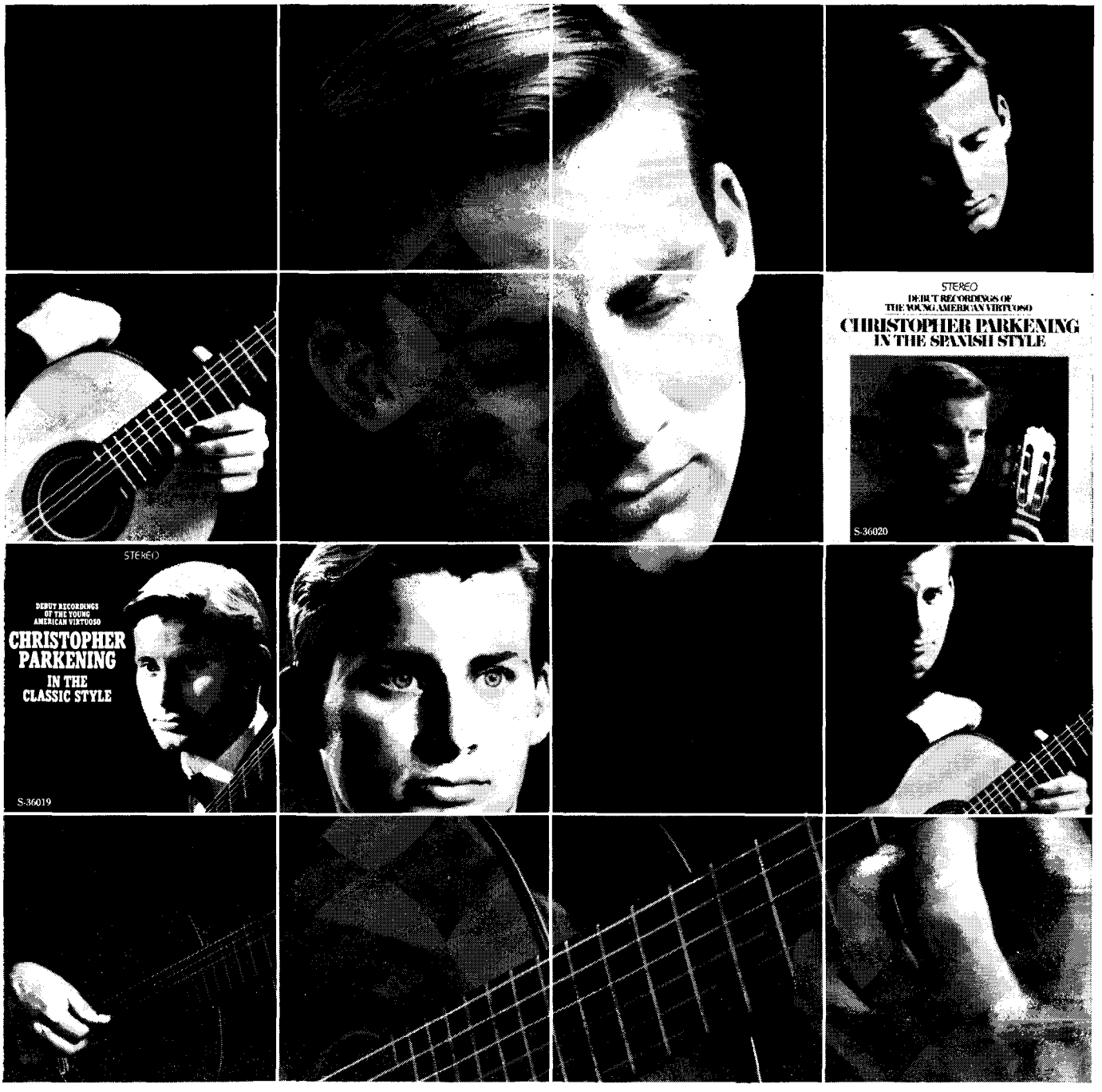

Introducing **CHRISTOPHER PARKENING** Guitarist

Prize disciple of Andrés Segovia, this 20-year-old prodigy from Brentwood, California, is currently taking time off from teaching duties at the University of Southern California for his first extended tour of the U.S. and Canada.

Young Parkening's debut recordings are on Angel. "IN THE CLASSIC STYLE" presents music of Bach, Weiss and Alexander Tansman, including the formidable *Chaconne* from Bach's second violin *Partita*, transcribed by Segovia. "IN THE SPANISH STYLE" offers warm-blooded guitar classics of the Old and New Worlds by Mudarra, Guerau, Sor, Tárrega, Albéniz, Moreno Torroba, Ponce, Villa-Lobos and Lauro.

In the last few years Angel has "discovered" for American music lovers a constellation of new young stars of international magnitude: conductor Rafael Frühbeck de Burgos, soprano Mirella Freni, cellist Jacqueline Du Pré, pianist-conductor Daniel Barenboim.

Now Christopher Parkening joins these and the other bright names in "The New Age of Angel."

THE NEW AGE OF ANGEL

Angel

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Miscellaneous LPs

Data	Report	
Beethoven: Mass in C (Op. 86). Frederic Waldmann conducting the Musica Aeterna Orchestra and Chorus with Patricia Brooks, soprano; Lili Chookasian, mezzo; George Shirley, tenor; and Bonaldo Giaiotti, bass. Decca 79433, stereo only, $5.79.	Waldmann has an attractive sense of the scope and size of the dynamic effort suitable to this work, which is to say, he doesn't overstate its significance, or produce more sonority than is appropriate. Here and there, especially in the "Credo," a stronger emphasis might be desirable, but that is open to reasonable dissent. Where the issue fails to measure to a true quality standard is in the performance of the vocal soloists. The best of them is George Shirley, who	possesses not only the quality of sound, but also knowledge of the appropriate style. Miss Chookasian's big sound is not sufficiently disciplined for the needs of her music, Miss Brooks is edgy and without the finesse required, Giaiotto oversized, or, at the least, too close to the mike for suitable balance (in terms of his sizable volume). Largely speaking, each is better in solo passages than in their combined effort, which is never quite solid as ensemble.
Gould: *Formations; Revolutionary Prelude; Santa Fe Saga*; Prologue and Battle Hymn. Morton Gould conducting the Knightsbridge Symphonic Band. Gallery GS 6202, stereo only, $5.79.	Were I a player in a college band, or in a professional organization, I would be grateful to Morton Gould for applying his talents for organization and his skill in tonal blendings to the enrichment of a literature which is more remarkable for quantity than quality. Were I, on the other hand, the conductor of such an ensemble, I would probably resent the high level of performance that Gould achieves with his carefully selected personnel. Together with the recording techniques	embodied in the term "Sonar-Presence," he has set forth an audible text on the direction and reproduction of the symphonic band, which should do more to improve standards in such performance than a hundred pages of printed instructions. As intermission entertainment for the football-minded fraternity, *Formations* is particularly calculated to serve a functional purpose.
Rachmaninoff: *Etudes-Tableaux* (Op. 33 and Op. 39). Beveridge Webster, piano. Dover stereo, 7284, mono, 5284; $2.00.	Webster performs these works at a well-gauged level between over and under-emotionalism, which is all to the good. Too often, the mere reference to "Rachmaninoff" evokes a kind of expressivity which may be altogether in keeping with some works, but not with others. He also has an analytic sense of the textural values with which the composer worked, and differentiates well between primary and secondary areas of emphasis. On the other hand, if the criteria of what is in the music and the appropriate way	of exposing it relate to the way the composer himself performed, then Webster's method has several shortcomings. One is an insufficient differentiation of dynamic values—he tends too much to an unvarying *mezzo-forte*—another is not quite the sharpness of rhythmic accent quintessentially Rachmaninoff's. This is not to tax him with not being Rachmaninoff at the keyboard, but of failing to render unto Serge everything that is Rachmaninoff's.
Schönberg: Quartet No. 1 (Op. 7). Neues Wiener Streichquartet. DGG 139 369, stereo only, $5.79.	Considering the benefits of time and technique available to the later interpreters of this work, one could reasonably look for an upgrading on prior results. However, for all their closeness to the work's point of origin, Zlatko Topolski and his associates (Tomislav Sestak, second violin; Fritz Händschke, viola; and Wolfgang Herzer, cello) do not measure up to the quality standard established by the Juilliard Quartet in its mono	effort of the Fifties. The notes are cleanly performed, and the reproduction of the instruments is excellent, but the separation of primary and secondary lines, the clarifying emphasis, and, particularly, the sense of a real musical experience that distinguish the Juilliard performance are all in lesser supply. The annotation by the authoritative Josef Rufer is excellent.
Verdi: *Otello* (excerpts). Giovanni Martinelli, tenor; Lawrence Tibbett, baritone; and Helen Jepson, soprano; with the Metropolitan Opera Chorus and Orchestra conducted by Wilfred Pelletier. RCA Victrola VIC 1365, mono only, **$2.50.**	Some of the acoustical shortcomings which marred this release thirty years ago have been amended, but no electronic techniques known to science can take away the effect of the small studio which was utilized. However, for those who can disregard this enveloping deadness of basic sound, there is much to be treasured in the work of the principals. Save when they are pushed to produce the volume required for the climaxes of "Si, pel ciel" with Tibbett, Martinelli's pealing tones still retained sufficient vibrance to make his Otello enjoyable as well as impressive. Tibbett's Iago was among his most creditable artistic achievements, and Jepson had all the qualifications required for an outstanding	Desdemona. The sequence includes the "Brindisi" and love duet (Act I), the "Credo," and "Era la notte" of Act II for Iago, preceded by "Non pensateci più" and "Ora e per sempre addio," and followed by "Oh! mostruosa colpa!" and the act-ending duet. Act III is represented by "Dio! mi potevi scagliar" and "Vieni: l'aula è deserta," and Act IV, besides the two high-points for Desdemona, is climaxed by "Niun mi tema." It is, among other things, an impressive testimonial to the best standard of the Metropolitan in the late Thirties. The recording, well conducted by Pelletier, adheres closely to the details defined by Ettore Panizza, conductor of the live performances of the revival.
Weill: *Die Sieben Todsünden der Kleinbürger*. Gisela May, Peter Schreier, Hans Joachim Rotzsch, Günther Leib, and Hermann Christian Polster; with the Leipzig Radio Orchestra and Chorus conducted by Herbert Kegel. DGG 139 308, stereo only, $5.79.	This is probably the best defined, most clearly recorded version of Weill's work to date, and that includes the enunciation of Bertolt Brecht's text. Through the voices of May, Schreier, and their associates, it is almost totally intelligible, which is an asset. However, a similar kind of meticulous presentation of the musical text isn't. Too many of the clashing, rough textured values have been smoothed out in Kegel's conducting to preserve the Weill quality as he intended it to sound. For her part, May performs with a conscientious attention to the manner pioneered by Lotte Lenya, but it is all too much on the surface.	Given ten years of performance (and vocal deterioration), May may have the kind of coarseness and emphasis suitable for Anna II as well as Anna I. Schreier is, of course, a cultivated artist who gives a rather too-cultivated quality to his role as leader of the family. In totality, favor (for a work of distinct quality) remains with the Columbia KL 5229 (Lenya, and Brückner-Rüggeberg). DGG deserves commendation and thanks for its comprehensive annotation and the complete Brecht text, with the English translation of Auden and Kallman. —I. K.

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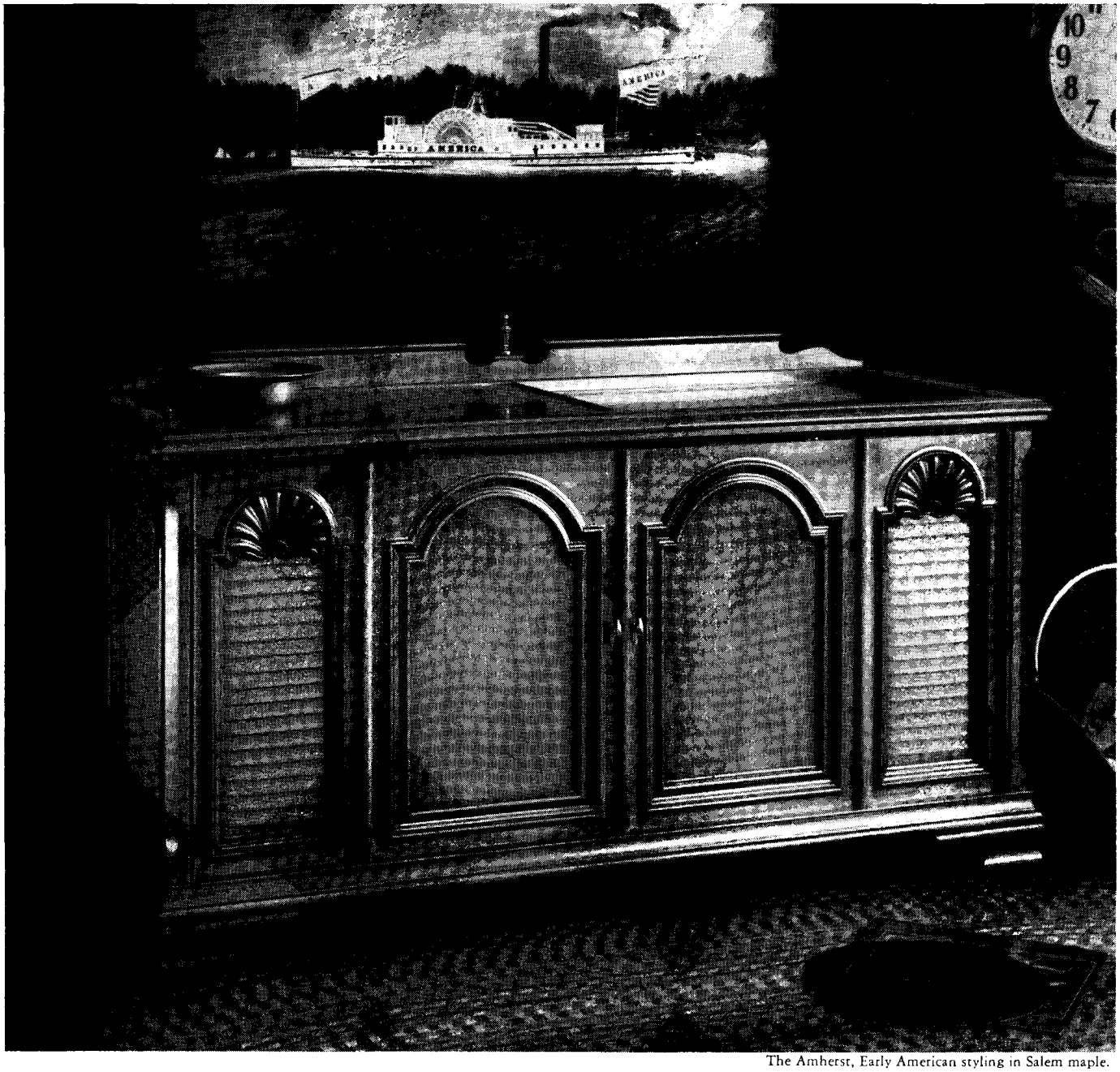

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POP IN PERSPECTIVE: A PROFILE

The substance of the following discography defines a profile of the pop phenomenon in perspective; its mainstream movements, peripheral developments, roots, branches, and dramatis personae.

By ELLEN SANDER

1. The Pantheon

BOB DYLAN: *John Wesley Harding; Blonde on Blonde; Highway 61 Revisited; Bringing It All Back Home* (Columbia)

WITH a voice like a highly educated vacuum cleaner and a poetic imagination unparalleled in recent history, Bob Dylan singlehandedly revolutionized pop and folk music. He came to New York in 1961 and burst to the forefront of the urban folk revival. Dylan sang his folk, protest, and love songs in a scrawny growl, a voice reflecting traditional, rural blues. He has an impeccable sense of timing and inflection, and his rich, pointed lyrics are underscored by the subtleties in his voice. His angry honesty, flair for the dramatic, and his outrageous sense of humor made him the improbable darling of the folk boomlet.

With *Bringing It All Back Home*, Dylan transcended the folk revival. The first cut on side one of the album, "Subterranean Homesick Blues," had a beat, and an electric band accompanied the artist. The lyrics were elliptical, non-specific but evocative. The album also contained "Mr. Tambourine Man," which, when recorded by the Byrds, became a turning point in the pop revolution.

Dylan's next album, *Highway 61 Revisited*, all but killed the folk revival. Dylan, well into electric music and lyrics unlike anything pop had ever heard, created what confused critics could only refer to as the New Music.

The style was free-form; the lyrics juggled the sacred and the profane. There was no protest, no direct social commentary in his music; Dylan, now concerned with the unique problematical struggle between the conscious and the subconscious, explored the depths of his mind from the psychotic to the ecstatic. Songs later called "psychedelic" are direct descendants of this type of Dylan song. With "Desolation Row" (considered by this writer to be his greatest song), Dylan opened up an area of song-poem, in theme and form, which touched the imagination of every songwriter thereafter.

Dylan had always favored a Nashville (Country/Western) sound, and his next album, *Blonde on Blonde*, was the first of his recordings to be produced in Nashville. A two-disc set containing many hilarious lampoons ("Memphis Blues," "Leopard Skin Pillbox Hat") and the seventeen-minute-long "Sad-Eyed Lady of the Lowlands" set a standard that is rarely matched and has never been excelled.

Eighteen months elapsed between *Blonde on Blonde* and Dylan's next album, *John Wesley Harding*. During that time *Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band* had been released. Pop had become an electronic sound war. Novelty, organization, elaboration, and amplitude were firearms in a delirious battle for recognition. But *JWH* was a complete turnabout; it contained a random collection of sparsely accompanied songs with a country-folk motif. Some were simply stated, others tangled with nuance. One, "The Wicked Messenger," was a self-satirizing epigram, Dylan digging the uproar that followed each of his successive shocks to the pop solar plexus. Dylan, who had initiated the musical commotion consummated by *Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band* with typical disregard for trend, ignored its explosive after-effects. *JWH*, primitive and soft-spoken, stood naked in the light show.

It is now evident that *JWH* has sparked a revived interest in country music and American musical roots in general, in both original and assimilated forms. New releases from many artists, including the Byrds, Buffy Sainte-Marie, and the Buffalo Springfield feature a countrified sound. Country artists such as Johnny Cash are enjoying new popularity with the pop audience.

But if Dylan is a monumental influence on the direction of pop, he is the one artist least influenced by it. He started the era of the hyphenate, the writer-singer-stylist, progenitor of the self-contained group. But Dylan remains unique: distinct, autonomous, and steadfastly original.

—*Milton Glaser.*

Bob Dylan—"The Wicked Messenger."

THE BEATLES: *Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band; Revolver; Rubber Soul* (Capitol)

THE BEATLES have traveled the pop superhighway from "I Want to Hold Your Hand" to "I'd Love to Turn You On," innovating, experimenting with, and consummating the musical concepts of pop in the span of a little more than six years. They evolved from an overwhelmingly sociological phenomenon to a paragon of musical excellence. But if their importance lies in their growth, perfection, and influence, their appeal still lies in their vitality, the utter joy they communicate, their consistent, esthetic effervescence. They asserted that seriousness of artistic intention and lightheartedness of content are not incompatible elements in the conception of an art form.

The songwriting team of Lennon-McCartney has produced many latter-day classics which have already been recorded by over a score of artists, whose styles run the gamut of pop.

Without a doubt, the masterwork of the movement is *Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*. Of first importance was the conceptualization of the album, its identity as a complete work. The first and twelfth cuts (title song and reprise) circumscribe a concert of ten songs, each of which is a phase, or movement in musical development. In and of themselves the songs are brilliant, from the mischievous "Lovely Rita Meter Maid" to the more imposing "Within You and Without You," which wanders from Eastern to Western resolutions, surrounding a free-form lyric about an ultimate mystic revelation. One cut melts imperceptibly into the next, forming a perfect sequence.

A celebration of the absurd pervades each of the twelve cuts in the concert, but the last cut, "A Day in the Life," is a cathartic afterword. The twelve-minute composition moves from the surfaces of some vaguely tragic incident, through related insight fragments, and far back into an aura of semiconscious oblivion. The song, and hence the album, fades on one long tone, electronically extended to infinity.

The scoring and production of the album are exquisite. The arrangements are effected in layer upon layer of sound, each imposing a particular effect on the body of the song. The textures, movements, subtleties, and separations were achieved over several months of recording, overdubbing,

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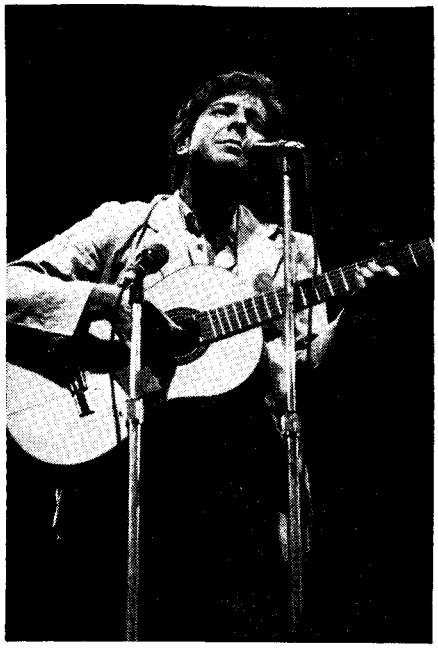
Otis Redding—"emergence of soul music in the mainstream of pop."

and mixing. The album has been justifiably described as a visual, sensual, intellectual, and emotional as well as musical experience.

Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band became the standard to which a succession of formalized albums aspired. Similarly, two previous Beatles albums had forecast other important developmental trends, *Revolver*, featuring distinct musical digressions, inspired a trend of eclecticism and a broadening of style within groups. *Rubber Soul* featured country and blues oriented rock, plus the first significant incorporation of Eastern sounds into Western pop, with George Harrison playing the sitar on "Norwegian Wood," essentially a Country/Western tune. *Rubber Soul* also featured the Beatles' first experiments with electronics; it opened up those possibilities of studio-oriented rock which were totally realized by *Sergeant Pepper*.

The Rolling Stones: *Their Satanic Majesties Request; Between the Buttons; Aftermath; Got Live If You Want It* (London)



—*Courtesy, Columbia Records.*

Leonard Cohen—"endearingly neurotic personal confessions."

The Stones' response to *Sergeant Pepper* is *Their Satanic Majesties Request*, and it suffers somewhat by comparison. It does, however, contain many superlative songs integrated as tightly within themselves as those on *Sgt. Pepper*, if not as well organized on an overall basis. The Stones' lyric portraits, compositions, and electronic experiments are more vehement and bitter than those of the Beatles, and their albums are traditionally more aggressive. The most noticeable difference between the Beatles and the Stones has been their respective attitudes: The Beatles were always circumspect, innocent; the Stones direct and sexually imposing.

The two groups, however, have grown in corresponding stages with respect to their albums: *Between the Buttons* can be compared to *Revolver* for its variety of styles and gleanings from Eastern music; *Aftermath* to *Rubber Soul* for the introduction of new sounds. *Aftermath*, incidentally, contained "Going Home," the first of the longer (over five minutes) pop songs (e.g., "A Day in the Life" on *Sgt. Pepper*, "The End" on *The Doors, etc.*).

With *Got Live if You Want It*, the Stones have an in-concert album, unparalleled by the Beatles. In many ways, *Got Live if You Want It* is one of the most exciting albums ever made by an English group, so well produced that the listener is placed somewhere between center stage and the third row, as the electricity flows from musician to audience and back again.

Both *Sgt. Pepper* and *Their Satanic Majesties* firmly established the concept of studio rock, music so dependent on electronic equipment and additional instrumentation that it cannot be reproduced onstage. Production defined, rather than followed, form.

Van Dyke Parks: *Song Cycle* (Warner Bros.)

Easily the most radical album to have been issued under the pop aegis, *Song Cycle* represents nothing less than a milestone in the confluence of various forms of music to create a pop-classical hybrid. Virtually a panorama of *musique nouvelle*, *Song Cycle* draws from Ives and Stravinsky as well as Dylan, The Beatles, and Parks's own experience in assisting the Byrds and the Beach Boys with some of their most notable creations.

Basically one long autobiographical work, *Song Cycle* progresses from the personal to the philosophic, with passing shots at political and social crises along the way. Parks's lyrics are on a level of complexity equal to that of James Joyce; puns, anagrams, and metaphorical mazes buried in the monologues evoke provocative images on the surface, while revealing multilayered insights into subjects which range from pop stars to politics.

Critical acclaim has not established this as a popular album in terms of acceptance. It is a peripheral development, very likely years ahead of its time. While cerebral enough to inspire endless intellectual speculation, *Song Cycle* lacks vitality and movement, though it has an elusive warmth about it and a pervasive sense of humor.

2. The Rock Establishment

English Contingent

The Cream: *Wheels of Fire* (Atco)

Undoubtedly the world's best blues trio, The Cream is composed of three lead musicians, Ginger Baker, percussionist; Jack Bruce, bassist; and Eric Clapton, guitarist. They are superbly produced by Felix Pappalardi, who ranks among the best producers in the recording industry. He also provides additional instrumental accompaniment on this album.

The first LP in the two-disc set contains songs recorded in the studio; the second is comprised of four live jams (semi-improvisational pieces). The musical interplay in the live recording distinguishes this group. The three instrumental lines knot and untie, wander and redouble, weave and loop around each other. Each element complements the other two, a single moving force forming a solid, inseparable song body.

The Jimi Hendrix Experience: *Are You Experienced; Axis, Bold as Love* (Reprise)

An American musician, Hendrix formulated his superlative group endeavor in England with Mitch Mitchell on percussion and Noel Redding on rhythm guitar. In a few years it may be possible to ascertain just what it is about the English pop community that enables it to select musical influences from the American mélange of blues, R&B, C/W, and folk, to clean up their profiles, assimilate them into rock, and shove the music back across the Atlantic to inspire the Americans.

Hendrix has created avant-garde blues, elaborating the flamboyant guitar licks (short configurations within a chord) and runs (configurations bridging notes between chords in a progression) of bluesmen like Howlin' Wolf and B. B. King with a wah-wah pedal in addition to the standard modifications of tremolo, reverb, and feedback.

Both albums are outstanding; *Are You Experienced* for its innovative qualities, *Axis* for an even tighter control of the new form. Hendrix is an ultimate showman, excelling in a tradition of flash, in both musicianship and the staging of the blues. And true to the best consistent quality of the blues, his guitar work, no matter how extravagant, is impeccable.

Donovan: *In Concert; Gift from a Flower to a Garden; Sunshine Superman; Mellow Yellow* (Epic)

Donovan matured from a folk minstrel, who could in many ways be compared to

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early Dylan, to a more sophisticated balladeer, whose music inclines toward simple jazz. His songs are always the gentlest of statements, whether commenting on human shortcomings or drawing highly incisive portraits of odd individuals. His latest release, *In Concert*, gives a sampling of his varied song styles, which range from an incandescent spiritual with a calypso beat ("There is a Mountain") to a sympathetic ode to a groupie ("Young Girl Blues") and the evanescent nonsense song "Mellow Yellow."

Gift from a Flower to a Garden is a two-disc set, with one LP for young children, the other for older children. Both are charming without approaching stickiness and contain the best of Donovan's "little" songs. *Sunshine Superman* features the buoyant title song and "Legend of a Girlchild Linda," an ethereal dream woven around two musical phrases, which progresses for six-and-a-half minutes without sounding repetitive. "Season of the Witch" invokes the mystic and the supernatural, themes which this artist particularly enjoys.

The Who: *Happy Jack; The Who Sell Out* (Decca)

The Who are the third most celebrated group in Great Britain, due in large part to their electrifying personal appearance (which they close by destroying their instruments). These violent tendencies, however, are not projected in their recordings, in which they simply and competently run through their repertoire.

The Who do not manifest any intellectual posture in their music; they are the camp reflection of young "Mod" Great Britain and simply play good rock 'n' roll music.

The Bee Gees: *The Bee Gees First* (Atco)

The Bee Gees invite comparison with the Beatles, and indeed they compare well. Their harmonic textures, vocal trade-offs between harmonized and straight ensemble singing are but two major devices of the Beatles on which the Bee Gees have built a very distinguished musical personality of their own.

The album utilizes full orchestration and

Mothers of Invention—"brilliant satirical vignettes."

The Incredible String band—"quixotic and stunningly original."

rich complexities in scoring. Other musical ideas incorporated are religious incantations, *a cappella* interludes, and filtered voices to punctuate the songs. They embody and extend the rich, esthetic, and purely melodic facet of the Beatles' style and have composed some very exciting songs within that context.

Los Angeles Contingent

The Byrds: *Sweethearts of the Rodeo; The Byrds Greatest Hits* (Columbia)

The music of the Byrds generated most of the momentum responsible for the popularity of the New Music, music which made a community out of its audience, music which started a movement.

With their first single, Dylan's "Mr. Tambourine Man" (included on *The Byrds Greatest Hits*), the Byrds popularized folk rock, infusing a steady, driving rhythm into four-part harmonies overdubbed several times, electrified folk guitar picks and strums, and a steady, straight time bass line. They later utilized the roar and whine of a jet to give additional depth to their sound, through which they saturated and neutralized every song they sang.

The Byrds Greatest Hits, culled from their first four albums, traces their development from folk rock to more artistic contrivances, and back toward their basic musical roots, Country/Western. *Sweethearts of the Rodeo*, their most recent release, reveals them firmly entrenched in a country-electric format.

The Beach Boys: *Friends; Smiley Smile; Pet Sounds* (Capitol)

After holding the teen market at bay with the "surfing sound" they originated, "guiding genius" Brian Wilson formalized the harmonized Beach Boys' falsetto acrobatics, using the "wall-of-sound" technique (originated by producer Phil Spector with the Righteous Brothers). He combines melodies, rhythms, and polyphonic orchestrations, which overlap, swell, and fall while fading in and out of each other, with nonmusical sounds tucked in between the layers to underscore the ideas in the lyrics. In the process of becoming "artistic," the Beach Boys' sound became somewhat sterile, but maintained a sense of fascination with the elaborate and technically impeccable productions.

"Good Vibrations" on *Smiley Smile* marks the milestone in their creative growth, a consummation of production ingenuities and exquisitely distilled vocal arrangements.

The Mamas and the Papas: *Farewell to the First Golden Era; The Papas and the Mamas* (Dunhill)

Charisma is the key word here. The Mamas and the Papas represent California—youth, dancing, love, and dreams. As the official ambassadors of euphoria, the group weaves contrapuntal four-part harmonies in and out of rich, cyclical studio arrangements which augment their effervescence. *Farewell to the First Golden Era* is a collection of hits including "California Dreaming"; "Monday, Monday"; and others, all of which are institutions of the rock rialto, typical of the profuse joy the group embodied and inspired.

John Phillips wrote much of the material, which is succinct and melodic; Mama Cass Elliot's elastic contralto defined the musical personality of the group. The Mamas and the Papas are a part of the tradition of California Goodtime Music, represented also by the Byrds and the earlier stages of the Beach Boys.

The Doors: *Waiting for the Sun; The Doors* (Elektra)

This group is among the most distinctive of those "groups with a concept." It consists of classical/flamenco guitarist Robbie Krieger, who spins long, fluid notes perfectly and inevitably into one another; jazz drummer John Densmore, who cuts sharp, abrupt percussion figures; and organist Ray Manzarek, who whips countermelodies around the vital rhythmic core of the songs they arrange in collaboration with writer-singer Jim Morrison.

Morrison attempts to interject a demonic element into the music. At best, he succeeds in being simultaneously macabre and beautiful. In "The End" (on *The Doors*), he traces an Oedipal nightmare back through time and deep into the depths of a tormented mind.

But when Morrison fails to achieve an authentic satanic pose (which is more often than not), he falls into an unintentional self-parody, becoming the clown prince of a prepubescent libido, a Mickey Mouse de Sade.

On the other hand, they are more than capable of doing distinctive, superbly executed songs in a truly original manner, penetrating a variety of styles from hard bluesy numbers on their first album to a whimsical rolling waltz on their third (*Waiting for the Sun*).

If they are ludicrous in their misguided attempts at theatrics, they are distinctive in their musical attributes. The Doors are a combination of some of the best of all possible music, often overwhelmed by the worst of all possible mystique.

The San Francisco Contingent (One-Shot Specialists)

The Jefferson Airplane: *Surrealistic Pillow* (RCA)

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THE AIRPLANE play in tight ensemble, and the quality of their music is pure warmth. They were the first San Francisco group to inspire a national following, and *Surrealistic Pillow,* their second album, is a gem (but the only worthwhile album they have ever made).

Vocalist Grace Slick has a sensitive, cool voice, which is generally featured, but when the group harmonizes, the effect is enchanting. The musicians are superlative, the ensemble is exciting, often astonishing. The Airplane epitomize the gentle heroism for which San Francisco music is celebrated, and they strive very hard to personify the new romanticism in pop.

COUNTRY JOE AND THE FISH: *Electric Music for Mind and Body* (Vanguard)

A TOUGHER, more masculine group than the Airplane, Country Joe and the Fish represent a harder San Francisco sound. The songs are flashes and images complementing each other to produce a sometimes sensual, sometimes comic, often devastating effect. Their love songs are tender; their burlesques pointed; their political songs outraged, combining folk, country blues, and electronics effectively to achieve a totally saturated sound.

QUICKSILVER MESSENGER SERVICE: *Quicksilver Messenger Service* (Capitol)

THIS GROUP had an underground reputation for over a year before they recorded, and, as a result, their single album, only a few months old, is considerably tighter than many first recordings. The opening cut, "Pride of Man," is an expression of bitterness and hope, the San Francisco ethic. "Gold and Silver" is a prototype of the San Francisco sound: virile vocals, strong rhythmic combinations, both expected and surprising breaks and changes in time, and a freewheeling flow, with neither a rigid structure nor loose ends.

BIG BROTHER AND THE HOLDING COMPANY: *Cheap Thrills* (Columbia)

LEAD SINGER Janis Joplin is the undisputed queen of white pop. She rivals Aretha Franklin in an intensity reminiscent of Big Mama Mae Thornton and Billie Holliday. She can superimpose several notes at once, in harmony with herself, simultaneously evoking brutality, joy, passion, desperation, and shameless sexuality. Unfortunately, the four musicians behind her are barely adequate for the task of supporting her vocal power. Sadder still is the quality of production on this and one previous recording the group cut for Mainstream, both of which contain only a suggestion of the group's impact.

East Coast Contingent

SIMON AND GARFUNKEL: *Bookends; Parsley, Sage, Rosemary and Thyme* (Columbia)

S&G'S RECORDINGS can be described as meticulous. They are tightly composed, appropriately produced, sparing or lavish where necessary. The vocals are soft and sweet, or driving and clipped, depending on the songs, which are, like the music, impeccable. Though concerned with cliché-ridden issues (alienation, love, loneliness, and the passing of time), the songs reflect the statements with taste, style, and insight. The weakness seems to be that the songs are too studied in their neatness. The rapid-fire succession of metaphorical bulls-eyes becomes wearing; the messages, though they ring true, are only veneers—polished, expensive surfaces of cheap sentimentality.

But the sound is lovely and their sense of flow and structure is irreproachable. Regardless of their shortcomings, S&G are one of the most prolific of singing, arranging, and writing teams in pop.

THE BAND: *Music from Big Pink* (Capitol)

AFTER PLAYING behind Bob Dylan in concert and on later recordings, The Band has released its first recording as feature performers. The album is a blend of pure country, blues, rhythm and blues, and rock 'n' roll, which forms an elastic, nameless, but distinctive (bigpink?) sound which is unique in contemporary terms and dissimilar from any one of the influences they draw upon.

Three previously unrecorded Dylan songs (all written during the *John Wesley Harding* period) are interpreted with a solid knowledge of Dylan's musical intentions. Songs by members of the group do not suffer at all by comparison. The Band is one of the most significant, as well as the most recent, additions to the establishment of pop.

Soul Contingent

ARETHA FRANKLIN: *I Never Loved a Man the Way I Love You; Aretha Arrives* (Atlantic)

MISS FRANKLIN received her early training in church and uses the shout-and-holler gospel technique to reach heights of intensity unequaled by any other female singer. She is raw and seething with sexual insistence, using her impeccable sense of timing to play a song to its emotional hilt with well placed moans, whoops, and gasps. She has tender, fluid, and husky shades to her voice with which she colors ballads and love songs, but her finest moments are when she is—as in "Satisfaction"; "Baby, Baby, Baby"; and "Respect"—souling.

OTIS REDDING: *The Dock of the Bay* (Volt); *The Immortal Otis Redding* (Atco)

THE LATE Otis Redding is largely responsible for the emergence of soul music in the mainstream of pop. This is a backhanded insult, for soul music has long been recognized by the Negro community as *their* pop. But the R&B mainstream was a peripheral, albeit parallel, phenomenon of the rock movement, though indeed it was its most important musical progenitor. (See Soul/R&B, below.)

There are few black rock musicians, but many blue-eyed (white) soul groups such as the Young Rascals exploiting the R&B sound. Recently, and largely due to the talent of soul men like Otis Redding and James Brown, the white market is "discovering" soul.

—*Stephen Paley.*

Laura Nyro—"an aristocratic voice."

The Soft Core

THE SOFT CORE contains less intellectual, though no less competent music, with groups concentrating on harmonies, a softer blend of instruments, and songs of gentle statement. The influences which have affected this sound are the more recent and predominantly white styles: jug bands, C/W ensembles, and California Goodtime Music.

THE LOVIN' SPOONFUL: *Do You Believe In Magic; Hums* (Kama Sutra)

THE SPOONFUL combines country and jug band music with a campy sense of fun. These recordings include their versions of traditional tunes and ballads of their own creation. Note particularly the songs by John Sebastian.

JIM KWESKIN AND THE JUG BAND: *See Reverse Side for Title* (Vanguard)

YOUNG MUSICIANS playing traditional mountain and citybilly music with a sense of humor. Compare their "Blues in the Bottle" with the Spoonful's version for an idea of the difference between traditional and contemporary approaches to jug band blues.

THE ASSOCIATION: *Insight Out* (Warner Brothers)

THE ASSOCIATION is a group of writers, arrangers, and musical experimentalists who sing. They have worked out multi-part arrangements using instruments, effects, and harmonies to esthetic advantages, resulting in compositions that are at once incisive and beautiful, if sometimes very ruthless.

SPIRIT: *Spirit* (Ode)

WHETHER THEY PLAY hard or understated music, the group, produced by Lou Adler, guiding genius of The Mamas and the

(*Continued on page* 88)

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The Other Side

Thomas Heinitz

Britten's "Billy Budd," Werner Krenn

LONDON.

SEPTEMBER brought the first heavy crop of the autumnal harvest following the comparatively lean summer months. Including the two *Rheingold* sets already referred to in my previous report (Decca's reissue of the famous Solti/Culshaw collaboration and the new DGG conducted by Karajan), no fewer than five complete operatic albums compete for our attention: Verdi's *Ernani* and *Rigoletto* and Britten's *Billy Budd* making up the total with the duplicated Wagner. The Angel *Rigoletto* (a Rome recording conducted by Molinari-Pradelli, with Cornell MacNeil, Reri Grist, and Nicolai Gedda) is still awaited at the time of writing, but the others are to hand. RCA's *Ernani* may not boast an ideal cast, but it is an exciting set nonetheless, thanks to fine singing from Leontyne Price and Carlo Bergonzi, Schippers's firm if not always flexible direction, and, above all, the marvelous vitality and flow of Verdi's score.

Billy Budd did not enjoy much success when it was first performed at Covent Garden almost seventeen years ago (I myself attended its world premiere and did not care greatly for it at the time), but when Britten conducted a radio performance of his revised version ten years later (having made two longer acts out of the original four-act structure), and Solti later restored it to the stage of the Royal Opera House, we all realized that here was one of Britten's finest and most beautiful scores. More recently, *Billy Budd* received a TV production of remarkable brilliance, and the Decca recording now issued is John Culshaw's swan song as our outstanding producer of opera on discs. With the composer conducting the London Symphony and a splendid all-male cast which includes Peter Glossop as the eponymous hero, Peter Pears as Captain Vere (sole survivor of the 1951 cast), Michael Langdon as the evil Claggart, and John Shirley-Quirk as Mr. Redburn, this is a really magnificent set offering a deeply moving musicodramatic experience. At present, *Peter Grimes* is still the most universally admired of Britten's large-scale operas, but I suspect that, in time, *Billy Budd* will be recognized as an even finer, richer score in which the tang of the sea is evoked with breathtaking power and subtlety. To call the performance authoritative is merely to state the obvious—more important, it is exceedingly beautiful and superlatively recorded.

DGG's *Rheingold* album forms part of the company's now traditional autumn list of sets available until January 31 at "special offer" prices. In Germany, all the major companies thus seek to encourage Christmastime sales, but here it is so far confined to DGG and its Archive branch; other such sets will include a collection of *Brandenburg* Concertos from Karl Richter and the Munich Bach Orchestra; a recording of Berlioz's *Grande Messe des Morts*, in which Charles Munch conducts the Bavarian Radio Orchestra and Chorus; and, as yet unheard, Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro* (with Fischer-Dieskau, Prey, Janowitz, Mathis, and Troyanos, conducted by Karl Böhm); a fifteen-disc album embracing the complete chamber music of Brahms; and a six-disc set representing the European avant-garde (including Stockhausen, Penderecki, Lutoslawski, Kagel, and Ligeti).

Decca's current release contains, in addition to *Billy Budd* and the *Rheingold* reissue, bright performances of Mozart's Piano Concertos K.238 and K.466 from Ashkenazy and the LSO under Schmidt-Isserstedt; an attractive coupling of Mendelssohn's *Scotch* and *Italian* Symphonies, in which the same orchestra is conducted by Claudio Abbado; a lively recording of the G&S *Pirates of Penzance* by the D'Oyly Carte Company under Isidore Godfrey; two-piano sonatas by Poulenc and Bartók (the latter with percussion), finely played by the Israeli duo of Bracha Eden and Alexander Tamir (who, on the evidence of the cover photo on one of their earlier discs, perform not on two separate instruments but on a "double-grand"); and a debut lieder recital by the young Viennese tenor, Werner Krenn. This last disc is outstanding alike in its present achievement and future promise, thanks in no small measure to Gerald Moore's wise collaboration and the imaginative choice of an all-Schubert program which contains but few familiar items and many rarities. In this way Krenn is able to prove what a skillful and cultured singer he already is, without challenging direct comparison with more famous and experienced interpreters. At the same time he has enriched the repertoire by some ten previously unrecorded songs (including "Vom Mitleiden Mariae," a sacred song whose idiom suggests both Bach and Hugo Wolf, and a spoof operatic *scena, Epistel*).

Apart from *Rigoletto*, EMI's September list features another fine Vaughan Williams disc—the *Pastoral Symphony* (VW's No. 3) and the tone poem *In the Fen Country*—from Boult and the New Philharmonia; Delius's Requiem of 1918 and his *Idyll* (an earlier setting, for soprano, baritone, chorus, and orchestra of words by Whitman) in admirable performances by the Royal Choral Society and the Royal Philharmonic under Meredith Davies (with Harper and Shirley-Quirk a splendid pair of soloists); a collaboration between Christa Ludwig and Klemperer devoted to works by Brahms (Alto Rhapsody), Wagner (*Wesendonck* Lieder), and Mahler (some *Wunderhorn* songs), which gave me great pleasure; and a fine collection of Bach cantatas—Nos. 79, 148, and 149—directed by Wolfgang Gönnenwein, with Janet Baker among the soloists.

There is also more Indian music, a superb Strauss recital—concentrating on the songs of Op. 10, 15, and 17—by Fischer-Dieskau and Gerald Moore, and a collection of earlier opera and operetta recordings by the late and lamented Fritz Wunderlich. There are, as well, splendid reissues of mono recordings by Sir Thomas Beecham ("Ballet Music" from Gounod's *Faust* and from Grétry's *Zémire and Azor*, Bizet's *Patrie* and *Roma*, and Chabrier's *Gwendoline* Overture) and Wilhelm Furtwängler, the latter conducting the Berlin Philharmonic in a beautiful performance of Bruckner's Seventh, though the 1949-vintage sound is on the dim side.

Both DGG and the allied Philips group, apart from sizable issues of new, full-price recordings (most of which have not yet arrived), also announce large numbers of cheap reissues, many of these costing no more than $1.60. Yet there is also a hint from Philips that some attempt may be in the offing to arrest the trend toward ever cheaper discs, which has in recent years seemed in danger of getting out of hand. One of the company's best-known cheap labels (which, in the days of Philips's alliance with CBS, used to offer many wonderful performances by such as Walter, Beecham, and Casals) is to disappear. Part of its repertoire will resurface on the ultra-cheap Fontana label, but some of the recordings are to reappear under the new Festivo label at a slightly higher price than hitherto—though how a public long-conditioned to diminishing record costs will react to such a move is anyone's guess.

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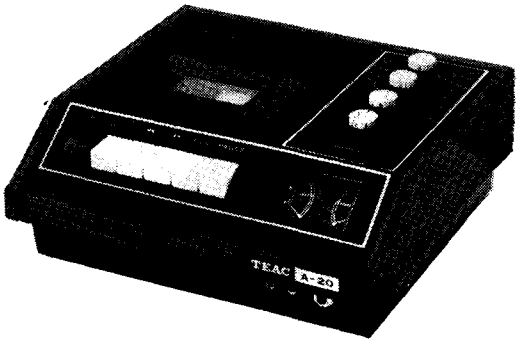

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Marni Nixon on Her Own

By OLIVER DANIEL

MARNI NIXON is almost any composer's favorite singer. She can cope with all sorts of complexities with ease, precision, and excellent diction. Hers is a lyric, almost girlish quality—flexible, sweet (even suitable for being Audrey Hepburn's "voice" in *My Fair Lady*), and appealing. With composer John McCabe acting as superlative accompanist, she shows her real talents on her own in a collection of songs by Ives, Goehr, and Schürmann (Nonesuch 71209, stereo only, $2.50). It is a valuable addition to the discs of (mostly) unfamiliar songs.

Beginning with side 2 and leaving Ives for last, we have two Oriental cycles: *Four Songs From the Japanese* by Alexander Goehr and *Chuench'i*, a song cycle from the Chinese by Gerard Schürmann.

Alexander Goehr follows the Mahler-Schönberg-Berg tradition in this set of songs and successfully nullifies almost any tangency to the Oriental, at least melodically, and atmospherically, too, for that matter. All four are epigrammatic, and that is a consummate virtue. Although they are competently written, they have little individuality and could be the product of any one of half a hundred practitioners of this discipline. Happily they are sung with elegance and taste, and I find myself more pleased by the performance than with the piece.

Marni Nixon—"almost any composer's favorite singer."

Gerard Schürmann's *Chuench'i* consists of seven brief songs, translated by Arthur Waley, which have a particular poignancy. The work was commissioned by Miss Nixon, and she sings it skillfully. While the melodic lines are more natural, whatever Oriental quality Schürmann imparts rests in his accompaniments. Particularly touching and atmospheric is the fourth, "Flowers and Moonlight on the Spring River." Another of the tranquil songs unfolds with the lines, "I sat drinking and did not notice the dusk/Till falling petals filled the folds of my dress." It is beautifully sung, and, following a printed score with orchestral accompaniments, one imagines it would be enhanced greatly by what I presume would be a delicately impressionistic transcription by the composer himself.

The Ives side, which Miss Nixon tackles bravely, contains thirteen songs—several of which have not been recorded before. They are remarkable songs and many are done superbly, particularly the lyrical ones: the touching "Christmas Carol," which could become a popular classic; "At the River," with its hymn tune lilt; and "Soliloquy" and "Evening," both of which are warmly and delicately sung, as is the faintly sentimental "West London."

It is in the rougher songs that Miss Nixon fails. Rough is the word and anyone who was ever fortunate enough to hear Ives bang his way through some of his more tempestuous doings will realize

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that they are not for the women's club. I have a tape of Ives playing and singing "They Were There." It is a wonderful, wild storm of sound. And that is what such songs as "Charlie Rutledge" and "General Booth" should be. The same applies somewhat to "Soliloquy," which is a quite Bergian kind of utterance. These are songs for the Wolf and not for Little Red Riding Hood. Many are men's songs and simply don't endure vocal transvestism. Ives, in his *Postface to 114 Songs*, remarked:

> Some of the songs . . . cannot be sung [by celebrated opera singers]. . . . A song has a *few* rights, the same as other ordinary citizens. If it feels like walking along the left-hand side of the street, passing the door of physiology or sitting on the curb, why not let it? If it feels like kicking over an ash can, a poet's castle, or the prosodic law, will you stop it? Must it always be a polite triad, a "breve gaudium," a ribbon to match the voice? Should it not be free at times from dominion of the thorax, the diaphragm, the ear, and other points of interest? If it wants to beat around in the valley, to throw stones up the pyramids, or to sleep in the park, should it not have some immunity from a Nemesis, a Rameses, or a policeman? Should it not have a chance to sing to itself, if it can sing?—to enjoy itself without making a bow, if it can't make a bow?—to swim around in any ocean, if it can swim, without having to swallow "hook and bait," or being sunk by an operatic greyhound? If it happens to feel like trying to fly where humans cannot fly, to sing what cannot be sung, to walk in a cave on all fours, or to tighten up its girth in blind hope and faith and try to scale mountains that are not, who shall stop it?
>
> -In short, must a song always be a song!

Miss Nixon is not one to kick over an ash can, throw stones up the pyramids, sleep in the park, or walk in a cave on all fours. And, in her interpretation of Ives, that is precisely her problem.

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Pop in Perspective

Continued from page 83

Papas, achieves an elegance born of simplicity and clarity.

THE MILLENNIUM: *Begin* (Columbia)
THE VOCAL and instrumental arrangements and the harmonic textures this group achieves are surpassed only by the quality of the original material written by its members. The album is produced and co-written by Curt Boettcher, former producer of The Association.

THE BUFFALO SPRINGFIELD: *Last Time Around; The Buffalo Springfield Again* (Atco)

THESE ARE the two final albums of a collaboration of outstanding musician-writers who flavor their creations with the sweetest of sounds and gently provocative arrangements.

3. *The Underground Establishment*

THE Underground is comprised of artists whose concepts reflect highly specialized, distilled styles. They flow in and out of the mainstream as peripheral or occasional phenomena. They are often the sources of freshness and vitality as their ideas and songs appear as influences on major groups and artists. These are the stylistic elite, the musically esoteric artists. Often they are new; frequently they are artists with considerable experience, who hold steadfastly to their unique musical visions which have not yet been sucked into the body of whatever happens to be fashionable at any given time. Occasionally, they are simply "undiscovered"; frequently some very fine recordings get "lost."

Underground Groups

PEARLS BEFORE SWINE: *One Nation Underground* (ESP)

ONE OF the best strictly underground groups who play a very supple brand of rock that lends itself to a variety of styles.

STEPPENWOLF: *Steppenwolf* (Dunhill)

A WHITE SOUL group featuring two lead guitars, bass organ, and drums which improvise around the blues and produce a very inventive interpretation of that form. Their style is not imitative, but interpretive, a most important distinction: Steppenwolf has a feeling unique to them.

THE YOUNGBLOODS: *Earth Music; The Youngbloods* (RCA)

AN UTTERLY INFECTIOUS group playing a combination of ragtime, bluegrass, country, and jug band music fused with rock rhythms. Jesse Colin Young, lead guitarist, is an outstanding blues musician. Each of the other musicians contributes elements from disparate musical backgrounds to create one of the tightest syntheses in pop.

Compare their treatment of "Other Side of This Life" with the composer's (Fred Neil) and the Lovin Spoonful's (on *Do You Believe in Magic*).

THE HOLY MODAL ROUNDERS: *Indian War Whoop* (ESP)

AN IMPROVISATIONAL session with no pretense of profundity, this recording is good honest fun, with musical and vocal adlibbing, surprising changes, unedited errors, and, indeed, Indian war whoops.

LOVE: *Da Capo; Forever Changes* (Elektra)

RELATIVELY UNKNOWN outside of the West Coast, this group effects succinct and vital arrangements of distinctive original material. "Revelation" on *Da Capo* is one of the few very long blues compositions (with the exception of those by the Cream) that really works.

English Underground Groups

PINK FLOYD: *A Saucer Full of Secrets; The Pink Floyd* (Tower)

THE SONGS and productions are science fiction, implemented by superbly executed electronic passages and stunning separations as instrumental lines are flung ping-pong style from one speaker to the other.

TRAFFIC: *Traffic and Mr. Fantasy* (United Artists)

THIS THREE- (sometimes four-) member group outplays many larger ensembles. They are exceptional for both musicianship and material, to say nothing of their surprising versatility. Easily one of the most competent of the newly emerging groups.

PROCOL HARUM: *Procol Harum* (Deram)

THE LEAD INSTRUMENTS are a piano and organ, a concept based on gospel instrumentation. The vocals are delivered in a raspy, soul style, but the arrangements are quite removed from what is generally associated with the blues and often leans heavily on nineteenth-century classical music.

The Stylists

JUDY COLLINS: *Wildflowers; In My Life* (Elektra)

A VARIETY of brilliant material is interpreted with equal brilliance by Judy Collins, one of the folk boomlet's greatest contributions to contemporary music. The album is the only successful marriage of orchestrated folk and pop material, and it succeeds eminently. The material in *In My Life* includes some Dylan, Brecht-Weill, Peaslee, Randy Newman, Lennon-McCartney, and the first significant recordings of Leonard Cohen material, including "Suzanne," which has since become a classic.

Wildflowers features Collins's discovery of yet another writer new to record audiences, Joni Mitchell. The first of the artist's own material, "Albatross," "Since You Asked," and "Sky Fell" surpass even the outrageously beautiful Cohen and Mitchell material.

RICHIE HAVENS: *Something Else Again; Mixed Bag* (Verve/Forecast)

HAVENS IMPOSES an intense, mystical, almost hypnotic fervor onto his music. His voice is husky, his accompaniments simple, his repertoire extensive. His interpretation of "Just Like a Woman" and "Maggie's Farm" (all the more pointed when sung by a black man) ranks him among the best Dylan interpreters.

JOAN BAEZ: *Farewell Angelina* (Vanguard)

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Dylan to major concert audiences, here interprets four of his most beautiful songs. "Donovan's Colours" and some traditional folk material are included, committed in the singer's lush lyric soprano.

TINY TIM: *God Bless Tiny Tim* (Reprise)

AT FIRST, Tiny Tim's falsetto mimicry of 1940s tunes is pure swish and giggle camp, but there is rare sincerity behind everything he sings. When he switches to a more serious vein, both the empathy and the baritone are authentic. He is perhaps the strangest-looking, most outrageous personality in the history of show business, but few are those who can resist him.

JOSE FELICIANO: *Feliciano!* (RCA)

THE TWENTY-YEAR-OLD blind Latin stylist interprets outstanding rock classics including The Mamas and the Papas' "California Dreaming," The Doors' "Light My Fire," and the Lennon-McCartney song, "In My Life."

Poets and Formalists

CHAD STUART AND JEREMY CLYDE: *Of Cabbages and Kings* (Columbia)

SIDE 1 of this unusual recording contains beautifully produced original material, and side 2 is devoted to "The Progress Suite," a composition tracing the decline of civilization (!). Its pretentiousness notwithstanding, the piece has a careful profile and contains many musically pleasant as well as intellectually unsettling moments.

MASON WILLIAMS: *The Mason Williams Phonograph Record* (Reprise)

THE COMPOSER is an artist and writer who has had several books published and artwork exhibited in major galleries and museums. The album consists of a random collection of his musical ideas which include a four-line, thirty-second tribute to Dylan Thomas, a twenty-seven-second "Life Song," and "Classical Gas," an instrumental which became a hit single.

LAURA NYRO: *More Than a New Discovery (Verve/Forecast); Eli and the Thirteenth Confession* (Columbia)

NYRO IS the possessor of an astonishing voice, though often the voice possesses her. Her range is mercurial; her musical ideas ring with excitement. The first album, *More Than a New Discovery,* features a sophistication of early rock 'n' roll styles and some achingly sweet blues ballads. The second album explores a broader format. She sings intricate harmonies and contrapuntal lyrics with herself, working the arrangements into and around the songs, supporting and defining the vocal lines. There are about three albums worth of sound on this one LP, but none of it is extraneous.

THE MOTHERS OF INVENTION: *We're Only in It for the Money; Absolutely Free* (Verve)

THE MOTHERS use rock as a medium through which they create brilliant satirical vignettes, caricaturing everything from sexual mores and the Great Society to rock 'n' roll itself. The song-schemes are embellished with sound effects, dialogue breaks, and every imaginable (often unthinkable) theatrical device, working from black theater to theater of the absurd.

Absolutely Free is not the price of the album of the same name, but the state of mind the Mothers inspire with iconoclastic dialogues and bitter comedy. *We're Only in It for the Money* is a satire of *Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band.* Nothing is sacred. Nothing divine either, but some of it comes close.

GORDON ALEXANDER: *Gordon's Buster* (Columbia)

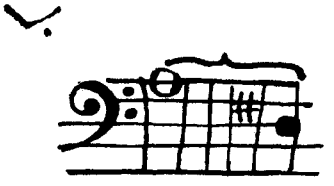
ALEXANDER IS one of the most interesting of the mélange of musipoets to emerge in the last year, and this album, his first, reflects a tendency toward concretism, fusing song, voice, studio, and words into a total conceptualization of a song rather than any of those elements being the major one. He combines linguistic and musical vernacular uniquely (e.g., the big-band sound of "Autumn is a Bummer"), and blurts out moods with a flair for droll humor ("High in Topanga").

The most interesting cut is "Puppet Theatre 23," a musical interpretation of a painting by Paul Klee. Alexander transforms painting to poem, poem to song, song to composition, creating one art form from the interpretation of another. A most prodigious album from a jocular Topanga poet.

TIM BUCKLEY: *Goodbye and Hello* (Elektra)

BUCKLEY BLENDS unusual "noises" into the music: clinks, kalimba, calliope, gunfire, and an odd assortment of rhythm instruments. The melodies are composed to the best advantage of his unusual countertenor voice, and they often go through farfetched and intriguing cycles of resolution. The lyrics are snatches of images, word collages, and sounds in the Oriental tradition of using words for their musical sound. The total effect is elusive, but immensely satisfying.

There is an overwhelming sense of tragedy in all the songs. Jackhammer rhythmic combinations drive them to the source of feeling. Inevitably, the effect is shattering.



HARRY NILSSON: *Ariel Ballet; Pandemonium Shadow Show* (RCA)

THE BEATLES have cited Nilsson as their favorite singer and their favorite group. His oddball songs are arranged with the composer singing as many as eleven parts with himself, scatting, harmonizing, and adlibbing. In addition to his own songs, which

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The Cleveland Orchestra appears through the courtesy of Columbia Records

are carefully complicated, he does a sensitive interpretation of a Fred Neil song ("Everybody's Talking") and a highly inventive montage of Lennon-McCartney material.

The Hyphenates (Composer-Poet-Musician-Performer)

Fred Neil: *Bleecker and McDougal* (Elektra)

Fred Neil is a legend among musicians. Essentially a folksinger, Neil leans toward jazz in his tunes. His songs are compassionate, warm, and vivid; his voice immediate, intimate. One of the least recognized and most influential artists in the world of music, Neil has directly inspired hundreds of singers and writers, not to mention the dozens of artists who have recorded his songs.

Joni Mitchell: *Song to a Seagull* (Reprise)

This is the first album by a songwriter/performer with many years of writing and performing behind her. Her songs have been recorded by a handful of artists, most notably Judy Collins. Though some of the cuts on this album are frail, her style of accompanying herself by playing the harmonies on the guitar and singing the melodies is intriguing. The album is distinctive in that it is entirely unarranged—just the artist and guitar, with an occasional bass line.

Her insight is jarring; listen to "Cactus Tree," a song about the problems of a sexually liberated young woman. Her conflicts are expressed with poetic honesty; her melodies are rare and beautiful.

Tim Hardin: *Tim Hardin* (Verve)

Hardin communicates intently through the sensitivity of his songs and his voice. He is one of the most imposing artists to come through the folk revival unaffected. The album, unfortunately, is no great production.

Leonard Cohen: *Songs of Leonard Cohen* (Columbia)

Best known as the composer of "Suzanne," Cohen is one of the most unusual writers to emerge in the post-Dylan era. Cohen is author of two novels and several books of poetry.

The songs are endearingly neurotic personal confessions of his, and, by extension, universal human frailties.

The lyric sheet contains an apology for the arrangements on the album, which are highly inappropriate. Cohen's regrets are poetic; his presence warm and intimate; his songs nothing short of auspicious.

R&B Minstrel Shows

The Chambers Brothers: *The Time Has Come* (Columbia)

In this group lies the evolution of pop. They began as professional gospel singers, doing traditional hollers and spirituals. They later electrified and passed through the R&B stage, out of which emerged their present style, a blend of gospel, soul, and rock.

Sly and the Family Stone: *Life* (Epic)

A particularly incandescent consummation of soul and rock and other elements, this record shows some sophistication of the R&B "formula" with more interesting changes and lyrics a cut or two above the usual fare. The album maintains a high pitch of exhilaration throughout.

Studies in Confluence

The Incredible String Band: *5,000 Spirits or Layers of the Onion* (Elektra)

Two British musicians have assembled a most remarkable combination of sounds, influences, and songs. The songs come from such diverse sources as mythology, folklore, mysticism, and their own poetic imaginations. The music is played on some thirty varieties of acoustic (non-electric) instruments from all over the world and several contraptions of their own contrivance. The effect is quixotic and stunningly original, an utter musical, geographical, and lyrical confluence of every idea set forth in folk music.

The Kaleidoscope: *Side Trips* (Epic)

This is one of the most adept American groups, and their first album, over a year old, has yet to be "discovered." They combine, compatibly, such diverse influences as ragtime, jazz, Turkish, and bluegrass sounds to produce a total rock synthesis. They build around infectious melodies, interesting time changes, and sing of timeless themes.

The production is distinctively fine on this album, and the material is well balanced—diverse, but not jarring. The album, largely unheard-of, is still quite ahead of its time.

American Folk Raga

Peter Walker: *Rainy Day Raga* (Vanguard)

Using guitar, flute, drone, tamburine, bells, and tambura, Walker combines elements of Western folk and Indian classical music. Starting with a drone, adding a scale based on the drone, working a melody line through the scale, and improvising around the melody, he creates a distinctive sound which might well be the basis for a new form of dimensional music. All the compositions (with the exception of "Norwegian Mood," an adaptation of the Lennon-McCartney "Norwegian Wood") are of the musician's creation. Walker plays the guitar throughout, displaying intricate virtuosity.

Sandy Bull: *Fantasias* (Vanguard)

On guitar and banjo the composer combines flamenco, raga, and classical Indian music, exploring another facet of American Folk Raga. The "Carmina Burana Fantasy" is based on the larger work by Carl Orff. "Don Nobis Domine" was written by William Byrd.

Side 1 of this album is an improvisation titled "Blend." It builds in intensity and complexity and explores at least three distinct melodic avenues. It is one of the most impressive and unusual instrumental pieces yet recorded.

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4. Soul/R&B

SOUL is the pop music of the urban Negro community. It is a commercialized, stylized form of the blues, born in little bars and nightclubs on the wrong side of town. It is music to entertain, dance music; corporal, not cerebral. It relies on repetition, rhythm, vitality, and particularly bombast for its appeal.

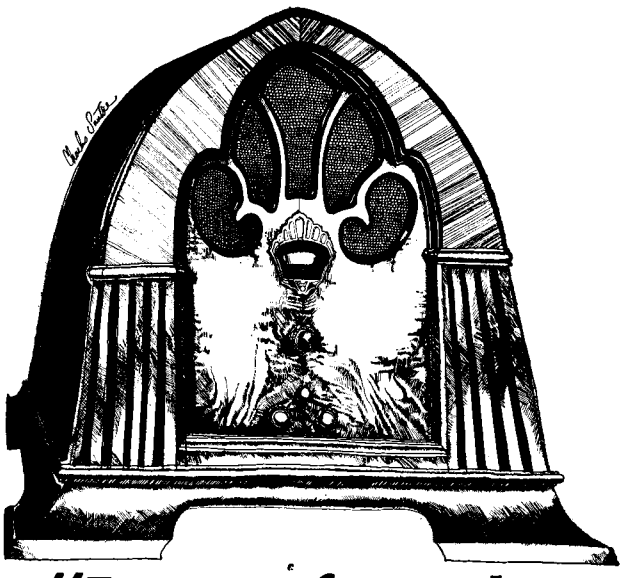
R&B is the most predominant influence on rock 'n' roll. Negro artists such as Chuck Berry, one of the first singer-musicians to cross the color line, were embraced by a young white audience for their ebullience and movement. Blue-eyed soul (white musicians imitating a negro sound) groups such as the Righteous Brothers provoked further interest in R&B, while Rockabilly artists such as Elvis Presley (who combined country and R&B) inspired digressions in pop. While white pop digressed, R&B maintained the same formula. Soul artists distilled the style and became the most emphatic, most communicative singers and musicians in any area of contemporary music. (Though "Soul" and "R&B" are used interchangeably, there is a slight difference: R&B, a name given to dignify what were formerly referred to as "Race Records," means black, danceable music, while "Soul" refers to the honest passion projected by R&B artists.)

At this juncture of the steadily accelerating evolution of pop, R&B in its original (i.e., black) form is tenaciously infiltrating the white pop market. This is a curious redoubling in the cycle of pop, considering that R&B is directly responsible for the birth of rock, but existed as a peripheral (separate but equal) phenomenon. It is only now becoming part of the mainstream movement, a constant reminder of the vitality pop music must maintain to reach the general mass audience.

A collection of recordings by various artists follows:

The Motown Sound Vol. 8. (Motown)

"Jimmy Mack"—Martha and the Vandellas
"My World Is Empty Without You"—Diana Ross and the Supremes
"Take Me in Your Arms and Love Me"—Gladys Knight and the Pips
"Shoot your Shot"—Jr. Walker and the All-Stars
"Loving You Is Sweeter than Ever"—The Four Tops
"Beauty Is only Skin Deep"—The Temptations
"I Guess I'll Always Love You"—Isley Brothers
"I'm the One You Need"—Smokey Robinson and the Miracles
"Gonna Give Her all the Love I've Got"—Jimmy Ruffin
"(I'm a) Road Runner"—Jr. Walker and the All Stars
"You Can't Hurry Love"—Diana Ross and the Supremes
"Greetings, This is Uncle Sam"—The Monitors
"Travlin' Man"—Stevie Wonder
"I Know I'm Losing You"—The Temptations
"Your Unchanging Love"—Marvin Gaye



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"Good Lovin"—The Young Rascals (Blue-eyed Soul)
"Hold On I'm Comin"—Sam and Dave
"S.Y.S.L.J.F.M. (The Letter Song)"—Joe Tex
"When A Man Loves a Woman"—Percy Sledge
"Philly Dog"—The Mar-Keys
"Knock on Wood"—Eddie Floyd
"Mustang Sally"—Wilson Pickett
"In the Midnight Hour"—Wilson Pickett
"Hip Hug-Her"—Booker T. and the M.G.s
"Respect"—Aretha Franklin
"B-A-B-Y"—Carla Thomas
"Baby I'm Yours"—Barbara Lewis

The Super Hits Vol. 2 (Atlantic)

"Skinny Legs and All"—Joe Tex
"Sittin' On the Dock Of The Bay"—Otis Redding
"To Love Somebody"*—Bee Gees
"Bottle of Wine"*—Jimmy Gilmer
"Funky Broadway"—Wilson Pickett
"For What Its Worth"*—The Buffalo Springfield
"Baby I Love You," "Chain of Fools"—Aretha Franklin
"Groovin' "*—The Rascals
"The Beat Goes On"*—Sonny and Cher
"Soul Man"—Sam and Dave
"Soul Finger"—The Bar-Kays

This Is Soul (Atlantic)

"I Never Loved A Man The Way I Love You"—Aretha Franklin
"Land of 1,000 Dances"—Wilson Pickett
"Hold On To What You've Got"—Joe Tex
"Sweet Soul Music"—Arthur Conley
"Release Me"—Esther Phillips
"Cool Jerk"—The Capitols
"When A Man Loves A Woman"—Percy Sledge
"If You Need Me"—Solomon Burke
"What'd I Say"—Ray Charles
"Mercy, Mercy"—Don Covay
"Spanish Harlem"—Ben E. King
"On Broadway"—The Drifters

Solid Gold Soul (Atlantic)

"Got to Get You Out of my Mind"—Solomon Burke
"Don't Fight It"—Wilson Pickett
"I Want To"—Joe Tex
"See Saw"—Don Covay
"Don't Play that Song"—Ben E. King
"Mr. Pitiful"—Otis Redding
"In The Midnight Hour"—Wilson Pickett
"Hold On To What You've Got"—Joe Tex
"Mercy, Mercy"—Don Covay
"I've Been Loving You Too Long"—Otis Redding
"Just Out of Reach"—Solomon Burke
"Stand By Me"—Ben E. King

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*These cuts are not soul, but were included to show somewhat the span of pop over the past two years. The comparisons are interesting. The Bee Gees represent orchestrated rock; The Buffalo Springfield, country-oriented rock; Sonny and Cher have a strictly white-pop sound; and the Fireballs' version of "Bottle of Wine" is a mixture of all these elements, with a commercialized folk sound. The Young Rascals, on the other hand, are the leading recent exponents of blue-eyed Soul.

5. The Blues

THE NEGRO slave in the agricultural South sang and hollered in the field to ease the strain of labor and keep alive the sounds of home. These work songs and field hollers, which employed the pentatonic scale now common to African and American Negro music and a decided tendency toward syncopation, were the foundation of the blues. When this highly distinctive form of Afro-American secular music was exposed to the structure of the European Protestant hymn, the blues was born. No form of music is a more important source of inspiration and influence on pop than the blues.

Rural or "folk" blues preceded the urban, electric blues. The form continues to develop within its context, even while assimilated into other forms of pop. Young musicians who grew up with electric blues as their musical environment either incorporated that sound and twelve bar structure into their own synthesis of style or continued to play the blues, innovating and extending the form. And as they make the blues their musical idiom, they nurture the interest in original, traditional bluesmen, while creating yet another digression in the evolution of this music—progressive blues, incorporating jazz and other elements into their interpretations.

A discography of the blues follows:

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Folk (Rural) Blues—Pre World War I	
Mississippi John Hurt	*Today* (Vanguard)
Son House	*The Legendary Son House* (Columbia)
Electric (Urban) Blues—Post World War II	
B. B. King	*Blues is King* (Bluesway)
T-Bone Walker	*Stormy Monday Blues* (Bluesway)
John Lee Hooker	*Live at the Cafe Au Go-Go* (Bluesway)
Howlin Wolf/Muddy Waters and Bo Diddley	*Super Blues Band* (Checker)
Jimmy Reed	*The New Jimmy Reed Album* (Bluesway)
Otis Spann	*The Bottom of the Blues* (Bluesway)
Joe Turner	*Singing the Blues* (Bluesway)
Jimmy Rushing	*Every Day I Have the Blues* (Bluesway)
Muddy Waters	*The Best of Muddy Waters* (Chess)
Progressive (Electronic, Interpretive) Blues—Pre World War III	
Paul Butterfield Blues Band	*In My Own Dream* (Elektra)
Fleetwood Mac*	*Fleetwood Mac* (Columbia)
Jeff Beck*	*Truth* (Epic)
Ten Years After*	*Ten Years After* (Deram)
The Electric Flag	*A Long Time Comin'* (Columbia)
Jr. Wells	*You're Tuff Enough* (Blue Rock)
Buddy Guy	*A Man and the Blues* (Vanguard)

*English Blues groups. A particularly interesting development as the blues are not indigenous to England.

6. The Influences

Ray Charles: *Portrait of Ray* (Capitol)

Ray Charles is mentioned as an influence on the vocal style of almost every singer on the pop roster. In addition, his interpretations of contemporary songs, such as the Beatles' "Eleanor Rigby," make him very much an active force in pop. He lives through 90 per cent of the hit albums in the rock rialto, even as he contributes to the proliferation of pop with his own.

The Everly Brothers: *The Very Best of the Everly Brothers* (Warner Brothers)

This album contains old hits of the singing duo whose harmonies influenced the Beatles' harmonic treatment of a song. They forecasted the styles of Chad and Jeremy, Simon and Garfunkel, and other vocalists who developed tightly knit harmonies.

Chuck Berry: *Chuck Berry's Golden Decade* (Chess)

Great hits from one of the first rock 'n' roll greats whose songs and guitar style were the influence for most of today's rock.

Bo Diddley: *Bo Diddley's 16 All-Time Greatest Hits* (Chess)

Bo Diddley's jungle-beat guitar was as much an influence as it was a moving force in Rock 'n' Roll.

Bo Diddley and Chuck Berry: *Two Great Guitars* (Chess)

Together, they are incredible.

Buck Owens and the Buckaroos: *Carnegie Hall Concert* (Capitol)

A repertorial sampling of one of the finest C/W ensembles, a sound which influenced Elvis then and The Byrds now.

Johnny Cash: *Johnny Cash in Folsom Prison* (Columbia)

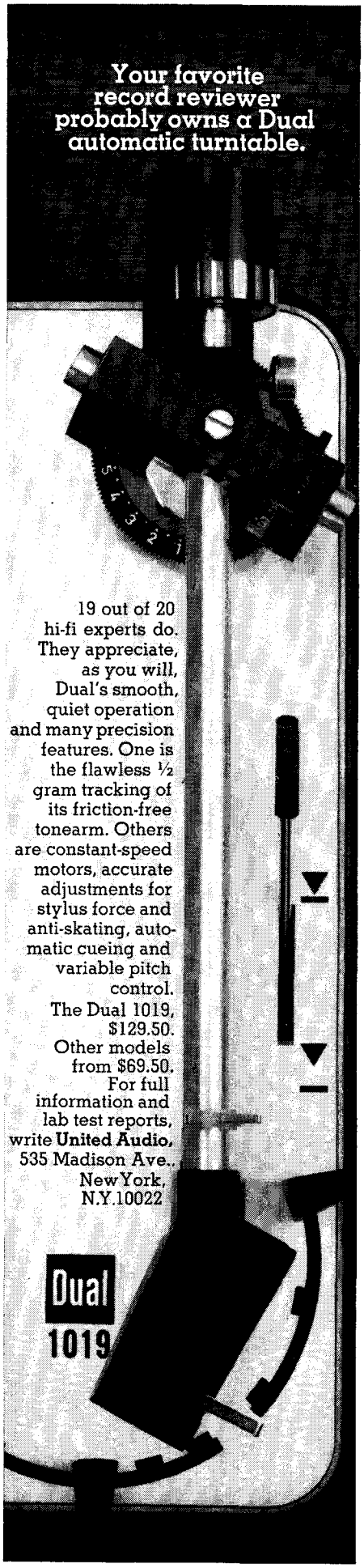
Current hit album of a country singer *extraordinaire* whose luxurious voice and sentimental humor were a great influence on both the country and pop singers who have come to prominence during his performing life-span, which still has many years to go.

The Righteous Brothers: *The Righteous Brothers Greatest Hits* (Verve)

First of the blue-eyed soul groups and still one of the best. This record features the "wall of sound" technique developed by their producer, Phil Spector, a sound formula responsible for the rich harmonic textures and elaborate arrangements on most "symphonic" albums in rock's later developmental stages.

Fats Domino: *Fats Is Back* (Reprise)

Current release of the big black rocker of the Fifties. Highlight is his rendition of "Lady Madonna," a Lennon-McCartney song said to be written in his honor. The cycle of rock completed—black to white to black.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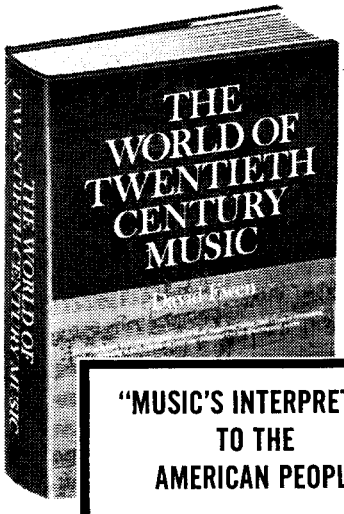

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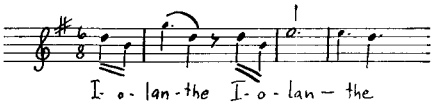
*Time

Gilbert & Sullivan

Continued from page 72

in music—one that is more lasting. It *could* have been a coincidence, or one of those instances of identical inspiration, that the motive repeatedly associated with Sullivan's *Iolanthe,*



bears such a similarity to the Agamemnon motive in Richard Strauss's *Elektra,*

But surely the resemblance between this phrase from Sullivan's make-believe Japan and Lehár's make-believe China is more than coincidental: Sullivan: "The Moon and I" *(The Mikado).*

Lehár: "Immer nur lächeln" (*The Land of Smiles*)

The world, then, has taken the Savoy operas to its heart in a way that far exceeded their creators' vision. In the years ahead there doubtless will be new approaches, including, possibly, those conceived along the lines of conventional grand opera, a cause championed by the late Sir Malcolm Sargent. But it is safe to say that the stalwart D'Oyly Carte troupe will continue to lead the way, as keepers of the flame for the essential Gilbert and Sullivan, and most authoritative purveyors of their kind of fond and "innocent merriment."

D'OYLY CARTE OPERA

1968-69

Oct. 29-Nov. 17 no perfs. Nov. 4, 11 mat & eve Nov. 2, 3, 9, 10, 16, 17	New York, N.Y.	City Center
Nov. 19-24 mat & eve 23, 24	Toronto, Canada	O'Keefe Center
Nov. 26, 27	Detroit, Mich.	Masonic Auditorium
Nov. 28, 29	Cleveland, O.	Music Hall
Nov. 30, Dec. 1 mat & eve Dec. 1	Chicago, Ill.	Auditorium
Dec. 2, 3	St. Louis, Mo.	Kiel Opera House
Dec. 5, 6, 7 mat & eve 7 eves at 8:30, mat at 2:30	Denver, Colo.	Denver Auditorium Theatre
Dec. 10, 11 8:30 p.m.	Seattle, Wash.	Opera House
Dec. 12, 13, 14 mat & eve 14	Portland, Ore.	Concert Hall (New Civic Auditorium)
Dec. 16—Jan. 4 no perfs. Dec. 19, 24, 31, Jan, 2, 3, mat & eve Dec. 21, 22, 28, 29, Jan 4 eves at 8:30, mats at 2:30	Los Angeles, Calif.	Dorothy Chandler Pavilion
Jan. 2, 3 8:30 p.m.	San Diego, Calif.	Community Concourse Civic Auditorium
Jan. 7—12 mat & eve Jan 11, 12 eves at 8:30 mats at 2:30	San Francisco, Calif.	Curran Theatre

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The First Montreux Award

After years of preparation, months of correspondence, and days of conferring, the eleven critics bid to Montreux, Switzerland, for the first International Record Award decided that the blue ribbon issues for the period April 1967 to the end of March 1968 were:

Elektra (Strauss) with Birgit Nilsson in the title role and Georg Solti conducting (Decca in England, London in the United States).

Symphony No. 6 (Mahler) with Leonard Bernstein conducting the New York Philharmonic (Columbia).

Concerto for Piano and Orchestra (Busoni). John Ogdon, piano; with Daniell Revenaugh conducting (EMI in England, Angel in the United States).

The eleven critics—drawn from Japan, Czechoslovakia, Sweden, Holland, Germany, France, and Italy, as well as the United States—arrived at their decisions in remarkable non-acrimonious manner. Perhaps the circumstances induced the results, for the procedure enabled all records to have an equal chance, with the original submissions reduced to a consensus of twenty-odd, and each of these reduced by balloting to the final contestants.

In addition to pronouncing its benediction on the records itemized above, the jury accepted the recommendation of President Roland Gelatt (editor of *High Fidelity* and organizer of the event) that the *diploma d'honneur*—to be awarded each year to an outstanding contributor to recording lore, history, science, or art—bear as first recipient the name of Leopold Stokowski. This was endorsed with near unanimity, and Stokowski—who was a participant in the Montreux Festival of Music, with which the Montreux International Record Award is affiliated—was present to accept the honorary symbol from Peter Ustinov (See above).

Shiraz

Continued from page 73

superior to the Teheran Symphony Orchestra) showed much more promise. This year's winner of the Mitropoulos prize in New York, he directed with rare musicality, precision, and assurance. He is a born conductor and a strong talent, closely to be watched.

A symposium of musicologists; several film shows; a small painting exhibition; folk dancers from Japan, Pakistan, India (the Kathakali), and Greece; two contemporary Iranian plays; and two evenings of contemporary music completed the list of Shiraz events. The inimitable Cathy Berberian and a small group of piano, percussionists, and harpists gave an excellent program of works by the Franco-Bulgarian composer André Boucourecheliev (*Archipels* for two pianos and percussion played this time without percussion, the players having arrived without their instruments) and Stravinsky, the French radio's vocal ensemble performed Messiaen's somewhat dated *Rechants* and Iannis Xenakis's latest opus, *Nuits* for thirteen voices, a highly expressive and continuously fascinating work, first performed in Royan earlier this year.

Some of the festival's minor faults—the fact that all concerts invariably started late and the constant last-minute program changes—can be considered youthful sins and are easily remedied. Others are more serious and should be corrected at all costs, since they condition the quality of the festival and even its very existence. Artists should be more carefully selected, and some even carefully excluded, such as the Viennese pianist Juan Erö'd who played Berg and Schönberg as though they were Poulenc; and, worse still, the group of Soviet harpists who performed the most hackneyed pieces with astounding technical skill, like well-trained circus animals.

Though far from the usual tourist circuits, Iran is undoubtedly a predestined meeting place for cultures from all over the world, and for the country itself the festival can play an essential role, if only by preserving the national musical traditions which are threatened, there as elsewhere, by the invasion of Western and commercial influences. For the time being, the effort in terms of money and energy expended is still greater than the result achieved. Nevertheless, this festival undoubtedly fulfills a need. Not only does it restore to Iran her rightful place on the artistic map, but it reveals to Westerners the full glory of musical traditions which, until recently, seemed remote and inaccessible. The music of tomorrow can and should greatly benefit from these new and fertile influences.

—H. L. de La Grange.

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Letters to the Recordings Editor

Funds and Foundations

ROBERT JACOBSON ["New Means for New Music," *SR*, Sept. 28] has crossed up his foundations in the case of my Symphonic Dances and John LaMontaine's Piano Concerto, both of which were recorded by means of a 1961 grant from the National Institute of Arts and Letters, rather than the Rockefeller Foundation.

Since the Symphonic Dances resulted from a San Francisco Symphony commission provided by a grant from the Ford Foundation to the American Music Center, it would have been curious to have the Rockefeller Foundation sponsor the recording. I do owe the latter gratitude for two Louisville Orchestra commissions.

HALSEY STEVENS,
Chairman, Department of Composition,
School of Music,
University of Southern California,
Los Angeles, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Ford sometimes does tell Rockefeller, even if Gimbel's doesn't tell Macy's.*

Switches and Stereo

WILLIAM W. HARTNEY [LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR, Sept. 28] is wrong in his assumption that "the flip of a switch" will cancel the effect of electronic rechanneling. For example, the sound track for *Black Orpheus* was originally recorded and released as a monophonic recording. The latter pseudo-stereo version differed from the original in that one of the two channels had been run through an echo-chamber gimmick—hardly a natural sound for something recorded in the streets of Rio, and impossible to overcome (unless you can be content with the single unaltered track).

NICHOLAS M. CADY,
University of Nevada Press,
Reno, Nev.

Presidential Voices

THANK YOU for publishing my letter concerning *Thirteen Presidents Speak* [LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR, Sept. 28].

I inadvertently said that John F. Kennedy was the last President represented in this album. Actually, it was Lyndon Baines Johnson. It stands to reason, therefore, that this album must have been produced after 1965, rather than eight or nine years ago as indicated in Columbia's reply to your query. I must say, however, that the Cleveland and McKinley bands sounded very authentic to my untrained ears.

Does the Rodgers and Hammerstein Sound Archives publish an inventory of their holdings?

SYLVAN M. DUBOW,
Washington, D.C.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Lyndon Johnson did become President in 1963—which extends the time of the reference. The "holdings" are indexed in a huge card file, but, so far, no printed inventory.*

The Staryk Series

IN HIS ARTICLE, "With Staryk Through the Violin Literature" [*SR*, Sept. 28], Irving Kolodin comments on our new six-record set by Steven Staryk, entitled *Four Hundred Years of the Violin*, Everest 3203/6.

I wish to point out that the records are only available in the six-record box set and not as single releases. Accordingly, your numbering sequence in the box in your article is incorrect, as record Nos. 3204, 3205, 3206, 3207, and 3208 represent other items in the Everest line. Our numbering system "#3203/6" represents six records in a set.

BERNARD C. SOLOMON,
President, The Everest
Record Group, Los Angeles, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Everest's numbering is as perplexing as some of their other literary practices—such as the absence of any commentary for this six-record set.*

Prejudice and "Porgy"

IF YOU WILL RECALL, a recent letter from me [LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR, Aug. 31] asked why there had been no re-

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cent recording of Gershwin's complete *Porgy and Bess*. Your answer, and that of a reader, called my attention to the old Columbia recording and its subsequent reissue on the Odyssey label.

Perhaps I have found a partial answer to my own question. The following statement appears on p. 304 of *The Negro Vanguard* by Richard Bardolph (Rinehart and Co., 1959):

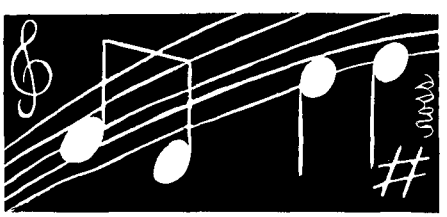
> Negro actors and show people rejected roles in which their race was even faintly patronized. Sam Goldwyn, projecting a highly budgeted remake of *Porgy and Bess* in 1957-1958, met blunt refusals from colored actors to whom he offered parts until he had taken very considerable pains to reassure them that this version would reflect the race's increased self-respect.

The ramifications of the above would not seem to augur well, ten years later, for a new recording; and the reissue of an old recording may confirm that Columbia, at least, has no immediate plans for a new version.

Thank you for your consideration of my letter and of the follow-up in this week's issue. I am sure that A & R men from Columbia or RCA could expand on the matter, but probably will not, as the issue appears to be a delicate one.

JAMES N. ROGERS,
Indianapolis, Ind.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This seems an instance of looking under the bed for nonexistent spooks. Whatever the values in a movie "spectacular," records exist for what they contain, on their own. If a major company deemed a new version of "Porgy and Bess" desirable, it would soon be under way (see RCA Victor's excerpts with Leontyne Price, Warfield, etc., or with Horne—Lena, that is—and Belafonte).*



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I cannot close this without thanking you for your fine (and very fair) review of the Unicorn Ninth.

PHILIP J. CONOLE,
for The Record Hunter Ltd.,
(England),
Binghamton, N.Y.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 53: tuba, abut, tabu.

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(Continued on page 100)

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VACATIONS

(Continued from page 99)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1803

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS

A. Strip of cloth to conceal the crack between two flats in a stage set.

B. The action of making a forcible entry.

C. Andean member of the camel family.

D. What Ethel Merman claimed to have in *Girl Crazy*.

E. Where the *knaves all three* were, in the nursery rhyme (3 wds.)

F. Starfish, for example.

G. Sample or characteristic specimen.

H. "How beautiful upon the mountains are ——— of him that bringeth good tidings." (2 wds., Isaiah, 52:7).

I. Hungarian admiral and statesman (1868-1957).

J. Loop at the end of a rope.

K. Clown in *As You Like It*.

L. Arched.

M. Co-author of *Stop the World—I Want to Get Off*.

N. After *the*: Matthew Arnold said this is irresistible *(The French Play in London)*.

WORDS

64 54 56 21 27 1 43 50

33 105 146 177 180 206 193 170 167 90

119 131 141 147 165 185

25 45 82 93 96 103

6 17 129 136 149 156

52 59 76 85 92 97 116 120 200 30

42 57 106 137 178 190

5 15 38 163 169 174 189

211 201 110 81 3 140

89 130 109

11 14 98 210 159 101 75 69 46 65

203 29 19 8 128 60 87

18 72 73 86 95 186

35 84 100 118 151 209 198

DEFINITIONS

O. Dessert featuring molasses and crumbs (2 wds.)

P. "I should have fatted all the region kites/With this slave's ——," says Hamlet.

Q. Boob.

R. WORD Q's have often been said not to know this (4 wds.)

S. "To make a long story short" (3 wds.)

T. Bloodstone or Chrysoprase, for instance.

U. "By their fruits ye shall ——." (2 wds., Matthew, 7:20).

V. Bawling-out.

W. This sounds like a Big Game in a depressed area.

X. After *A*: Something reputed to have snapped many a woman out of a state of depression (2 wds.)

Y. Distinguished German actor, played the professor in *The Blue Angel* (full name).

Z. Yelled (2 wds.)

Z¹. Serrate.

WORDS

192 173 152 113 9 66 31 68 204 125

28 196 10 16 123

23 20 40 108 139 154 188

78 134 36 51 179 199 142 155 41 67 114 183

58 80 122 34 176 48 71 207 162 143 115

83 94 135 161 44 79 126 63 181 2

124 132 102 26 158 22 187 37

150 4 88 195 70 144

182 208 32 107 53 166 121 184

39 104 112 138 61 55

160 62 74 175 13 127 168 171 91 205 148 99

7 117 12 157 77 191 153 24 194 172

111 145 133 164 47 49 202 197

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

		1 A	2 T		3 I	4 V	5 H		6 E	7 Z		8 L	9 O	10 P		11 K	12 Z
	13 Y	14 K	15 H	16 P	17 E	18 M		19 L	20 Q	21 A	22 U		23 Q	24 Z	25 D		26 U
27 A	28 P	29 L		30 F	31 O		32 W	33 B	34 S	35 N	36 R	37 U	38 H	39 X	40 Q		41 R
42 G		43 A	44 T	45 D		46 K	47 Z¹	48 S		49 Z¹	50 A	51 R	52 F		53 W	54 A	55 X
	56 A	57 G	58 S	59 F	60 L		61 X		62 Y	63 T	64 A	65 K	66 O		67 R	68 O	69 K
70 V	71 S	72 M		73 M	74 Y	75 K	76 F		77 Z	78 R	79 T	80 S	81 I	82 D		83 T	84 N
85 F	86 M	87 L	88 V	89 J	90 B		91 Y	92 F		93 D	94 T	95 M		96 D	97 F	98 K	99 Y
100 N		101 K	102 U	103 D	104 X		105 B	106 G	107 W	108 Q	109 J	110 I	111 Z¹		112 X	113 O	114 R
115 S	116 F		117 Z	118 N	119 C	120 F		121 W	122 S	123 P	124 U	125 O	126 T		127 Y	128 L	129 E
130 J		131 C	132 U		133 Z¹	134 R	135 T	136 E		137 G	138 X	139 Q	140 I		141 C	142 R	143 S
144 V		145 Z¹		146 B	147 C	148 Y	149 E	150 V		151 N	152 O	153 Z	154 Q	155 R		156 E	157 Z
158 U		159 K	160 Y		161 T	162 S	163 H	164 Z¹		165 C	166 W		167 B	168 Y	169 H		170 B
171 Y		172 Z	173 O	174 H		175 Y	176 S	177 B	178 G	179 R		180 B	181 T	182 W		183 R	184 W
185 C	186 M	187 U	188 Q		189 H	190 G	191 Z		192 O	193 B	194 Z	195 V	196 P		197 Z¹	198 N	
199 R	200 F	201 I	202 Z¹	203 L		204 O	205 Y		206 B	207 S	208 W	209 N	210 K	211 I			

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 18 of this issue.

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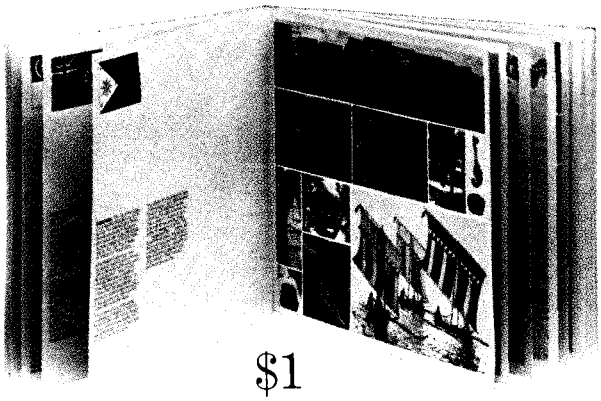

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